Later Baptist Missionaries and Pioneers

W. S. Stewart

Vol. I

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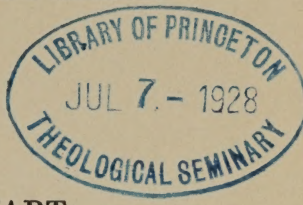
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Later Baptist missionaries
and pioneers ..

LATER BAPTIST MISSIONARIES AND PIONEERS

LATER BAPTIST MISSIONARIES AND PIONEERS

Volume I



By
WALTER SINCLAIR STEWART
Author of
Early Baptist Missionaries and Pioneers, Volume I
Early Baptist Missionaries and Pioneers, Volume II

Edited by
The Department of Missionary Education
Board of Education of the Northern Baptist Convention
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Dedicated
To
My Three Sons

Samuel Woodard Stewart
Edwin Leffingwell Stewart
Paul Hurd Stewart

The task of assembling life-stories of Baptist missionary pioneers in book form has never been undertaken hitherto. The materials have enriched our miscellaneous and interdenominational missionary literature. It is now our privilege to provide this biographical material in separate volumes projected as follows:

Early Baptist Missionaries and Pioneers, Volume I.
Early Baptist Missionaries and Pioneers, Volume II.
Later Baptist Missionaries and Pioneers, Volume I.
Later Baptist Missionaries and Pioneers, Volume II.

The thoroughness with which the biographer has pursued his task and his care in the use of source materials make this series of rare value.

These books will serve many uses, but are especially suited for study classes among student groups, for study groups in Summer Assemblies and Summer Conferences, and will be very valuable for young people's societies, local mission-study classes, discussion groups, and reading courses.

We heartily commend the use of this material for a wide acquaintance with the world contribution of Baptists in the outreach of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

William A. Hill,
Secretary of Missionary Education.

FOREWORD

We take pleasure in presenting the first of the two volumes giving the life-stories of Later Baptist Missionaries and Pioneers. The process of selection of the names of those most worthy of a place in these lists has been very difficult, for the reason that there have been so many outstanding men and women who have given their lives in heroic service in laying the foundations of Christian truth. This book contains the life-stories of a few of these. In making the choice, denominational leaders have been consulted. Special thanks are due to Kenneth S. Latourette, Professor of Missions in Yale University, whose judgment on the selection is voiced in a single sentence from recent correspondence: "Such thought as I have been able to give to the list fails to bring to my mind any names that you have not covered. The choice seems to me excellent."

The helpfulness of the various Baptist Boards and The American Baptist Historical Society are also here recognized. It has also been a matter of importance and personal pleasure to talk with older missionaries who have been able to relate stories and incidents concerning some of the persons with whom this volume deals. We are especially indebted to Miss Florence A. Williams, daughter of James Williams, for a typewritten autobiographical sketch of her father; to Dr. R. W. Weaver for the materials on

George Taylor; and to Dr. J. H. Rushbrooke for suggestions and help in making contacts with persons from whom valuable source material has been received.

The task of the biographer is made pleasant because of the valuable reminiscences, incidents, and stories which have been contributed by intimate friends and companions of the heroes and heroines.

It is our conviction, made stronger with each investigation, that Baptist history is rich in biographical materials about these faithful adherents to Christian truth, whose self-effacing lives, heroic struggles, and sacrificial living are beyond description. Their value is imperishable and should arouse Baptists to a fresh appreciation of Christian pioneering and should lift us to a higher plane of Christian world service. It is hoped that the recording of these life-stories will be valuable to this end.

W. S. Stewart,
Pastor First Baptist Church,
La Crosse, Wisconsin.

December 15, 1927.

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I

TIMOTHY RICHARD

Missionary to China

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER I

1. Advocate of world peace.
2. Born October 10, 1845, in Ffaldybrenin, Wales.
3. Richard's schooling:
   (1) Day-school to age of fourteen.
   (2) Normal school in Swansea.
   (3) Haverfordwest Theological College in Pembrokeshire.
4. First term in China one of fifteen years:
   (1) Work at Chefoo begun in 1870.
   (2) Located first interior station at Ching-chow-fu in 1875.
   (3) Founded, with A. Jones, the Shantung and Shansi Missions.
   (4) Charge of relief in Great Famine, 1876-1878.
   (5) Married Miss Mary Martin in October, 1878.
5. On furlough in England in 1884:
   (1) Proposed establishing of colleges in each of the provincial capitals of China by all Societies working together.
   (2) Dedicated his efforts to the reaching of the educated class of China.
6. Five years of perplexities:
   (1) Misunderstood by fellow missionaries.
   (2) Settled by becoming secretary of Society for Diffusion of Knowledge in 1891.
7. A great author and linguist:
   (1) Translated MacKenzie's *History of Nineteenth Century.*
   (2) Historical benefits of Christianity.
8. Second furlough in 1896.
9. The Boxer Rebellion in 1900:
   (1) Shansi, the martyr province.
   (2) Many Baptist missionaries killed.
   (3) Founding of university in Tai-yuan-fu in 1901.
10. Many honors conferred on him by Chinese Government, universities of America, and Wales.
11. Died in London, April 17, 1919.
12. A Christian world statesman and seer.

TIMOTHY RICHARD

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God."—*Matthew 5: 9.*

Advocate of World Peace

Timothy Richard was a seer. He saw the need of world peace. Before the diplomats of the world began to hold conferences looking toward a Universal Arbitration Court, this Baptist statesman was talking about the "Parliament of Man." In May, 1910, he delivered his great "Peace Lecture" before the Peace Society in London. He proposed, in this lecture, that ten of the leading nations "federate on the basis of reciprocity and equal opportunity."

The foundation of his plan seemed to rest in the cooperation of ten nations. He sounded the government in China about the Universal Court in 1895. On a visit to Japan in 1903 he discussed world peace with the crown prince. With the assurance of cooperation from these two great Oriental powers he turned to the other powerful nations. He wrote to the president of the Arbitration Conference at the Hague, urging him to call a Conference to insure world peace. So enthused was he that he determined to write to or visit every strong ruler.

When he set out on his journey he met a Turkish prince, on board the steamer, and persuaded him of the wisdom of his scheme. Then, he spoke at the Peace Conference in Lucerne in 1905. After he had reached England, it was suggested to him by Lord Weardale, who was presi-

dent of the International Parliamentary Union for Peace, that he go to America. "For," said Lord Weardale, "President Roosevelt commands the confidence of all the world." Richard immediately embarked for America and obtained an audience with President Roosevelt. He was told by the President the same thing that James Byrce had suggested to him in London; namely, that if the Chinese Government would send a special envoy to the United States the matter of world federation would then receive his careful and serious consideration.

When Richard returned to China in 1906 he conferred with the Government regarding the sending of the special envoy to America. They gave him a hearing; but, because the head of the foreign office had been changed, he did not accomplish his purpose. Nevertheless, he kept bravely and tenaciously on. In 1908 he was cordially received by Prince Ito, of Japan. The prince told him, however, that it would be almost impossible to carry out his plans.

Richard never ceased to be an advocate of world peace. Just as the second commandment of Jesus is "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," so he believed the nations of the world should live in kindness toward one another. With what a shock to this world citizen came the news of the outbreak of the World War. For days he was bowed with grief. Yet, with the same faith and courage that had carried him through his long life of service, he trusted in the Prince of Peace.

This man of world vision was a native of Wales. Generations of his parents had been tillers of the soil and blacksmiths; these people were known for their physical strength. They were people of sterling integrity, of rugged simplicity, and of earnest fidelity to the faith.

They had imparted all these to Timothy. This was his rich heritage.

Birth of Richard

Timothy Richard was born October 10, 1845, in Ffaldybrenin, a small village of Caermarthenshire. He was the youngest of nine children, and he bore his father's name. Both of his parents were active members of the Baptist church. His father was both secretary and deacon of the Baptist churches of Bethel and Salem.

Richard's Schooling

Reared in this home of simple piety, Timothy was prayerfully nurtured. There was something for each of the children to do on their father's farm. No matter how early the rising, or how late the hour of retiring, always was the Bible read and prayer offered by the faithful Baptist deacon, for the watchcare of the heavenly Father.

Day-school was held in a Congregational chapel, which was built on his father's farm. This school he attended until he was fourteen. Before he left this school he passed through an experience that changed his whole life and his destiny. Though he had heard religion discussed and the Bible read, Timothy realized that there had not come into his life any great change. When the revival that swept over England and Wales first came to his country in 1858 he was converted; with great joy in his soul he was baptized with several others in a river near his home.

The question of a life task early thrust itself on the horizon of Timothy's life. His father wanted him to be a farmer. Now that he had obtained all the schooling that he could his father urged him to take up farming

immediately. Timothy, supported by his mother and brothers, desired to further his education. He worked for a year at home; and then he persuaded his father to help him for the following year, promising him that he would not ask for any more aid.

At the age of fifteen Timothy went to a school twenty miles away, taught by a cousin. At the end of the year he began teaching at Penygroes, where he had children at the day-school, and their fathers at the evening-school. Many of these men were old enough to be his father, yet he carried on the school without any difficulty.

The next few years of his life were spent in this sort of a way: teaching long enough to earn money so that he could go to school and study still higher branches of learning. Timothy was thus able to put himself through the normal school of Swansea.

When his brother Joshua wished to secure more education Timothy took up his work on the farm. At the age of eighteen, however, he took charge of a school of one hundred and twenty pupils. Although there were sixty applicants for the position, he was awarded the position because of his success as an instructor and also as a disciplinarian.

About two years after his conversion Timothy heard a sermon that deeply impressed him. The text used by the minister was "Obedience is better than sacrifice." It was not a missionary message; but on his way home Timothy said, "I told my brother Joshua, how during the whole sermon a voice had been commanding me to go abroad as a missionary." Many of his friends were not surprised, therefore, when Timothy entered the Haverfordwest Theological College in Pembrokeshire in 1865.

Always a good student, Richard proved himself a very good linguist, and a persuasive preacher. When first one and then another church invited him to become pastor, he refused, for he was determined to finish the course. There was also a growing consciousness on his part that he must give his life to missionary work. When he heard Mrs. G. Guinness, of the China Inland Mission, make an earnest plea for volunteers, he willingly offered himself to that Mission Board.

His heart was now set on China. When the Inland Mission Society suggested to him that he go out under his own board, he offered himself to the Baptist Missionary Society for service in China. In the spring of 1869 he was accepted by that Society, which then made of him a peculiar request. They asked him if he would remain a single man for ten years. Richard at that time had no intention of marrying; but he answered, "Whether I will marry in ten days or ten years will depend on what is best for the work."

First Term in China

The journey to China was still a long voyage. The Suez Canal was officially opened on the day that he sailed, but it was not deep enough for a boat of large tonnage. Richard, therefore, though he sailed on November 17, 1869, did not arrive in Shanghai until February 12, 1870. To this ardent young missionary with his soul aflame to serve his Lord these were weeks of heart-searchings and a more complete consecration to the work to which he had been called.

The Baptists of England had been carrying on work in China since 1860. In that year Doctor Hall and Mr.

Kloekers, who had been serving as missionaries of an independent mission in China, were appointed as the first representatives of the Baptist Missionary Society. They began their work in Chefoo, a seaport, which had become an open port in 1860.

When Richard arrived in Chefoo the only representative that the Mission had was Laughton. Disease had slain some of the earnest men of God; and others had been invalided home. What were Richard's feelings when four months after his arrival his only colleague, Laughton, lay dead of typhus! Just as the funeral service of Laughton was being held a gun was fired, and the news of the Tientsin Massacre was reported. The French consul, his wife, and twenty-two Sisters of Mercy were murdered! A wave of feeling against all foreigners began to spread. The storm did not break and the missionaries remained stedfast.

There were compensations in Chefoo not enjoyed in other mission stations. Richard had the association and friendship of missionaries of other denominations. Dr. A. Williamson, of the London Mission, who afterward founded the Christian Literature Society, was then in Chefoo. There were also Rev. J. Nevius, of the American Presbyterians, and Rev. J. B. Hartwell, of the Southern Baptists. The friendship of these men proved lasting as they worked for the salvation of China in those comparatively barren years.

The first five years of his work in China were years of pioneering, scouting, and investigations. Richard became convinced very early in his missionary service that missionaries should not segregate in port cities. He believed that they should seek important cities of the interior as head-

quarters for their work. He felt that the evangelization of China would be much furthered as the different denominations sought to capture the important strategic cities of China.

Another reason that caused him to take long tours into the interior was his desire to begin the active work of a missionary. How long were the hours, the days, and the weeks that he labored over the Chinese characters! Would he ever be able to speak, much less to read Chinese?

He was much heartened when Dr. William Brown arrived to be his colleague. He felt that now he could start on his trips of itinerating through the country. He set out with Mr. Robert Lilley, of the National Bible Society of Scotland. They journeyed into the promontory of Shantung, taking with them some books and tracts which they sold. Prof. W. E. Soothill, in his book on *Timothy Richard of China,* writes of this trip,

> Richard reported to the little Baptist congregation in Chefoo that no mission work was being done in the promontory, whereupon the church bravely undertook the duty of sending out and supporting its first evangelist.

On these trips many and varied were the experiences that came to him. Once set upon by brigands; once weakened by sunstroke; once made the object of ridicule and calumny by a whole community, Richard continued on, nothing daunted. Obstacles were just something to be overcome. Robbers and molesting people were folks to be evangelized. He was determined to locate a mission station somewhere in the interior.

While he was home he was busy learning the language and preaching and teaching every day. There was no

respite, and there was no resting. The hundreds of millions were dying without a knowledge of Jesus. He was only one, but he believed that he was one sent to carry the gospel, and with indefatigable zeal he carried on.

With him on his tours there always went some other missionary. Richard was one of the first foreigners to visit Mukden, the capital of Manchuria. He made one trip to Korea, which was then unknown to foreigners. It was on this trip that he learned of the strip of "no man's land" between Korea and China. This land was supposed to be uninhabited, and was between ten and fifty miles in width. It had been established in the hope that it would keep peace between the two countries.

The first city where he tried to establish a mission was in Ninghai, which was twenty miles inland. He was practically driven out; and for the first time in his life was called a "foreign devil." The second city selected was Lai-yang, a city eighty miles south of Chefoo. He had determined, however, to go farther into the interior and to a larger city. In the fall of 1873 he went to Chi-nan-fu, the capital of the Shantung province; a city three hundred miles inland. He spent some time in the great city. Before leaving he had the joy of baptizing a lieutenant in the beautiful lake of the city. What a strange sight it must have been to those Chinese to see two men walk into the lake and to witness one of them immersing the other.

There were various methods of travel that Richard used in Shantung. Sometimes he would go by boat on one of the canals. At other times there was the sedan-chair. He could also ride on a horse or mule as he journeyed. The way that he usually toured was in a palanquin, it being a most comfortable mode of travel; this *shen-tzu*

was "slung wide between two mules driven tandem." Doctor Brown would dispense the medicine as Richard told the story of Jesus.

The way of these two men, which had been so blessed, came to a parting in 1874. Doctor Brown went to Dunedin, New Zealand, to take a professorship in the University. Richard was left alone again as the sole representative of the English Baptists in China.

Before leaving Chefoo he had his first contact with Li Hung Chang, with whom he afterward had such important relations. As acting head of the hospital Richard had oversight in the giving out of medicine and drugs to General Li Hung Chang's soldiers, who had been engaged in the terrible Tai-ping Rebellion. So satisfied was the general with the care and the courtesy shown to his soldiers that he sent Richard a letter of thanks.

The time had now come for the final leaving of Chefoo and the establishing of a permanent base in the interior of North China. The sacred province of Shantung was selected; and the city of Ching-chow-fu, two hundred miles away, was chosen as the location for the new venture of faith. Richard set out in January of 1875 to settle there; and determined to make this city the seat of further operations in the conquest of China for Jesus.

Thus began the work of English Baptists in the heart of China. The few converts who had been gathered in Chefoo were turned over to another mission; and with faces to the future a new venture was started. From the day that Richard with courageous zeal entered interior China, the work of the Baptist Missionary Society has prospered and grown from the one province of Shantung to the provinces of Shansi and Shensi. God has blest the

change in a very signal way. Timothy Richard is spoken of as the founder of the Shantung Mission.

How difficult it was to secure a house here! No one wanted to rent to a foreigner. He established himself in an inn while he sought to secure a home. He was a foreigner! That was the stigma attached to him. To overcome prejudice, and to seek to gain the friendship of the people he adopted the Chinese dress. He even had his head shaved and wore an artificial queue. The effect was immediate. They said: "Sh! He looks like a man now." Many houses were offered to him for rent at a very reasonable figure. He was one of them now.

There was another way whereby he further ingratiated himself with them. He won fame as a doctor. He had enough experience with the diseases of China to know what to do, and he administered the few simple drugs that he possessed in a very practical way. He did not seek to render such service. In fact, he gave it only after much urging; but the people seeing the cures that were effected thought that he was very wise and that he was in league with the gods.

Ever since the departure of Doctor Brown he had been entreating the Board to send out more missionaries. It was in November of 1876 that Alfred Jones arrived in China to be a colaborer with Richard in the founding of this new station. In his book on *Fifty Years in China,* E. W. Burt has written:

> All that Carey and Marshman meant to India, Timothy Richard and Alfred Jones meant to China. Each was the complement of the other: Timothy Richard, a spiritual genius and mystic seer; Alfred Jones, a Christian man of the world, of independent means, who shared Richard's large forward-looking schemes to the

full, and brought to them great business ability and organizing power.

Periodic famines have always been rather common in China, but the famines of 1876-1878 were of unusual severity. The people gathered by the tens of thousands before their temples, imploring their gods for rain. To Richard this was a direct challenge, and a marvelous opportunity. He rode from town to town and pasted on the city gates large placards calling on the people to turn from their dumb idols to serve a living God, one who would hear them when they cried, one who would answer their pleading.

The Chinese turned to him as drowning men turn to any help thrown to them. What new message was this? Who was this man who talked of God as if he were on intimate terms with him? Perhaps by listening to his pleading and heeding his advice they might obtain the help they so sorely needed.

Much of the relief-work came under Richard's personal supervision. In the port cities offerings were taken for the sufferers. The work of this Baptist missionary became so noticeable that the Government commanded his service much of the time, in administering the relief funds, and distributing the provisions that were being received in ever-increasing quantities from all ports of China.

The Chinese people who came into intimate contact with this man noticed how kindly, gracious, and fair he was in all his dealings. The more thoughtful of them began to wonder, and ask questions concerning Richard's religion. Where was his God? What were the holy books of his religion? And how could one learn of this white man's religion?

He was prepared for these inquirers. He had tracts ready to give them. As their interest grew he gave them selections from the Psalms and the New Testament. He insisted on their memorizing the portions of the Bible that he gave them before he gave any more. In this quiet way he built up a constituency of two thousand inquirers in a year. He had already baptized eighteen people in this city as the first converts of the new station.

Though relief measures continued to grow as the enormity of the famine—and all the dreaded things that stalk in the wake of a famine—continued, hundreds of thousands starved to death. Pestilence slew its myriads. People were crazed with hunger. Some became cannibals, some thieves, and some murderers. Crimes of violence increased. The famine area covered a thousand miles; and it was as if the ground had been burnt over, so great was the disaster.

In his own reminiscences Richard wrote at this time: "I wonder if my brain is affected? Can it be possible that such things as I have seen this day are true?" People were eating thistles, leaves, and even the bark of the trees. No one knows how many died in The Great Famine; but the estimate is from fifteen to twenty million. Richard wrote, "These millions could have been saved if the Chinese officials had not been so full of pride."

One of the British consuls in China in his report of this famine to Lord Salisbury wrote:

> It would be invidious to make any distinction in recording the services of this devoted band, but Mr. Richard, who is known far and wide among all classes of the nation, stands out so conspicuously that he must be regarded as the chief of the distributors. One has only to go through the villages and towns where they

are known to discover at once the place they hold in popular estimation. "Do you know Richard, or David Hill?" was a question I was asked everywhere. I have never heard foreigners individually spoken of with such respect and esteem as these gentlemen. Lives which bear every mark of transparent simplicity and truthfulness must in the end have their due effect. It seems presumptuous to offer a tribute of praise to men whose literal interpretation of the calls of duty have placed them almost beyond the reach of popular commendation, but perhaps I may be allowed to say that any one who has seen the lives that these men are leading cannot fail to feel proud of being able to claim them as countrymen of his own.

In October, 1878, Timothy Richard married Miss Mary Martin, who was a member of the Mission of the United Presbyterians in Chefoo. Mrs. Richard was a very gifted woman, especially trained in music and in writing. She became a great help to him in his relief-work. How fortunate it was that he now had a wife to look after him, for even his strong physique was showing the strain of the long months of famine. When he broke down completely, she lovingly nursed him back to health.

Mrs. Richard also took charge of the orphan school for boys, which she kept for three years, when it was turned over to the China Inland Mission. Then she, with the help of Mr. Kao Ta Ling, started to translate a series of Christian biographies in 1880. They both felt that this would greatly aid their work.

There was a great dearth of good reading for the Chinese Christians; and there was but little that could be given to the cultured men of China. Most of the religious tracts in use were against idolatry or ancestor worship. Richard had a firm conviction that the Chinese could not be won to the Christian religion by beginning to attack

their religion. He thought it was far wiser to select the good from their books, commend that, and then gradually lead them to the best, the religion of Jesus Christ.

This fact was forcibly brought to his mind in an interview that he had in 1880 with Viceroy Li Hung Chang. The meeting of these two men had been brought about by a pamphlet written by Richard advocating peace. He had published it, and had gone to Peking with it; and he had sent it to all the imperial yamuns. He wanted to avert war with Russia, which seemed to be very imminent. In this interview the Viceroy said, "There are no Christians among the educated classes of this land." So impressed was Richard with this statement that he decided that he would change his program and seek to win the leaders of China, "the educated class," to Christianity. The rest of his life was dedicated to that task.

In the accomplishment of this purpose he decided to do three things: First, to familiarize himself so thoroughly with the religions of China that he would understand them. He would study their sacred books. Secondly, he would visit the priests, especially the head priests of the Chinese religions, and seek to learn from them the appeal of their religions. Thirdly, he would try to promote the building of a great Christian college which would train workers to secure an indigenous church in China.

The sacrifices that he endured to reach his objective were severe. Professor Soothill, in his book on *Timothy Richard,* has written:

> The family lived chiefly on rice to enable him to buy electrical apparatus for lectures. In Taiyuan they lived in a Chinese house, wore Chinese clothes, and ate Chinese food. He tells us that from 1880 to 1884 he spent nearly a thousand pounds, including

a legacy left him by a relative, on books and instruments. His salary and allowances as a missionary probably never exceeded four hundred pounds a year, yet he bought standard theological works, works on comparative religion, a complete set of Max Müller's *Sacred Books of the East,* a complete set of the Buddhist *Tripitaka* in Chinese, books on science and medicine, the *Encyclopedia Britannica,* and many other costly volumes.

When Richard visited the various famous religious centers he was always very courteously received by the head priests, or abbots. In 1880 he went to the mountain of Wu T'ai Shan, where there were thousands of Buddhist monks. "The abbot of the Lama School of Buddhism, which is dominant throughout Tibet and Mongolia," gladly gave him an interview. He saw the hundreds of priests go through their religious ceremonies, and he was very much impressed with the reverence and the solemnity of the entire service.

For a period of three years Richard gave monthly lectures to the officials and scholars at their own request. These lectures covered a variety of subjects. He sought to hold their attention with the use of various instruments, such as the telescope, the magic lantern, the sewing-machine, and many others. He also constantly told them God is the author and sustainer of all, and that God had provided all of these things for the welfare of man.

They sought personal interviews. Rulers of provinces, leaders of other religions, came to him to talk by the hour. Mrs. Richard received the wives of these men and she proved of invaluable assistance during these days as she sought to lead these women to an understanding of the Christian religion. The leaven was beginning to work. Christianity is a plant of slow growth.

Furlough in England in 1884

The time had now come for his first furlough. He had been away from England for fifteen years. In the fall of 1884 Mr. and Mrs. Richard with their four infant daughters left interior China for London. As soon as he arrived in that great metropolis he was asked to speak at the Exeter Hall Meeting. What a thrill it was to the people of England to see these men of God, and hear their speeches of flaming enthusiasm for their adopted lands! Thomas Comber, of Africa, and Timothy Richard, of China!

Mr. A. Jones, his colleague, had stirred English Baptists to such an extent that they had promised twelve men for Shantung. The proposal that Richard made to the Foreign Board was of a much more far-reaching policy. He spoke to them as a Christian statesman and a seer. The policy of the mission should be, in his opinion, to seek to capture for Jesus the educated class of China. In order to accomplish this purpose let the missionary societies working in China unite in the establishing of a college in each of the eighteen provincial capitals of China. Richard did not regard any one Chinaman as more worthy of salvation than another; but he most firmly believed that the quickest and surest way to reach all of China's millions was by the reaching of the leaders of China, and then sending them out to win their own countrymen.

It was a tremendous project, and the Baptist Missionary Society listened to it, and gave it most serious consideration. The paramount question was, Who would provide the funds? Great sums of money would be needed for the buildings, for the equipment, and for the



TIMOTHY RICHARD, LL. D.
Missionary Statesman, Advocate of World Peace

faculty. Money in much larger amounts than had ever been raised would be required. They, therefore, decided it could not be done.

The magnificent plan of capturing China for Christ had failed in its very inception. Richard was bitterly disappointed. Yet he decided to prepare himself more fully for the reaching of the leaders of China. He studied science in South Kensington. He visited the European capitals of Berlin and Paris in order to learn the latest systems of education. He spared neither time nor money in the equipping of himself for his great task.

During his furlough Richard did deputation work among the British churches. He wrote pamphlets for distribution on China. One was *Fifteen Years in China.* He was desirous by every means to arouse the interest of the Christians of his homeland in China.

The Richards sailed for China in 1886, taking with them their two younger daughters. They left the older girls with Mrs. Richard's brother and his wife. How long are the days, how weary the months, and how anxious the years that a missionary must be separated from his children! As long as these daughters had to be left behind, how happy they were that they were in such good care!

On the way to Shanghai, a trial of a very serious proportion developed. Mrs. Richard was smitten with a tropical disease that was considered fatal. "Sprue," this sickness, was the inflammation of the mucous membrane. In vain Richard sought relief from doctors in Shanghai and in Shansi. As the weeks wore on, his wife grew worse; Richard with his usual tenacity read all he could find on the disease. He ran across a suggested cure that

had not been tried. Immediately he began to try the remedy, and in a month his wife was restored to health.

Five Years of Perplexities

The next five years of his life can be considered as the most trying of all his career. Richard became a wanderer not through choice, but through misunderstanding. He who had been the prime mover in securing the transfer of the Baptist Missionary Society work to Shantung, and who later had founded the work in Shansi, was virtually forced to leave and seek other fields of service. It was with sad hearts that they left the work they had come to love and moved first to Tientsin and then to Peking.

"How pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" How sad when the few who have caught the same vision, and who serve the same Jesus, and who are commissioned by the same society, disagree! How it rankles when the one who has really been the leader, and through whose sacrifices the mission has really come to prominence, becomes the outcast because his younger brethren, with mistaken zeal, think he has developed heretical tendences, and is giving too much time to education and not enough to evangelization.

Time alone helps to heal some of these lesions, and in the retrospect of the years it is possible to see some things in a much truer perspective which the closeness of vision often blurs. Without malice or hatred in their hearts—only with that inevitable disappointment which encamps in the lives of the world's seers who see themselves misunderstood by the very ones whom they love—the Richards moved on. They were content if only the Kingdom of God on earth marched on.

During these trying years Richard was ever changing his abiding-place. His purpose, however, was always constant and true. The lure of service for the Chinese Government as a translator held no inducement for him. He kept true to his ideal of seeking to win the educated people of China to Jesus. He was determined that no disagreement among his brethren, no office offered by a worldly ruler, should turn him from his service to the Saviour whom he loved.

They first moved to Tientsin in October of 1886, and then on to Peking on November fourteen of the same year. Here they took a house, feeling that he might be able to sow some good seed in the hearts of China's leaders. Mrs. Richard took a class of three Japanese who desired to learn English. This resulted in the conversion and baptism of these fine young men. Mr. Richard wrote pamphlets, and sought in every possible way to win the attention of the leading educators to the Christian religion.

Richard was still pursuing his policy of knowing the leaders of the religions of China, and of hearing them discuss their own beliefs. He visited the chief Mongol Lama. This audience was obtained by Richard's giving him an electric bell. He also interviewed the chief Chinese Buddhist monk in Peking. In this manner Richard probably became more familiar with the religions of China than any other missionary of that time.

Richard made a hurried visit to Japan in the spring of 1888. He desired to study missionary work in that country. He especially noted that some of his schemes for the development of missions along school lines seemed to be very successful in that country. Therefore, when he returned to China, and was urged by the missionaries to

take up his work again in Chi-nan-fu, he told them that he did not feel he could do so until they decided on the establishment of a Christian college. To this all the missionaries agreed and sent a unanimous petition to the Society to support Richard in his great venture.

Another disaster now broke over China. The Yellow River overflowed its banks, and thousands of acres were submerged. This was followed by a period of intense famine. He, who had so efficiently organized the relief-work of The Great Famine, took charge of this relief. Richard broke down under the strain and was compelled to spend some weeks resting in Chefoo.

When the report came to him that the Committee in London had decided adversely concerning the proposed college, the question of his future ministry in China commanded his attention. Meanwhile, another General Missionary Conference was held in Shanghai in 1890, similar to the one held in 1877. Richard read a paper to this conference on "The Relation of Christian Missions to the Chinese Government." In this paper he told the missionaries that the Government of China was publishing vile calumnies against the church, and that he feared in time there would be antiforeign outbreaks. Had he been heeded, what might have been the difference ten years later when the Boxer Rebellion broke in all its fury, no man knows. These missionaries refused to accept the statements of this seer, and said they thought that he was too pessimistic.

Still his future work remained unsettled for another year. During this time of waiting he served as editor of the daily paper, *Shih Pao*. He used this medium to urge many reforms on China. With what delight, however, he

welcomed to China Dr. R. Glover and Rev. W. Morris, the deputation of the Baptist Missionary Society. When the offer of the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge came to him he was undecided what to do. The Society was unable to support him as its secretary, and had suggested that the English Baptists do that. Now with the deputation in China the entire matter was thoroughly discussed. When the wire came from London that the Baptists were willing to pay his salary for three years Richard felt that his future task was settled.

The Richards moved to Shanghai in October of 1891 to take up the new work. The founder of the Society was Dr. A. Williamson of the United Presbyterians. He had died a few months previous to this. In the years of his service he had outlined a tremendous program. The real object of the Society was to circulate throughout China literature based on Christian principles. "This literature," wrote Richard, "to be written from a Chinese view-point with a knowledge of their native modes of expression."

During the next nine years the growth of the power and influence of Richard over political and moral affairs was most phenomenal. This lowly gospel preacher became an adviser to the Prime Minister of China. He was even brought into the secret councils of China's emperor. His name, *Li ti-mo-tai* in Chinese, became a household word among the educated class and the political leaders of that great empire.

Author and Linguist

One of the most important of his tasks during this period was his writing. Two monthly magazines needed

to be edited—*The International Review* and *The Christian Church Review.* Then there was the tremendous task of translating such a work as MacKenzie's *History of the Nineteenth Century.* Probably no one book, except the Bible, exerted more influence than this one in the agitation of the Chinese mind in matters of reform.

The most vexing question regarding the published books and pamphlets was that of distribution. In 1893 the Society, therefore, established depots in Peking, Mukden, Tientsin, Si-an-fu, Nanking, and Chefoo. Still more important was the gift of thousands of taels by several of the officials of China, especially Viceroy Chang Chih-tung.

Another task of this period was that of seeking protection for the missionaries. A committee had been appointed in 1890, as a result of his speech, but they had not functioned. There had been some murders in 1892, and some antiforeign outbreaks; but the whole world was startled when eleven missionaries of the Church Missionary Society were cruelly massacred in 1895. This committee immediately drew up a memorial; and Richard, with Doctor Wherry, was deputized to go to Peking and present it. Li Hung Chang had been displaced from his viceroyship due to the defeat of China in the Japanese-Chinese War of the previous year. He had still a great deal of influence and was willing to use it for his former friend, Richard.

Weng T'ung Ho, the Prime Minister, was practically the ruler of China at this time. This was the man that Richard desired to interview. No wonder he wrote to his wife, "I feel nervous about this errand of trying to help change the mind of a fourth of the human race." In October he was received by Weng. After proving to him

the truth of the statements which he made regarding the persecution of the Christians, Richard said, "All the Christians ask from the Government now is only to be let alone." "If that is all," said the Prime Minister, "I can easily promise that."

Prince Kung was also a man of tremendous influence. On October thirtieth, Richard obtained an audience with him. The prince at first treated him with contempt. As the interview proceeded, and the prince realized how wise and tolerant Richard was, he listened intently. Before he left the room the prince agreed to see that justice was done and that the liberty given to other religions should be granted to Christianity.

In the spring of 1895 Richard visited the Mecca of the Buddhists. It was at T'ien-T'ai in the province of Chekiang. On his way he passed the largest image of Buddha to be found in all China. This Ta Fo Sz image is one hundred and thirty feet high. From there Richard continued on with his companion, Rev. Ernest Box. They visited many of the temples, going to the highest one of all, four thousand feet above sea-level. Richard learned much of the Buddhist religion in this four-weeks' journey.

Second Furlough in 1896

The time had come for his second furlough. Richard had wanted to go to England in 1894 when Mrs. Richard took the two younger daughters home. They needed to be in England during their formative years. Just before leaving China Richard had a visit from China's Prime Minister! Unbelievable it seems, but it is true. Breaking all customs and precedents for the first time in history, the Prime Minister of China called at a missionary's home.

He came with apologies for the non-issuing of the missionary edict; and before Richard departed for England he sent him four rolls of silk as indicative of his friendliness.

Traveling to England by way of India, Richard joined his wife and daughters in Paris in 1897. It had been ten years since he had seen the older girls, and it was a great joy to them all to be a united family again. When he reached England he was welcomed by the Society, and Prof. Soothill writes:

> Richard's telling acknowledgement was the production of a box of books, each copy of which he explained in a few words—the presentation of the New Testament to the Dowager Empress, his translation of MacKenzie's *Nineteenth Century* in eight Chinese volumes, his *Historical Benefits of Christianity,* the bound annual volume of the *Review of the Times,* the *Missionary Review,* the Tientsin daily paper while under his editorship, various Chinese pirated issues of the *Review of the Times,* and other works.

There were three major tasks that loomed before Richard during his furlough. That which occupied most of his attention was the arousing of all the Missionary Societies to the necessity of a tremendous increase of pamphlets and good literature for China. Secondly, he sought the personal acquaintance of England's biggest men. He numbered Gladstone, Lord Curzon, and Stead among his correspondents. Thirdly, he performed that ever-pressing task of the foreign missionary on furlough, namely, telling the folks in the churches at home about his work in the Orient.

He did not stay long in England. He returned to China by way of the United States and Canada. While in Canada he was able to persuade the Presbyterian Board to

appoint Dr. D. MacGillivray, who was then working in West China, to be one of the fellow workers of the Literature Society. Richard returned to his work in Shanghai somewhat wearied, but very much heartened by the added interest of the home constituency, but most of all by the character of the men who were added to the staff.

Timothy Richard realized, with the other missionaries, that a storm of dire dimensions was brewing in China. When it would break, what course it would take, no one knew. It was coming; and so great would be its impetus that the entire world would realize that the four hundred millions of China were awakening. In the midst of this coming disaster he did not like to leave China; but he had been asked to go to New York and speak to a world-wide conference of missions in 1900. After he had addressed audiences in New York and Boston he went to Washington by special and urgent request. The situation was so grave in China that he talked to Honorable John Hay, then secretary of State, concerning it. He gave to Mr. Hay a petition to the United States Government signed by Dr. William Ashmore. Though Hay realized the seriousness of the situation he did not see how the Government could act until the outbreak had come.

The Boxer Rebellion

Within two weeks of this interview the Boxer Rebellion broke out in all its fury. These Boxers had been gaining in numbers and power so that now their mass attacks were very fierce and murderous. Hundreds of missionaries and thousands of converts were slain. Shansi was known as the " Martyr Province," and 1900 as the " Great Martyr Year of Modern Missions." In his report of the

massacre in Shansi Dr. E. W. Burt writes, "It is an everlasting honor to the B. M. S. that so many of its missionaries were counted worthy to win the martyr's crown."

Before the rebellion was over Doctor Richard, who had been given a Litt. D. by Brown University, arrived in Shanghai. Almost his first task was to help in the settlement of the troubles. Prince Ch'ing and Viceroy Li Hung Chang asked for his assistance. Now he saw the opportunity for the realizing of one of his fondest dreams. He, therefore, proposed that a fine of five hundred thousand taels, about $500,000, be imposed on Shansi; further, that this money be used for the establishment of a university in Tai-yuan-fu. This magnanimous and wise proposal was immediately adopted with the recommendation that Richard himself take charge of organizing the work, appointing the teachers and all other details for a period of ten years, after which the university was to be turned over to the Government.

A tremendous task faced him. Yet this school was the very thing for which he had been praying and hoping for over twenty years. He appointed Rev. Moir Duncan as principal and founder. He could not have secured a better man, or a man more qualified for the blazing of this new trail in Shansi. Thus was started a project which Richard hoped would be a model to other provinces. Alas, due to jealousy on the part of the officials, and the unsettled state of China, such was not to be.

On his way back from Tai-yuan-fu he stopped in Peking. He was invited to call on the Manchu Viceroy, Jung Lu. He found him a man of exceptional clearness of intellect, and he was much pleased at the opportunity the Viceroy offered him of meeting Lu Ch'uan-lin, the

powerful antiforeign member of the council. He also visited with Prince Su. Did ever a missionary know and talk to so many rulers?

Mrs. Richard had been sick for some time. The doctors had finally diagnosed it as cancer. It was a stricken family that she left when she passed away July 10, 1903. Theirs had been an ideal union. Mrs. Richard had supplemented the work of her noted husband in a quiet and unassuming way. Fortunate was it for the father that the daughters were with him to make a home for him, which they did until he resigned his secretarial position in Shanghai.

Many were the calls that came in the later years of his life for his services. As Doctor Richard's work became more and more known, and the wisdom of his policy was more clearly manifest, more people wanted to hear him. More wanted to know his methods and the character of his treatment of all problem cases.

Four long trips were made before the Revolution of 1911. He went to London in 1905 to attend the Baptist World Congress. He had the privilege of addressing this great gathering. He participated in the Wales Revival in 1905 and also at the Peace Meeting in Lucerne. Secondly, he journeyed to Japan to study Shintoism. He was desirous of coming into intimate contact with this religion that he might better know its tenets. While in Japan he held two remarkable interviews with Japan's leading statesmen: with Prince Ito, whom Richard called "Asia's greatest statesman," and with Count Okuma. Thirdly, he made his first visit to Korea, the land Japan had taken from China a few years previous.

Perhaps the most important of all his trips was the one to Scotland to attend the Edinburgh Ecumenical Confer-

ence in 1910. He had met Dr. J. R. Mott before, and he was more than ever impressed with him at this meeting. His heart was thrilled as he was given the opportunity to tell this epoch-making gathering of the needs for Christian literature in China. He felt much sustained as he recognized how all things were tending to comity on the foreign field.

Then came the Chinese Revolution, when the Giant Nation of the world overthrew her rulers, and China became a republic with Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen as the first provisional president. The revolution broke out on October 11, 1911—to the surprise of most people; though those who had studied the work of the Empress Dowager and her attitude for the last twenty years, were sure that such would be the harvest of her sowing. So incompetent did Doctor Sen prove to be that he resigned, and Yuan Shih-K'ai became president.

Despite these disturbances to the body politic of China, the work of the missionary was prospering very much. In 1907 there was held in China a centenary celebration of the beginning of missionary work under Morrison. The Europeans and Americans present carried back word to their countries that there was an immediate need of $500,000 for China as an emergency fund. That same fall the English Baptists sent Rev. C. E. Wilson and Rev. W. Y. Fullerton as a deputation to China. This visit had much to do with the holding of a conference in 1912 of the English Baptist missionaries in China. It was the first gathering of these Baptist missionaries ever held in the Celestial Empire. It seemed to be a most opportune time for the Baptist forces to muster their strength in this new day of Chinese democracy.

Honors Conferred by the Chinese Government and by Universities

The Chinese Government greatly honored Richard during his later years. Professor Soothill wrote of these:

> First Red Button Grade of the Mandarinate in 1903, later followed by the raising of his ancestors for three generations to equal rank. In 1907 he was decorated with the order of the Double Dragon.

The Chinese loved and respected this man of God, who had the ear of the officials of China as very few missionaries ever have had before or since.

In August of 1914 he married Dr. Ethel Tribe. She had been a missionary for twenty years to China under the London Missionary Society. This proved to be a very happy marriage. It brightened the days and the months of the last years of his life, which would have seemed much longer and harder to bear as the body began to break under the tremendous pressure which had been laid upon it. Not only did Mrs. Richard give to him her love and affection, but she ministered to him as one who had gained a great knowledge of Oriental diseases.

They journeyed first to the island of Java seeking health. There they found it not, and upon returning to Shanghai, Doctor Richard went to bed for three months. Without a doubt the main cause of his sickness was sprue, the same disease which he had so quickly cured in his first wife, when the physicians had given her up.

He had now relinquished the active work of secretary, though he carried on to the fullest extent of his powers to the end of his life. As his friends in China saw him become weaker they decided on that final, but often sure

remedy for a foreign missionary, a trip home. He and Mrs. Richard went to Canada in 1916; and it was a great joy to him to visit, in New Brunswick, his daughter Mary. They looked forward with much trepidation to the Atlantic journey. They greatly feared the German submarines. There was an extra doxology in their hearts, therefore, when they reached Liverpool on July 14.

To their native land, "my own, my native land," they went! Here Doctor Richard received the honor that he prized most of all. Those Welshmen, his countrymen, gave honor to their great Christian ambassador to China. The Welsh University conferred on him its Doctorate of Law and Logic.

After this visit the Richards made their home in London. The Doctor continued to fail. His eye was never dim, nor his mind ever dull, nor his hand ever still as he sat in his small home thinking of world peace. He wrote constantly. The last paper on which he worked was "Bringing of the Far East Into the Kingdom of God."

Death of Richard

His days were numbered. Though again in 1918 he attended some meetings and made short speeches, though he determined that he would again go to the Orient, though in the spring he actually booked passage for China in the fall, the valley of the shadow was near, the glory of the celestial city was just ahead.

In April he submitted to a surgical operation and seemed to bear it well. Hopes were bright for his recovery; but his resistance was gone. The strength of this man had been given to China. He had given of the very best that he had without any reserve for fifty years. His tired heart

ceased to beat on April 17, 1919; and his soul went home to God.

World Statesman and Seer

Gilbert McIntosh wrote in the May number of *The Chinese Recorder* of that year, "He seemed to have the daring of an explorer in attempting new things, and yet the charity and sanguine temperament of an altruist and an enthusiast." *The Watchman-Examiner* of August 14, 1919, bore this tribute: "He was a scholar, saint, and hero. He made the word Christian an honor and not a reproach in China." Professor Soothill in his biography has said, "Many are his disciples, but none has yet risen to fill his place."

Timothy Richard reminds one of Isaiah the prophet. He companied with kings. He counseled with princes. He planned for multitudes. However, he was never headstrong, but always sought divine leadership. He had faith in God, and living in that trust he carried on in the surety that sowing was his work, but that God would do the reaping. He sowed that God might reap China for himself!

II

JAMES N. WILLIAMS

Missionary Among French Catholics in New England

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER II

1. Born December 22, 1829, at Sherrington in Quebec.
2. Schooling:
   (1) Attended Grande Ligne Mission a few years.
   (2) Baptist college in Montreal for one year.
   (3) Rochester Theological Seminary for three years.
3. Married Miss Rachael J. McCarty in 1853.
4. Held pastorates in Canada for ten years.
5. First years in the United States:
   (1) May 9, 1866, left Canada for Detroit.
   (2) Pastor at Stryker, Ohio, for two years.
   (3) Mission work in Chicago in 1868.
6. Held pastorates in Chicago, and Momence, Ill.
7. Appointed superintendent of French Missions for New England in 1873.
8. Boston headquarters:
   (1) Established missions in French centers.
   (2) Opposition of Roman priests.
   (3) Help of Father Chiniquy.
   (4) Death of Mrs. Williams in 1885.
9. Eight years, 1890-1898, instructor at Newton Theological Institution.
10. Providence, R. I., his home for last seventeen years.
11. Died in Providence, June 9, 1915.
12. The missionary of the blameless life.

JAMES N. WILLIAMS

"To walk worthily of the Lord unto all pleasing, bearing fruit in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God."—*Colossians 1: 10.*

The Province of Quebec in the early days was almost entirely Catholic. It had been discovered and occupied by the French. In the early part of the sixteenth century; the navigator Jacques Cartier had taken possession of the land in the name of the French King and the Catholic Church. The victory of General Wolfe changed things somewhat; but still the Roman priests were the wealthiest and most powerful persons in the province.

Birth and Parentage of Williams

Scattered here and there through the country were small Protestant communities. Most of the people in these villages were of English descent, and were members of the Church of England. They were surrounded by the French, who had their large churches and were ruled by the priests. One of these Protestant towns was Sherrington. It was located midway between Montreal and the head of Lake Champlain. Here was born James Nelson Williams on December 22, 1829.

The parents of James were of Welsh extraction. They were living in this settlement of about twenty-five farmers, and like their neighbors, they worked many and long hours on the land. They were all frugal people with large families. James was one of eighteen children. In this large household God was worshiped, as both parents were

religious. They believed that homes should always be nurseries of piety.

Schooling

It was a great delight, therefore, to this small group of farmers that Sherrington was one of the stations of the Methodist circuit-rider. Whenever Rev. William Harvard, the venerable pastor, would make his periodic visit, the Williams family would all plan to attend. They looked forward to these visits with much delight. They liked to hear the gospel preached.

In his ninth year James accepted Christ as his Saviour. From his earliest childhood he had heard the Bible read, and he had sung songs of the Kingdom. He felt the need of this public acknowledgment of his faith in Jesus. Though he played with many French boys who knew nothing of real Christianity, boys whose entire concept of religion was diseased by the ecclesiasticism of the French Catholic Church, still James, because of his home training and his constant attendance on the meetings, found deepest joy in his new birth into the Kingdom of God.

Among the reminiscences of his life Doctor Williams has written a vivid description of the status of religion at that time:

> I recollect that once from the top of a snowbank, I watched with great wonderment the passing of two sleighs in procession. In the forward one a man was standing in his wintry furs, swinging a bell about the size of a usual auction bell. In the winter rig that followed was a priest, his coachman driving, and he seated erect and with folded hands behind. I learned from the French boys whom I found posted on such matters, what it all meant and that it was "*Le Bon Dieu qui passait!* It was God who was going by." "But why did the man ring a bell," I ventured to

inquire. "Why, don't you know? To warn people that *Le Bon Dieu* was going by so that folks might come out of their houses and get down on their knees and say their prayers."

As a boy he did not hold himself aloof from the French boys of the neighborhood. His father had now been commissioned captain of the militia, but he was a man who believed in fairness and kindness toward all men whether they differed with him in politics and religion or not. The French had sought to overthrow the English rule, but they had been entirely unsuccessful.

One day James was visiting in the home of his neighbor Joseph Tallard. This man had been hearing the Bible read to him by his daughter Addie. So impressed had he become with its teaching that he was delighted to hear it. James took part in the discussion of this holy book, and they became great friends.

Rev. Mr. Roussy was in the habit of visiting the Tallards as he made his rounds, and he was much impressed when they talked to him about James Williams. When they urged him to take the boy to Grande Ligne Mission he told them that the mission was primarily for French children. However, when Roussy finally met James they had a long conversation, which resulted in Mr. Williams driving James over to Grande Ligne, in 1844.

As a lad of fifteen he entered this school, which was to be his home for over eight years. In writing of the founder in after years, he said:

Madame Feller, as I remember her, had a face aglow with benevolence and intelligence, a voice of distinctly kindly and beautiful tone. From the time of her first greeting, I adopted her as the ideal good mother that she ever proved to be during my sojourn at the Institute. I count it one of the highest privileges of my

life to have shared the interest and undergone the influence of that saintly woman.

Other teachers of this school made a deep impression on this young man. They had much to do in the shaping of his life. There were Rev. Leon Normandeau, a converted priest, and Rev. Philip Wolff, who taught him music. Dr. C. H. Cote, a converted Catholic, used to come often to the mission; and the young people were always glad to see him. These men of God helped to mold the student body into a power for the kingdom of God.

When his preparatory work was finished Williams entered the Baptist College in Montreal. This was his first contact with city life. He had only been in small communities, so that many of the ways of the city disturbed and perplexed him. With the same fortitude that he displayed in later life, he studied hard, determined eventually to be a missionary to the French people.

He entered Rochester Seminary, therefore, where he studied for three years. His name had been sent to Newton Institution with the hope that he might attend there. The answer did not reach Williams because it was not stamped. Meanwhile, Madame Feller had visited Rochester; and while there she made arrangements for Williams to enter the Seminary. Due to his ability to talk French his fellow students had named him *Parlez-vous.*

During these years of training he sought in every way, outside of the Seminary, to fit himself for his chosen work. He did some special studying to know the full contents of the Roman faith. In the summer of these years he worked as colporter of the Grande Ligne Mission. The last year in Rochester he started to hold meetings which were quite largely attended by the French Canadians.

Marriage

James Williams had married Miss Rachel J. McCarty in 1853. She was a wonderful help to him in all his work. Interested in whatever he undertook, and loving Christ with an intensity of devotion that knew no reserve, she proved her love in many ways. Though in later life Mrs. Williams became an invalid, the sincerity of her faith was a constant source of inspiration to him.

Pastorate in Canada

The first charge to which he was appointed after his graduation from Rochester was Henryville. This was a station of the Grande Ligne Mission. It was about twelve miles out; and the district was populated with both French and English. Thither Williams took his wife and began his ministry in Canada which lasted for ten years.

At this first definite preaching appointment there were many things indicative of the real pioneer. He was ever on the move. Henryville was but the headquarters of the territory that he now sought to cover. He visited Pike River with his helper, Eloi Roy. This little village was always fragrant in his memory. It was here that Williams read the Bible to the large Therrien family. From this home he had the privilege of baptizing the mother, Mrs. Therrien, the first person to be baptized in his ministry. Even more significant is the fact that two of the Therrien boys became missionaries.

Several other villages became regular preaching appointments for him. As he went preaching he suffered much; somewhat from open persecution; but more from covert

attacks and malicious lies on the part of the French parish priests. These Catholic priests, who called the Grande Ligne Mission "the Protestant pesthouse of a school," were determined that the entire work of the Baptists among their people should be stopped.

Following these few months of service Williams moved to Montreal to become pastor of the St. Helen Street Baptist Church. He spent a little over three years with this church. That was the longest period of time given to work outside of his chosen task, that of French evangelization. He had the privilege of preaching to a large company of Scotch and many English, in this, the only Baptist Church of Canada's metropolis.

Though he enjoyed his work in Montreal he very gladly closed his ministry there to accept the oversight of St. Pie, Granby, and Roxton Pond under the appointment of the Grande Ligne Mission. Williams thoroughly believed that God had called him to preach the gospel to the French. At times in his life he was led into other by-paths. He always considered them as detours which would ultimately bring him to his chosen avenue of service.

One of the most interesting experiences of his life in St. Pie was to be a participant in a debate. The priests had been constantly challenging his work, and with their brazen effrontery had sought to dispute every new line of operation. Williams staged a debate with them before a large concourse of people. He defeated the priests to such an extent that the Bishop forbade them to have part in any more such encounters with the doughty Baptist missionary.

An offer of unusual promise came to Williams, which was accepted and he moved again to Montreal. In his few

years of preaching among the French he had felt the lack of sufficient literature of the proper sort to give to the converts, and to those who expressed an interest in his work. In this new position, he was to seek to create proper periodicals for all the evangelicals of the French. He immediately began the publication of a religious weekly, *Le Moniteur,* "The Teacher." The American Baptist Home Mission Society was in sympathy with this new venture, and they sent him an appointment "to labor under its auspices in cooperation with the Montreal Association."

This editorship which he started with so much pleasure he soon gave up. He would not do anything that would in any way bring him into conflict or antagonism with the work or the policy of the Grande Ligne Mission. He owed too much to the Mission, and he valued too highly the work it was doing. His resignation from this literary work came when the Society in Montreal determined that they would increase their interests to take in the whole field of French evangelization. That meant either a break with the Mission or the surrendering of one of his own chosen and heartily desired tasks. He chose the latter, and so closed his work in Canada.

First Years in the United States

On May 9, 1866, Williams started on one of the longest journeys of his life. With great faith in his God, and with face set for the West he left for Detroit, Michigan. With him were his wife, his three daughters, Emma, aged eleven, Alice, aged seven, Florence, aged three; and his son Henry, aged five. So they went out, leaving the land of their birth to come to the country to which he gave his long life of sacrifice. He went to Detroit, not to receive a

position already awaiting him, but to find the place to which he believed his God was leading. While there was no cloud of smoke by day or cloud of fire by night, he was sure that he had but to obey the leadings of God's Spirit. He had not to question, but to follow in the full assurance that in His own time the position of God's appointing would be awaiting God's appointed.

Williams discovered in Detroit a friend of school days, Rev. R. B. Desroches, who was pastor of a flourishing Baptist church. Following his suggestion, Williams went to Stryker, Ohio, in company with a member of Desroches' church. This Ohio village was about fifty miles west of Toledo on the Michigan Southern Railroad. In making his first notation of Stryker, Williams wrote:

> It is the market-place of a thickly settled farming community, mainly French, who had emigrated from the northeastern provinces of France. They hailed mostly from the Department of Donby, a Protestant section of their native land. Because of isolation they had become indifferent in matters of religion.

The field was very inviting to a man of Williams' temperament. The task that was hard, and the situation that was difficult, lured him onward! They seemed to him to be a real challenge to his life. So when two families of Stryker asked him to come and minister to that needy place, he answered by immediately moving there with his wife and five children. Elizabeth had been born in Detroit.

Although many of the French disliked the Baptists, and some of them hated them intensely, although there were only the two families who had agreed to help support him, when Williams arrived with his family they all gave him the things that he needed. They themselves had little

silver and gold, but out of their poverty they gave him butter, eggs, and so many articles of food that he wrote, "I never suffered less want than in my non-salaried venture to preach the gospel to the Stryker French."

The problem of support was a very acute one, for in his present status it was impossible for him to devote all his time to his preaching. He made an appeal for aid to the Ohio State Convention at their anniversary meeting that year. He was a stranger to Ohio Baptists, but he had the backing of the pastor of the First Baptist Church of Toledo, the Rev. Mr. Platt. Due to the influence of Platt the Convention voted to give Williams four hundred dollars toward his mission work.

Stryker remained his headquarters for two years. There were two distinct factors that contributed to the success of the mission there. The first was the difference between the purity and sincerity of the gospel that Williams preached, and that which was the common practise of the countryside. Perhaps the most noteworthy example of this came when a new French priest was brought into the village with the hope that he could keep people from following Williams. The priest was so drunk and so vile, and his life was such a contrast to the integrity of the Baptist missionary, that his presence aided rather than hindered Williams' work. The second fact was that many of the heads of the important families of the community were converted and joined the Baptist church, which Williams had organized. When their neighbors threatened to boycott with the hope of changing the views of these members, one of them said: "If you make it impossible for me to earn a living as a tradesman in your midst, I'll find something else to do if I have to hire out as a day-

laborer or a farm-hand. But this I want you all to know, I'm going to serve my Lord and Saviour, come what may."

The next five years of his life Williams spent in and near Chicago. He had made a few trips from Stryker to Chicago thinking that he could alternate his work; but he soon found that impossible. He finally left Stryker on July 23, 1868, for Chicago. In this city he hoped to be able to secure one-half of his salary from the Home Mission Society and the other half from the Second Baptist Church. This church had promised him this money on the condition that he would devote part of his time to their "Stock Yards Mission." The Home Mission Society, due to a lack of funds, was unable to help Williams. He was, therefore, forced to give French lessons to students of Chicago University.

At this time there were about twenty thousand French in Chicago. The Roman Church was doing all in its power to keep these people, who were nominally Catholics, within their fold. Williams, who was ever seeking the difficult job, moved to Chicago. He felt that he could safely leave the Stryker church in the care of Brother Lonys; and he could try to win these French Catholics to a realization that form and ceremony were not enough to enter the kingdom of heaven. "Ye must be born again."

Pastorates in Chicago and Momence, Illinois

Unable to make a living for his family in Chicago because of the uncertainty of even the amount expected, he found it necessary to leave the work among the French for a few years. He accepted the pastorate of the South Baptist Church of Chicago. For the next five years he preached to two congregations, to that one in Chicago, and

to the Baptist church at Momence, Illinois. He enjoyed these two pastorates, but he felt that he was not doing the work to which he had been called by God, that of seeking to win the French to Christ.

An offer came to him from the Home Mission Society to accept charge of the Baptist Mission on the island of Haiti. This opportunity was presented just when he had started his work at Momence. He did not think it fair to this church to leave them until he had completed his year of service. The Grande Ligne Mission also asked him to return to Canada to take charge of one of the French churches. He felt that to leave the United States without a direct leading of the Spirit would be to question the certainty of the leading that had brought him to Detroit.

Some of the darkest days and weeks of his life were just ahead. He had resigned his second Illinois pastorate to accept a position with the American and Foreign Bible Society as a collecting agent. He had moved his family to the Englewood district. There were now six children, as Fanny was born in 1868. The new work proved to be an unfortunate venture on his part. In fact, his whole experience in Chicago seemed to pull him away from the French people rather than to place him among them. Was he called to do evangelistic work for the French? Did God want him to continue to win them from ritualism to reality, from formalism to fervor, and from ecclesiasticism to a regenerated church? Was it the purpose of his Father that he should be a watchman for the French? These thoughts were surging through his soul these days.

Never did Williams entirely lose sight of his call to service. No matter how dark the present or how dim the

vision seemed to grow, there was ever with him the assurance of His presence. The French people needed Christ. He rejoiced in the privilege of telling them the story. Obstacles of the present would be overcome if he were faithful!

Williams wrote to the secretary of the New York State Convention. This man he had known for many years. In this letter he offered his services to the Convention for work among the French, suggesting that he could make his headquarters at Malone. He knew this part of New York State as he had carried on some missionary work there in the early part of his ministry. He felt sure that he could reach out to the French in Champlain, Ogdensburg, and many other places.

Superintendent of French Missions for New England

He waited for some weeks for an answer with both fear and faith. Finally, one day, there came a letter postmarked New York. He was sure that the answer had come, and that it would be favorable. To his intense surprise the letter contained an offer from the Home Mission Society, entirely unsolicited, "of an appointment as missionary among the French of New England." This he felt was a very definite call of God, so without hesitation he accepted. Thus he began a work that was to engage all his powers and his time until he was called to a higher and better service where he could work and never grow weary.

Meanwhile the letter containing his commission from the New York State Convention had been lying in the Post Office at Englewood. The letter had been misplaced. When it was finally discovered and delivered the New England appointment had been received. In this way,

seemingly so accidental, but in reality so providential, was the life of this true minister directed to New England.

Boston Headquarters

The Board of The American Home Mission Society had suggested that he make his headquarters in Boston. How to procure enough money to move his family and his household goods to the East was a big problem. He wrote to two of his friends concerning this serious matter: one, Mr. J. B. Fulton, of Rochester, New York, and the other, Mr. B. F. Jacobs, of Boston. In response he received railroad tickets for himself and his family from Chicago to Boston. Money was also loaned to him without any guaranty; and with the statement that he need not try to return it until he felt able to do so.

On March 1, 1873, James N. Williams started for New England. He made his home in South Boston for the first few years. The Baptists of the Tremont Temple Church aided him in getting settled. They took up an offering of $52 for him at one of their prayer-meetings. It was with a heart of thankfulness and praise that he entered his new work. Surely the Lord had led him. During the years in Chicago the Lord had been trying and testing his faith for the long period of service among some of the original colonies.

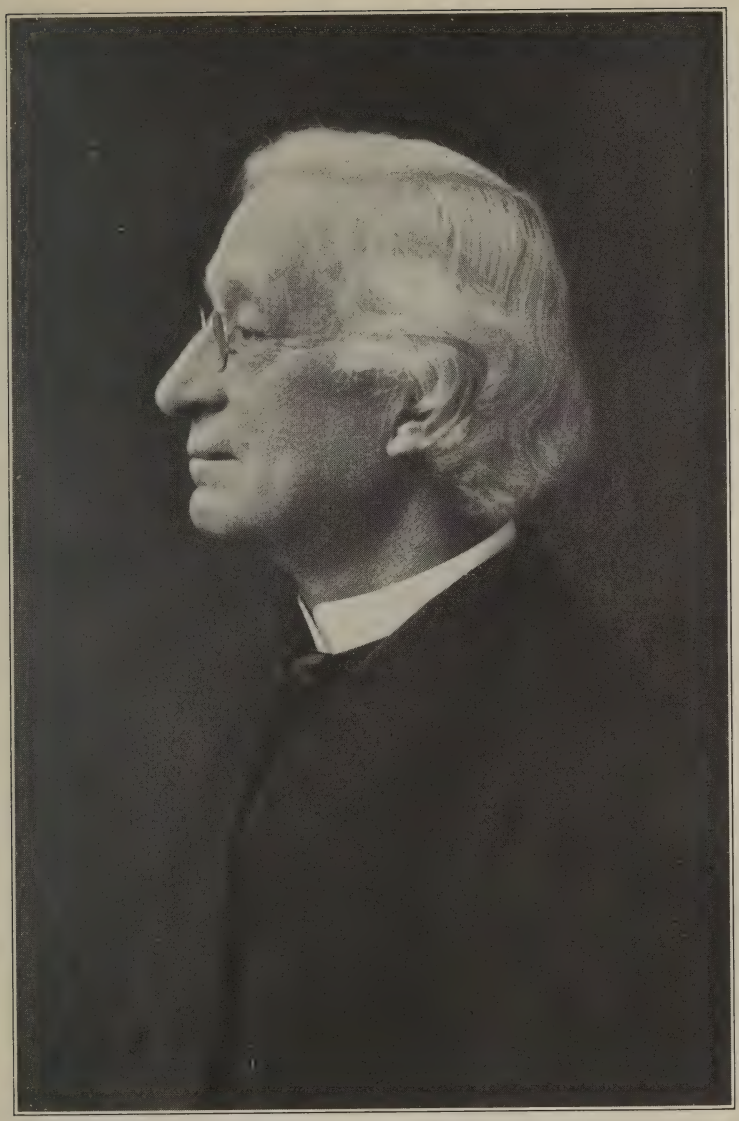
The Rev. Narcisse Cyr had been his predecessor in this work. Cyr had labored for only two years, and then had been released by the Home Mission Society. This man had shown two glaring faults: First, his work had been rather uncertain. Instead of trying to develop any one, or any few stations, he had covered a great deal of ground, had preached in many places; but he had no permanent

work started. Secondly, he would branch off into travel lectures, or other kindred subjects, and leave the gospel message undelivered.

When Williams began he immediately adopted the circuit idea. He wrote in one of his first notes, "I am going to include only so many centers of the French as I can visit regularly once a month." The first group of cities that he visited were Lowell, Salem, Haverhill, Fall River, and Worcester—all in Massachusetts; and Providence and Woonsocket in Rhode Island. He began this itinerating ministry on April 5, 1873, and continued it until he became a teacher in the Newton Theological Institution in 1890.

He found in Lowell about 12,000 French; and the only French Protestant worker in the employ of the Home Mission Society, Mr. Z. Pattenaude, the Baptist colporter, was stationed here. He was an old acquaintance, having worked with Williams on the field of the Grande Ligne Mission. One of the joys of this work in New England was the meeting of the friends of years before of the Feller Institute.

In this city of Lowell he had his first difference with another Protestant communion. "The Congregationalists," Williams wrote, "were the wealthiest of our evangelical denominations in New England." He believed very firmly that mission work among the French should present a united Protestant front to the Catholics. It grieved him when the Congregationalists started a separate work in Lowell. For four years Williams had carried on in this city with considerable success; and then the Congregationalists began their mission. They settled a missionary in Lowell, hired a very fine hall, and then campaigned in a very determined way to lure the Baptists into



JAMES N. WILLIAMS, D. D.
Missionary Among the French in New England

their fold. Williams had no time to fight any denomination. He never in his work among the French appealed to religious prejudice. He made his appeal to the reason of people. So blessed was the Baptist work in Lowell that by 1885 a resident missionary, Rev. G. Aubin, was settled there.

Not all of the work was so fruitful. There were some places where only after years of barrenness and apparent hopelessness the harvest came. He found himself opposed everywhere by the chicanery and wiles of the Roman priests. These men sought in every way possible to intimidate their members and even to make them fearful of attending a meeting conducted by the Protestants. Most of all did these priests seek to keep out of their communities, and to try to deny the right to speak to the Rev. Father Chiniquy, the converted Catholic priest.

Father Chiniquy would deliver one lecture as he did in Woonsocket, Rhode Island, in 1876. In this lecture he would fearlessly expose the evils of Romanism. At the Woonsocket meeting there was an extra large crowd, most of whom were Irish Catholics. They had gathered for no good purpose. As Williams looked out over the audience during the address he realized that there would be a conflict. Only by being able to pass out of the rear of the hall, and into a secret passage did he and his companion reach their hotel in safety.

Sometimes Father Chiniquy would hold a week's or two weeks' meetings. These would be very largely attended, as they were in Putnam, Connecticut, in 1874. Here the Catholics burned all of the outbuildings of the man in whose home Chiniquy and Williams stayed. When these two men went to Worcester, Massachusetts, for a

revival campaign they were backed by the Ministerial Union of that city. The greatest center of French population in western Massachusetts was Holyoke. To this city Chiniquy went with his message of a loving Saviour and a regenerated church-membership. Williams always found it very profitable to follow in the wake of this ex-priest and reap the harvest.

Many and varied were the experiences that Williams had as the Romanists sought to obstruct him. One of the inevitable difficulties was boycott. When due to his preaching in Haverhill, a doctor and his family were converted, the Catholics all boycotted him. They were so successful in this that the doctor had to leave the city to find other people whom he might serve. Another method of attack used by the Romanists was that of ridicule. Williams had been blessed in his work at Worcester. Before passing judgment on his teaching a group of young men said that they would like to ask their priest about the whole matter. Williams told them that he would be glad to meet their priest anywhere; but no call came. On his next visit Williams asked these men why he didn't hear from them. They said, "The priest will not debate." Then Williams inquired if the priest had given any reason for his refusal. "Yes," they said, "he did." He had said to them, "Don't you see that man is no gentleman nor scholar, or he wouldn't have sent his name on that little rag of paper. I'll have nothing to do with him. He is beneath my notice." Williams questioned the young men at great length in order to learn whether they thought this a valid excuse. The paper referred to was not a note to the priest; but merely a memorandum so that these Frenchmen might remember his Boston address. Many said

that Williams had won a great victory by the refusal of the priest to debate.

God was in the work of winning these men destitute of the real gospel to his Son Jesus. Williams had some remarkable examples in marvelous conversions even to the reaching of some of the clergy of the Roman Church. One of these men lived in Salem, the city that was his second appointment in his monthly tours. The young Frenchman had been reared in the home of a *bedeau,* that is, a sexton in the Roman Church. In his early environment he had thus come into intimate contact with all the vessels, vestments, pictures, and statues in the church. As a boy he had been a great favorite of the old priest. He had been educated and trained in all of the work of the priest. In order to better his condition he had come to America and settled in a small town in Connecticut. His landlady placed a copy of the French Bible on his washstand. He did not want her to know that he was reading it; and so after he had studied it, he was very careful to replace it just in the spot from which he had taken it. Because of this long study of God's Word, Williams did not find it hard to lead the young man to Christ.

When the Bible in all of its matchless teaching is given the right of way in the human heart victory is assured. " My word shall not return unto me void." On one of his journeys Williams learned of a young man who was very much addicted to drink. He had a sick wife, and one day he became possessed with the idea that he ought to find peace of soul. He went to the Roman Church and prayed most earnestly. It seemed to him that he must go out and obtain a Bible. He went out and bought a Bible, and came home and read it for hours. Through this reading

he was brought to Christ, and joined the church. His old acquaintances, Romanists, taunted him; and one day they caught him and tried to pour liquor down his throat. He remained true and became a minister of the gospel.

Williams was tireless. He went everywhere preaching the word. The record of his activities is, as Dr. C. L. White has written, *The Story of a Wonderful Life.* In December of 1873 he attended the dedication of the first New England French Mission Chapel at Burlington, Vermont. This chapel had been made possible by the gift of Mr. Mial Davis, who gave $400 for its erection. What a delight it was to Williams to be present on that day; especially as Rev. A. L. Therrien was to be the pastor, the young man whom he had led out of Romanism to the light of Jesus.

Just a few months later, in the spring of 1875, he made his first visit to Maine; and started work in Waterville. In both Lewiston and Biddeford there were more French; but because of the severity of the opposition of the Catholics to the Baptist work, he decided on Waterville. Furthermore, a Mr. Leger of this town took a considerable interest in the work; and when Williams came to hold a ten-day revival meeting he was very helpful.

Both of these men felt that there ought to be a mission at Biddeford because it was the largest center of French population in Maine. It was estimated that there were about nine thousand there. In 1880 they started work in the midst of violent attacks on the part of the Catholics. One meeting was broken up as these Baptist missionaries became the target for quids of tobacco. On another occasion the meeting was dismissed due to catcalling and heckling of the speakers. Protection was sought from

the officers of the law; and these deputies kept order. Due to these disturbances, and also to the fact that no missionary could be found, no mission was established.

Another field where Williams went once a year was northern New York. One of the reasons for these annual visits was that he had attacks of hay-fever. "Another and better reason," Williams wrote in his notes, "was the fact that scattered all along the boundary-line between Canada and the State of New York there were, as fruits of mission work, small groups of Protestants. They were mostly without oversight in services in their own tongue." He made his headquarters at Malone on these annual pilgrimages.

One of the statements of the priests that was difficult to refute was that the Protestants had the wrong Bible. The French Catholics were so governed and controlled by the priests that they accepted their statements as if they were the statements of God. Williams determined, therefore, to secure a Bible that was owned by a priest. So he was delighted when he came to Worcester one day to learn that one of the Protestant women had in her home the Bible of the Catholic priest of that city. It was a copy of the Glaire version, and it had the name of the priest inscribed on its cover. This woman had secured it when she had gone with her Catholic neighbor to the priest. He had told them that the Protestants had the wrong Bible; and after much persuasion he had loaned them his own for two weeks. At the suggestion of Williams this woman now took the Bible back to the priest and offered to buy it. He charged her a dollar and started to scratch out his name. Knowing that the name of the priest in his own handwriting was one of the things that enhanced the

value of the Bible, she quickly took it from him and gave it to Williams. Always thereafter when he would have a dispute with the Catholics he would show this Bible with the name inscribed. It was an irrefutable argument.

Wherever he heard of a group of French, thither he went to seek to bring them to the light. In December of 1883 he went to New York City. Dr. Edward Judson had become very much interested in the project of starting a French Mission here. The time seemed to be ripe due to the recent conversion of a French priest. While in this city Williams saw evidence of the fanatical hatred of the Catholics who assaulted a man who was giving out tracts to Romanists as they came from their church.

Williams also visited the mining region of Pennsylvania, and his former church in Stryker. He went to Ohio the first time for the purpose of helping in the dedication of a new church building. His second visit was in 1884 when he held a three-weeks' meeting. On his journeys into Pennsylvania he sought out the French. As he went from group to group, and from city to city, he discovered that there was a great need of a trained worker. That was his experience in many such locations. French people were estranged from their former church; and many of them were living as sheep without a shepherd. " Pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth reapers."

During all these trials, difficulties, and disturbances Mrs. Williams had encouraged him. Though during the last few years of her life she was an invalid, she was always cheerful. She died during 1885, leaving six children. Hardly had her husband become accustomed to her loss when another sorrow came to him. His only son, William Henry, who was a student in Brown University, died in

Providence in 1887. These two deaths proved a tremendous blow to this missionary who had labored for fifteen years in New England. He had been so active, so energetic, so forceful, and yet, with it all so kind and thoughtful, that folks loved him.

The time had come for a rest. He decided to go to Europe and to combine with his period of relaxation some study in the universities of the old world. He also wanted to brush up on his French, and to study Romanism at first hand. He visited Rome and Berlin; but he spent most of his time while abroad in Paris.

Instructor at Newton Theological Institution

When he returned to the States he began his new work as instructor of the French department in the Newton Theological Institution. He held this position for eight years.

> We studied [he wrote] very thoroughly the teaching of the Holy Scripture on the various doctrines of the Church of Rome, and I devoted much time to an academic drill of my class in French literature by reading, composition, oral debate, and extemporaneous or written discourse, leaving to the other departments of the seminary the care of their studies in the usual courses.

Providence, R. I., His Last Home

During these eight years over twenty-five men graduated equipped to work among the French people. In 1898 it was necessary to retrench. Finances were very low, and the Massachusetts State Convention abandoned its policy of using French students. Williams, therefore, resigned his professorship, and moved his family to Providence. This city thus became his home for the remainder of his life.

Now when he was almost seventy years of age, it was necessary for him to readjust his work. He could not do as much traveling as formerly; so through letters and messengers he sent his suggestions to those men, the most of whom he had trained, who were doing the colporter and missionary work. One of these men in after years writing of Williams said:

> He never exercised autocratic authority, much less ecclesiastical censorship over his brethren. His religion was the right kind, reasonable, free from asceticism, not secluded, long-faced, and hypocritical.

Until the end of his life Williams held the position of Superintendent of Baptist Missions among the French of New England. Never did he cease to think of these people, to pray for them, and to do all in his power to bring their needs to the attention of Baptists. As he grew older in the work, as those closest to him saw more clearly the purity of his life, they loved him. One said, "It seems that Williams is in constant and secret communion with God."

In 1905 he decided to go out to California for a rest in the home of his daughter, Mrs. Alice Merriam. He had been busy writing books. Two of these books were in the French language; one, *The Rule of Faith, or Four Questions,* and the other, *The Golden Rule.*

Just before leaving for this long trip he had helped in the work at the manufacturing town of Manchaug. A very interesting situation had developed there under a Rev. Mr. Ribourg. This priest had offered his services to the Roman bishop for this community, but he had been refused. Despite the fact, he began work there, and gathered

around him about three hundred Catholics, who were disgusted with the disreputable men who had been their priests. When Rev. E. Ramette of Woonsocket visited this city he learned that Rev. Mr. Ribourg was preaching the fundamentals of the evangelical faith. Yet this priest, for fear that the Catholics would cease to attend, had them make the sign of the cross and say, "Hail Mary." After prayer and consultation, Ribourg thought that he had better leave and permit another to come in and reap the harvest. Williams counseled against this, believing that he who had led this group thus far should lead them all the way to the Baptist position. On March 29, 1905, Ribourg was baptized in the First Baptist Church of Worcester, and with him were about forty others. Many more followed him, so that the movement became almost a mass movement to Protestantism.

The Closing Days

Honors came to Williams in later life as the value of his service became known, and the singleness of his purpose became more manifest. Colby College gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in his seventy-sixth year. Other organizations sought to do him honor. As age stiffened the joints and weakened the blood, men began to appreciate more than ever the solidity of the foundation which he had laid, and the integrity of his life.

The Missionary of the Blameless Life

On June 9, 1915, he was called home to God. After forty-two years in New England the sphere of his labor was changed to the homeland of the soul. When Dr. C. L. White conducted his funeral service two days later, he

referred to Williams as one " who had a radiant countenance." Later, Doctor White wrote in *Missions* of him:

> The missionaries who worked under him loved him like a father. His tenderness in dealing with those who stepped from the path of rectitude, his patience and long-suffering with others who found it difficult to adjust themselves to the freedom of personal faith, his wisdom as a counselor, and his ability to untangle difficulties, wove through the years a mantle of personal influence revealing in every part a personal design.

When Williams himself was seeking to write down a summary of his work, toward the close of his life, he said, " From 1873 no less than seventy-two centers of French population have been opened either as stations or outstations." Then, he closes his notes with a sentence that is prophetic, and that is also filled with pathos: " The battle has just begun in our native land! "

III

GEORGE B. TAYLOR

Missionary to Italy

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER III

1. George B. Taylor had a thorn in the flesh like the Apostle Paul.
2. Born in Richmond, Va., December 27, 1832.
3. Ardent scholar and Christian as a youth:
   (1) Large Library in father's home.
   (2) Graduate of Richmond College.
   (3) Attended University of Virginia.
4. His early ministry:
   (1) Pastor for two years in Baltimore, Md.
   (2) Married Miss Susan S. Braxton on May 13, 1858.
   (3) Pastor at Staunton, Va.
5. Years of Civil War, and Reconstruction Period:
   (1) Chaplain of 25th Regiment of Virginia.
   (2) Buried three of his own children.
   (3) Wrote several books.
   (4) Chaplain of University of Virginia for two years.
6. Called and accepted for work in Italy:
   (1) Visited Italy in 1870.
   (2) Left America for missionary work in Italy, June 18, 1873.
7. Mission beginnings in Italy:
   (1) Baptists entered Rome in 1870.
   (2) Rome was Taylor's headquarters all his life.
   (3) Spent the summers in the Apennines.
8. On visit to America in 1879 he went all over America to raise money for church in Rome.
9. Sorrows and accidents:
   (1) Mrs. Taylor died in 1884.
   (2) Head severely bruised by being thrown from buggy in 1895.
   (3) Knocked down by auto in 1904.
10. Helped to secure Baptist Seminary in Rome.
11. Died on September 28, 1907.
12. Taylor was called by the Italians "the angelic doctor."

GEORGE B. TAYLOR

"Wherefore I take pleasure in weaknesses, in injuries, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then am I strong."—*2 Corinthians 12: 10.*

Likeness to the Apostle Paul

George B. Taylor is the man whose life history reads somewhat like that of the apostle Paul. Despite his infirmities he was a voracious reader. He was a prolific writer. One says of him, "He continually overworked himself." He was a fine scholar whose life was ever exemplary to his fellow men.

George Taylor was nearly always sick. He was constantly seeking a physician, and listening to his advice concerning what ought to be done. From earliest childhood he suffered from physical weakness. He was subject to colds and fever. In later life he became so deaf that he lived almost entirely to himself.

His constant attacks of sickness brought on recurring attacks of morbidness. In days of his young manhood he wrote a description of his own death and entombment. These attacks of weakness affected him so seriously that he was very sad and melancholy. A student wrote a description of him on the occasion of his delivering the first alumni oration at Richmond College. "He was a small figure of a man with soft, mildly-reddish hair, a fixed stoop of the shoulders, with a face which bespoke the student." Taylor's mental vigor made it possible for him to overcome his lack of physical endurance.

Birth of Taylor

Both of his parents were people of deep religious convictions, and sincere Baptist faith. His father had been brought to America from England as an infant. At the time of the birth of his son, George, the Rev. James B. Taylor had been pastor of the Second Baptist Church of Richmond, Virginia, for eight years. His mother was of the Williams family of New England. She was a descendant of many Congregational ministers.

The stories of Carey, Judson, and of other pioneer missionaries were told in the Taylor home. The new work among the Karens of Burma had been started with much promise by Rev. George Boardman, whose death seemed so untimely. When their second boy was born on December 27, 1832, they named him after this man of God, George Boardman Taylor.

The home of the Taylors was one known for its happiness and its freedom. It was a home whose constant, unseen, and welcome guest was Jesus, a home of six children, three boys, and three girls, and George was the second oldest child.

It was a big house where George was born. His father had a large garden, and a yard long enough and wide enough for all sorts of games. He encouraged the children in their outdoor sports. Though George was never a rugged lad throughout his whole life, he enjoyed every form of physical activity in the open air.

Ardent Scholar and Christian

There was an unusually large library in the Taylor home. Many were the long dreary days and the bleak

winter evenings that George spent over the good books that were abundant in this collection. No one of the children took so much interest in books as George; so it was to him that his father gave a set of *Chamber's Encyclopedia of English Literature* when he was fifteen years old.

During one of the years of his boyhood his father served as chaplain at the University of Virginia. The family lived for a year at the seat of the university in Charlottesville. When they returned to Richmond the father became pastor of the Grace Street Church. Though but a boy of seven, the university made a deep impression on George.

One of the places that George delighted to visit was his grandfather's farm. It was but a five-mile journey, and the times spent on the old farm helping his grandfather do the chores were always red-letter days in his memory. He would go to the farm on the slightest occasion and stay as long as possible.

When he was fourteen years old George entered Richmond College. Always a student, he early proved himself to be one of the brightest scholars. He enjoyed debating, and he was glad when he had the opportunity of using his talent in the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society of the College. In 1851 he graduated with the third graduating class of the school. On the evening of the final exercises he delivered an address, as an honor pupil, on the subject "The Tolerance of Reform."

What should he do with his life? Where should he invest it where it would count the most for the Kingdom of God? The lure of money and of money-making had no fascination for him. By heredity, by early training,

and by his own free choice he desired his career to be that which God desired of him. Still the full revelation had not come; so he decided to secure further schooling that in whatever profession he entered he might be well equipped for the tasks assigned.

He wanted to go on to the University, so he took up school-teaching to secure money for his further education. He made his home with Mr. Silas B. Jones and walked a mile to the "Fork Schoolhouse." He worked the pupils hard but himself harder. School began at 8.30 and lasted until 4.30 with the customary recess and luncheon periods. He studied four hours a day extra on law-books. The one complaint made against him as school-teacher was that of his landlord who said that the teacher could not sing.

These were days of agitation. Already slavery was a topic of discussion. The question of temperance was a much more mooted one. George Taylor took the side of reform and made several temperance speeches. This so pleased the people that one day, while he was absent, the Fork Church granted him a license to preach.

The year which he spent in this neighborhood he enjoyed. He liked people. He was always eager to discuss their affairs with them. He took a vital interest in all of the happenings in the neighborhood, even to going to the candy-pulling parties.

The following year Taylor entered the University of Virginia. He wanted to secure a Bachelor of Arts degree. The light had come! His life-work was decided! He was going to be a minister of the gospel. The call of the millions unsaved he heard; but he did not believe as yet that it was for him.

The three years of his university course were very severe. With tireless zeal he gave himself to every task that needed accomplishment. He stood very high in the classroom, and he was also a favorite in the literary society, and at the social events. On Washington's Birthday in 1854 he delivered the anniversary oration before the Washington Literary Society of which he was president. He enjoyed skating, and coasting on the hills on moonlight nights.

Everywhere he went Taylor was always an active Christian. Never did he permit his religion to become static, but ever sought channels of service. As soon as he went to Charlottesville he took an active part in the church. He taught a Sunday-school class and gave several missionary talks. He also exerted a good influence among his fellow students at the university. By personal interview and by constant invitation he was able to win some of these young people to Christ.

Many Sundays during those years he preached in small country churches. Finally, he was called and accepted the pastorate of the Mountain Plain Church. This church soon called an ordination council, and here George Taylor was ordained to the Baptist ministry.

All this work was too much for a man of his physique. He broke down and had to leave the university without obtaining the coveted degree. There ensued a period of intense despondency in his life. It seemed to him as if all was in vain. Why prepare oneself for service in the Kingdom of God if that service was to be so shortly interrupted by death? Why fit oneself to be a preacher of the gospel if at the end of the period of training one was unable to do the work and was but a hopeless invalid?

Early Ministry

As he began to grow strong again he received a call to the pastorate of the Franklin Square Baptist Church of Baltimore. He accepted this call and in the fall of 1855 began his ministry in this church, which was just a year old. This was his first real pastorate, and he felt deeply the need of theological training. He studied long hours that he might better organize his religious beliefs.

He made his home in Baltimore with Dr. Franklin Wilson. Wilson was a wealthy man and provided every comfort possible for this sick man. After he began his ministry in Baltimore, Taylor found it almost impossible to use his throat. Due to his piety, his culture, and the sincerity of his life he made a deep impression on all. They looked up to him as their beloved pastor.

While he was in Maryland Doctor Wilson bought the periodical *The Christian Review.* This was a magazine of culture. Most of the articles in it were devoted to the tenets of the Christian faith or to similar subjects. It had been founded by Dr. S. F. Smith, and now he had worthy successors in Wilson and Taylor, who edited it for many years.

Taylor made several trips back into Virginia during his Baltimore pastorate. He also attended the Southern Baptist Convention in Louisville in 1857. Here he was elected as one of the recording secretaries of the convention, to which office he was reelected on four successive occasions.

One of the trips into his home State that proved to be of importance to his whole future welfare, was that to Fredericksburg. He had gone to that city to supply the Baptist pulpit. While he was there he met his future wife,

Miss Susan S. Braxton. He was past twenty-five years of age, but he was enamored of this beautiful girl. In the next few months he made several trips to Fredericksburg, and to the summer resort where she went with her parents. They were married on May 13, 1858, at the home of his wife's sister, Mrs. J. W. Slaughter.

George Taylor stayed in Baltimore only a little over two years. When the call came from Staunton, Virginia, he accepted and moved to that beautiful little city just a few months before his marriage. This pastorate proved to be the happiest one that he had in America, for after he had served them once and then moved away, he went back to Staunton a second time. It was in this church that a memorial tablet was unveiled in his memory on September 28, 1908.

He always loved children. In his ministry at Baltimore he had sought to win the children by preaching children's sermons. He was a very happy father when his first baby, Bessie, was born. The little girl lived only a few months, and both parents decided after her death to seek a change for a while in the mountains of western Virginia. At this time he wrote, " Since little Bessie came and went, I love all children more than ever."

Civil War and Reconstruction Period

Already rumors of war were in the air. Affairs were becoming very tense, and feeling was running high. Would the South secede? If it did, would Virginia go with the rest of the South? What was his duty before God? What did his heavenly Father want of him?

It was difficult to understand and to evaluate properly all the affairs of those days. In times of national distur-

bances all the events of life take on a different aspect than under ordinary conditions. People lose their poise and permit their passion to be inflamed. Still Taylor kept on with his preaching. He bought a lot near the church and had a large brick house built in which he lived for many years.

The Southern Baptist Convention met in Savannah in May, 1861, and Taylor attended the meeting. When he returned to Staunton he found the city was becoming a rendezvous for troops. He immediately sought appointment as a chaplain in the war. At first he was unable to secure this position, though later he was made chaplain of the Twenty-fifth Regiment of Virginia.

While he was waiting for his position in the regular army he was chosen as captain of the Home Guards. He found his time fully occupied in ministering to the soldiers. He married many of them and was constantly preaching to large companies of them. These fine young men going forth to fight for the ideals that were precious to them made an appeal to his life. He wanted them for Christ.

At first the armies of the South were victorious. Yet many were brought back from the battle-front maimed and wounded. The hospitals became full of the sick and dying men. Clergymen were all busy in giving solace and comfort. In the dark days of the war, as the tide turned and the armies of the South began to retreat, his work became more arduous. His heart was torn and bleeding as he witnessed the suffering, the sorrowing, and the dying.

If the years of war were hard on the men they were still more harrowing to the women, as they tried to look after the children left behind, and to keep them in health,

while their hearts were full, and their minds were in anguish over the fate of the war. Then as the last few months came and prices mounted beyond belief—butter going to $6.00 a pound, and other things in proportion—the women grew desperate.

Mrs. Taylor had her hands full during these years. Her husband was home but seldom, and sometimes when he was home he was very morose. He tried to drive away this stifling morbidness by prayer. Sally M. Taylor was born in the midst of the tumult, but after two years she died of diphtheria. When their daughter Mary was born in 1865 they prayed and labored most earnestly that she might live. They had already lost three infant daughters, and Mary was watched most tenderly. She was a very delicate child, and sickly; but God answered their prayer in giving her strength.

The problems of reconstruction in the South after the war were immense. Everything and everybody seemed to be out of place. It was most difficult to take up the tangled skein of life and to straighten it again. Out of it all God meant that there should be a united nation. Taylor plunged into these tasks with all the ardor of his being.

He began preaching to congregations of colored people. He wrote four books called the *Oakland Series*. In 1869 The American Baptist Publication Society bought his story *Roger Bernard* for $175. For all his writings during the years after the war he received a little over $1,000. All his life he was a very prolific writer.

Called to Work in Italy

In the fall of 1869 he resigned his work at Staunton and began his term of service as chaplain of the University

of Virginia. The following summer the Taylor brothers, Charles and George, wanted to visit Europe. He left his pulpit in Richmond for a time, and, though so sick he had to be carried on board, he started for England on the City of Brooklyn.

This trip, which had been arranged as merely a time of rest and recuperation, proved to be the beginning of the most important turning-point in his life. They had set out for Germany; but when they reached England they learned of the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War. After staying in London but a short time they decided on going to Paris, and then across the Alps into Italy. They were caught in the whirl of the war in the French capital, and so they were glad to go on. In his book on *Italy and the Italians* George Taylor writes of this trip, "I was only a summer tourist and had no more idea of spending a quarter of a century in Italy than I now have of a flight to the moon."

When Taylor returned to America he took up his work as chaplain. At the end of his two years at the university two pulpits were open to him. One was with the Lexington church where he would also serve as a professor at the Washington and Lee University. The other was the Staunton pulpit. With great delight he returned for his second pastorate at Staunton, where he also taught in the Institute.

Two events occurred soon after this change of residence which greatly influenced his activities. One was the death of his father on December 21, 1871. The Foreign Mission Board requested that Taylor write a memoir of his life. The other event was the decision on the part of the Baptist General Association of Virginia, at its meeting in

his church, to try to raise an endowment of $300,000 for Richmond College.

He completed his first task only five months after his father's death. They wanted him to take the leadership of the college campaign. This became so engrossing that his church was asked to release him for a season. Taylor not only went to the cities of the South, but also to Northern cities. Before he set out on this financial work in Philadelphia and New York he had been made a Doctor of Divinity by the Chicago University.

On March 3, 1873, the Foreign Mission Board appointed Dr. G. B. Taylor for work in Rome. The Board gave as a reason for their appointment, "the practical sagacity, the broad cultivation, and the missionary spirit of this brother." His church had sent $50 toward the fund of $5,000 toward the building of a chapel in Rome. It was the first gift received on this fund.

When Mrs. Taylor learned of the appointment she was averse to going. She thought of all the reasons for staying at home. He was a man past forty years of age. He was weak and sick; they had four small children, the youngest one not yet six months old. With true consecration, with whole-hearted devotion, and with the deep sympathy of her nature she gladly acceded to her husband's decision that it was the call of God! On June 18, 1873, Doctor and Mrs. Taylor with their children, Mary, George, James, and Susan, embarked for Glasgow en route for Rome.

Mission Beginnings in Italy

The Southern Baptist Convention had begun work in Italy in 1870. Dr. W. N. Cote was their first missionary.

He was the first Protestant missionary to enter Rome after King Victor Emmanuel had entered and proclaimed religious liberty. He had sold hundreds of Bibles and distributed thousands of tracts. Glowing reports of the success of the work had been sent back to the Foreign Mission Board. The Eternal City was heeding the gospel of the Baptist missionary. As the months marched into years, however, it was discovered that many had entered the various Protestant communions who were really unconverted. These people had so rejoiced in the downfall of the priest rule that some of them had joined the Baptist church. This they had done, not because they were Protestants, much less Baptists, but rather anti-Romanists.

When Taylor reached Rome in October of 1873 he discovered that a new beginning had to be made. Without fear, but with the same determination that signalized his whole career, he immediately began to preach. He had reached Rome on Saturday, and so on Sunday he delivered his first sermon, through an interpreter, to an Italian congregation. This service proved to be one of severe test to his patience, as it was interrupted more than once by the throwing of stones. Those outside sought in this way to break up the Protestant meeting. Although this form of rowdyism continued for a while, it soon ceased because Taylor appealed for and secured police protection.

Many and varied were the perplexing questions that needed to be settled in those first few weeks. Where should he live in this Catholic-controlled city? How could he find a better building for the holding of services? The hall that he was using was not good. How quickly could he learn Italian so that he might speak to the people in their own language? How should he keep warm when

he had no money for fuel? To drive out the cold in the evenings he paid seventy-five cents for two armfuls of wood.

In her book on the *Missionary Work of the Southern Baptist Convention* Mary Wright has written:

> Soon after the arrival of Doctor Taylor the mission rejoiced in the accession of Professor Cocorda, of Milan, a man of thorough classical and theological training and an experienced teacher. He had labored successfully with the Waldensians and with the Free Church, but having adopted Baptist views, offered his services to the Foreign Mission Board. Milan was the center of Italian learning and culture and an important point to be occupied. Doctor Taylor visited it, and addressed the little band of Christians, setting before them the nature and basis of the peculiar views of Baptists. It was found that they agreed with him in conviction, and a regular Baptist church was soon organized.

In like manner did Taylor seek to establish churches or missions in many of the cities of Italy. He traveled a great deal, though oftentimes in much discomfort. Being a man of weak physique he felt intensely the fact that the trains were unheated, and often the hotels where he stayed were without heat. Italy is a land that has practically no coal.

One of his first trips was to Bari, one of the largest cities of southern Italy. Here he organized a small Baptist church, and baptized four people. He wrote of this city:

> In my first visit there in 1874 I was thrilled by the arrival in her own ship of the Princess of Montenegro to make an offering at the shrine of St. Nicolo for the preservation of her husband in war. This saint's day is one of the great festas of Southern Italy, and great multitudes flock to the city.

On another of his tours he went to Naples, the seat of a university of ten thousand students; a beautiful city, of charm and romance; and yet a city steeped in wickedness and superstition. Taylor made this city only a stopping-place on his way to see Mt. Vesuvius.

> The lava fields were rough and hard to cross [he wrote]. I mounted with great difficulty, at times nearly suffocated with the fumes rising from the crevices beneath and blown down from the summit. At length the edge of the crater was reached, and I peeped down into the vast chasm full of fire and yellow with brimstone. It was not without a horrible fascination, but the fumes and stench were so overpowering that in my exhaustion it seemed that I must fall and even die; fortunately the guide led us a few steps away to a sheltered position. Our walking-sticks thrust an inch below the surface would immediately take fire.

Before Taylor and his party descended from the mountain a snow-storm of unusual velocity swept upon them. They had the unique experience of feeling the whirling snow and cold around them as they raced down with their shoes full of ashes and lava.

On a third trip he went north to visit the little Baptist church in the city of Milan. This was the first large city in Italy that Taylor had visited on his initial journey to Europe. It is one of the most modern of the Italian cities, and these Milanese listened and heeded the word of the gospel messenger. Over this city on the Lombard plain Mt. Blanc seems to keep an eternal vigil with its everlasting snow.

The climate of Rome is such that every summer Taylor and his family sought another abiding-place. It never is very cold in winter, nor does it become so very hot in summer. "The climate of Rome," he wrote Doctor Taussig, "is conserving rather than restoring." Taylor added:

A well man whom it suits may live in Rome to a good old age, if he takes it easy and lives slowly. If one is run down and needs not merely rest but bracing and building up, he will not find them in Rome.

The Taylor family spent the summers of 1874 and 1875 in Lucca and Leghorn. In and around the former city, the country is noted all over Europe for its flora. Here with his children he loved to wander through the woods and fields in his Father's world. Then later in the summer they would go to the latter city which is famous as a sea-bathing resort. How they all enjoyed the daily swims in the sea. Yet with the flame of the true evangel in his soul, Taylor sought to do evangelistic work in these communities.

His Christ was a real power in his life. Never was he happier than when he was used as the means of bringing a soul to his loved Lord. He had come to Italy to preach Christ. Whether in sickness or in health, in poverty or with plenty, at work or on a vacation he constantly delighted in telling the story of redeeming love.

These people were difficult to reach. They had been dominated for centuries by the Roman Church. They feared the power of the priest. Those who had left the church thought that all religion was in the same class as that of the Catholic; and they spurned it all with contempt. Yet, he found these Italians to be very brainy people, quick to grasp and understand what was spoken. He sought not to establish a permanent work in every great city, but to locate his missions carefully. Four years after his advent to Rome he had seven centers in Italy.

During the winter of 1874 he had the delightful priviledge of the fellowship of Dr. Edward Judson. This dis-

tinguished Baptist was supplying the American Union Church in Rome. They were a great deal alike in temperament and in the sincerity and purity of their lives. These months of communion proved to be a boon to each one of these missionaries.

One of the first purposes that he had set for himself in Rome was the securing of a new and an adequate building for the Baptist work. The years had passed by speedily and still no new quarters had been secured. In March of 1878 arrangements were made to buy a piece of property for $25,000. There was a house on the land that they intended to have remodeled for a chapel, and also make it possible for the Taylor family and the Cocorda family to make their home in the building. By November 2, 1878, the chapel was dedicated.

All this extra work had brought on a severe sickness. Taylor also had to part with his oldest boy, George, who left him in 1876 to enter Richmond College. He had gone as far as Glasgow with him, but he missed him immensely. He had been spending his summers in the Waldensian Valleys, but the work had overtaxed his strength. The chapel still had a debt on it, and the Foreign Board asked him to return to America and help them raise money.

Taylor had encountered serious opposition from the Catholics. They tried to thwart this advance move on the part of the Baptists. After the city authorities had given their consent they tried to cause Taylor to change the contour of the building until its symmetry would have been lost. He had two trials in this matter. He won in the second trial as he had for his lawyer Stanislaus Mancini, one of the greatest lawyers of Italy.

Visit to America in 1879

When Doctor Taylor returned to America he visited the Northern and Southern Conventions, and the General Association of Virginia. At all of these meetings he presented the needs of Italy and especially the need of the Baptist church in the Eternal City. He needed to raise about $10,000 to clear the property of debt. In her book on *The King's Own,* Mrs. Una Lawrence has described how Taylor would show little red cardboard bricks and seek to have every one participate in the Italian work. The children could buy one or two bricks, and the adults could buy hundreds of bricks. He had always been a good money-raiser; but now with this passion in his soul for Italy he was more than ever successful.

He became so feeble that his doctor advised him not to return to Rome, but to seek health and rest in the Virginia Mountains. He took some vacation that summer but with indefatigable zeal he returned to his appointed and loved task, that of raising money for the chapel. It seemed advisable for him to stay in America a while longer; and the Foreign Board suggested to him that he postpone his departure for a few months. He himself wrote at this time, "I fear the Italian heat, which already seems to smite me." Nevertheless, he returned to Rome in the spring of 1880 to carry on.

There were now three definite things in the program of the Baptists of Italy as outlined by Doctor Taylor. The first already had a good start. Mission centers had been started in several cities, and as fast as possible ministers were being placed over each church. To further this work the second objective needed to be accomplished. A train-

ing-school for Baptist ministers had been started at the chapel with Professor Cocorda (who had moved from Milan to be associated with him in his work at Rome) and himself as instructors. Third, the publication of a magazine that would be the medium of keeping before the Italian people the tenets of the Baptist faith. In January of 1876 Doctor Taylor commenced this monthly journal, *Il Seminatore* ("The Sower"). This Baptist paper was of great aid in enlightening the new Baptists as to their heritage, and the Biblicality of their message. It was also an evangelizing power, as many who would not attend a public meeting to be seen of men, would read this magazine in private.

During the next few years his health was unusually poor, so he gladly accepted the invitation to act as chaplain of the University of Virginia in 1885. He did this, however, only with the consent of the Board; and also with the distinct understanding that he would return to Italy when his term of chaplaincy was finished. He was able to leave the work in Italy not only because he had organized it so well, but also because Rev. John H. Eager proved such a worthy assistant. Rev. Mr. Eager had been sent to Rome in 1880, and he had already proved himself to be a worthy missionary, well able to continue in the course so carefully begun by Doctor Taylor.

Sorrows and Accidents

Before his return to America both joy and sorrow had come into his life. The sorrow had cut a deep groove in his life that time would mellow, but only physical release and heaven's joy could heal. After an illness of only two days his wife died on March 7, 1884. In the weeks imme-

diately following Taylor wrote often to his son George, of how this separation had torn his heart. In one letter he said, "I know of no real comfort in such a moment save that we say, 'Thy will be done.' This is our hour of agony." Later he wrote, "Mine is now a maimed life, but God forbid that I should murmur."

His son George had entered into his father's life in a marvelous way. During the summer of 1882 they had toured Switzerland together. The following year George had returned to America; and at the time of his mother's death he was a student in the Southern Baptist Seminary at Louisville.

One of the joys of this second period in Italy was the reaching of some of the important men for Jesus. In 1881 Conte Enrico Compello was converted. Taylor said, "He was a canon of St. Peter's." Signor Colombo was baptized at Bari, and then was sent to assist in the work at Naples. The Baptist work in Naples had been started by a wealthy Russian nobleman, Count O. Papengouth. He finally turned it all over to the Foreign Board. Signor Volpi came to the Baptists from the Free Church of Bari. Signor Nicolas Papengouth, the son of the count, also joined the Baptist Mission in Rome.

In the spring of 1884 another event occurred that greatly cheered him. This was the formation of the Apostolic Baptist Union. Concerning this Union Mary Wright has written:

> The pastors and evangelists of nearly all the Baptist churches in Italy, as well as the representatives of three Boards, met in Council and initiated plans for promoting Baptist principles. Among these plans was the establishment of a paper, *Il Testimonio* ("The Witness"), wherein Baptist principles might be taught and

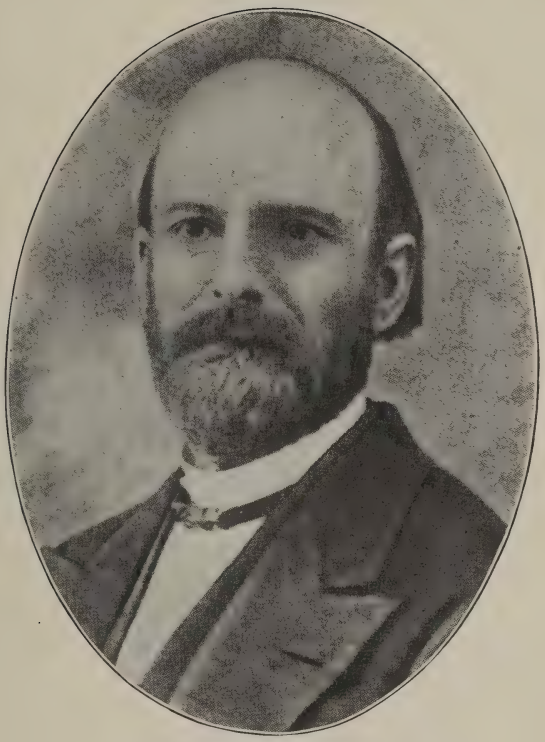
defended. At this time Baptists had to endure bitter denunciation and calumny, not only from Romanists, but from Pedobaptists as well.

On his way back to America Doctor Taylor spent a week in Leipsic where his daughter Mary had spent the winter in study. Then he journeyed through Belgium, across to London, reaching Virginia in the fall of 1885. Here he began two years of service as chaplain at the University of Virginia. During one of those years Dwight Moody held meetings for the students that were signally blessed by the Lord. The second year, his former friend, Dr. Edward Judson, held a one-week's meeting at the University.

These two years proved beneficial to Doctor Taylor. Though he felt the severity of the American winter, and was often confined to his bed, he grew stronger. Part of the benefit derived from his stay in the homeland was no doubt due to the fact that he was surrounded by friends and loved ones, and that for a time at least the responsibility of the Italian mission rested on others.

By November of 1887 the Taylors were back in Rome. He wrote his brother Charles of how good his daughters Mary and Susy were to him: "They give me all the petting that I will take." He was glad to be back in the land of his adoption, and he was much pleased to note the progress that had been made since his departure. The most cheering factor was that the churches were beginning to realize the need of self-support and were taking up regular weekly offerings.

In 1888 Doctor Taylor was asked by the University of Virginia to go as a delegate to the eight-hundredth anniversary of the University of Bologna. He was glad to



GEORGE B. TAYLOR, D. D.
Founder of the Seminary in Rome

go and be present at this very interesting meeting, so he accepted the appointment with pleasure. Bologna was one of the fields where the English Baptists had been working since 1863.

The Baptist Mission work in Italy produced a harvest only after hard labor. Yet everywhere that Taylor, Eager, and the Italian colporters went their preaching was blessed of the Lord. It seems impossible today to realize the numbers of miles traveled, the missions visited, and the number of folks who came under the influence of the gospel. The islands off the coast of Italy, Sardinia, and Sicily felt the impact of the Baptist message. Taylor himself, on one of his tours through Southern Italy, visited Sicily where the Baptists had already made a beginning. Then he visited the city of flowers, Florence, and also Venice. He had preached in both of these cities before, but on this trip in the summer of 1893 he helped in the dedication of a beautiful white marble baptistery where four persons were immersed before a large number of people, many of whom had never before seen this sacred ordinance.

Very few missionaries have done as much reading and writing as did Doctor Taylor. Not only tracts and books, but his correspondence is spoken of as voluminous. Nothing that would help him better himself for his task was left undone. Some of his books can be secured today from The American Baptist Publication Society.

In the spring of 1894 he thought that he had better resign his work. His health was so poor and he was so run down that he felt that he could not do all that he purposed. When he made this suggestion to the Board they immediately answered that they would not permit it for a moment. He had proved to be too wise and sagacious

a leader to be permitted to lay down the leadership of the mission unless it was imperative.

Doctor Taylor and his daughter Mary came to America in the summer of 1895 for his third furlough. He felt that he could not endure another winter in his home country, so he planned to stay for only a few weeks. While he was visiting his son at Appomattox he was thrown from a buggy and received serious wounds on his head. A long incision had to be made, separating the scalp from the skull, thus to let out the blood which had escaped from a broken blood-vessel. This necessitated his remaining in Virginia for several months, so that he was unable to return to Rome until December 7, 1895, when he embarked on the Kaiser Wilhelm II.

From this time until his death the struggle that he had waged so manfully against his physical infirmities was a losing one. Time after time he was overtaken with disease, fatigue, and now deafness. "In Miglionico," wrote his son in his book on his father, "the members of his church would come to see him, both men and women, kiss his hands, and leave."

After thirty years of Baptist work in Italy the mission showed much progress. The English Baptists had just turned over their work in southern Italy. By 1900 there were twenty-four churches, six hundred and twenty-four believers, and probably as many more who had either died in the faith or emigrated to America.

In the summer of 1900 Doctor Taylor and his two daughters spent several weeks in Vienna. He had visited Austria in 1896 and tried to get the Foreign Board to begin work in Trieste where he had found a little band of the faithful. When he revisited this city the following

year he found that the people had been holding regular meetings at the home of Mr. Waschitz; and the work was being blessed by the presence and power of the Holy Spirit.

Baptist Seminary in Rome

One of the important features of all mission work is the training of a native leadership. Doctor Taylor had done some of this work; but he had always prayed for a Baptist Theological Seminary for Rome. The Southern Convention had approved of his plan at their meeting of 1900, and in the following year, Rev. D. B. Whittinghill, who had been pastor at Bonham, Texas, was sent out to start the Baptist Training School for Italian Preachers.

With the ever-enlarging scope of activities, and with the ever-increasing number of missions and outstations, Doctor Taylor's work became more exacting. True he had more helpers, and able assistants. True the churches were more permanent and not so susceptible to the pitfalls that were laid for them by the sly priests. Still as General Superintendent of the work he tried to encourage all by his presence, and to be an example to all by his ceaseless activities. He was instant in season and out of season, challenging all by the constancy of his zeal.

As soon as the work of the Seminary was started he began teaching. In his letter of November 28, 1902, Doctor Taylor wrote, " It is hard to keep well, especially when one is old, if he lives indoors and seated in a chair works ever with his brain." On January 8, 1903, he wrote to his son George, " On the work of Jesus Christ I am more and more leaving aside other books and going to that one which is the source of all theology and worthy of the name." By the year 1905 the Board had made arrange-

ments for the publication of his work on Systematic Theology.

Early in June, 1903, Doctor Taylor and his daughter Mary left Italy for his fourth furlough. He wanted to visit his sons George and Spotswood, both of whom were married, and then to return to Rome before the wintertime. Due to the serious illness of his daughter Susy he was forced to stay in the States. While in New York City he tried to secure relief for his deafness by visiting an ear specialist, but he found none. He was glad to return to his beloved work in April of 1904.

The days of the years of his pilgrimage were numbered. The physical weaknesses of youth were augmented with age; and his injury of 1895 brought on recurring periods of headaches. Again in November of 1904 he was hurt. He had stepped out in the street and was accidentally knocked down by a cab. When he tried to stand up he could not, and as they placed him in a cab he fainted. As soon as the doctor came he gave Taylor some opium pills. After careful diagnosis it was found that no bones were broken, though he had many severe pains, and the blow had brought on rheumatism, neuralgia, and sciatica.

Every summer he was now going to some place in the Apennines. In the year of 1905, however, he was appointed a delegate to the Baptist World Congress. Doctor Whittinghill and Doctor Taylor went to London to attend the meetings. Here he had the joy of meeting his son George and his grandson.

The End of the Pilgrimage

In the fall of 1906 Doctor Taylor received an injury from which he never fully recovered; and which, without

doubt, shortened his life. He was leaning against a door which he thought was fastened. The door gave way, and Taylor fell heavily on his back and left hip. When the doctor came he said that recovery would be very slow. A small bone had been broken, and when he did go about it would have to be on crutches. Two months later he tried to cast away these crutches, saying that he never could get about very well on them. By December of 1906 he was again in bed, and from that time until his death he dictated most of his letters from his couch.

With unabated zeal he carried on. He went to the high point of the Apennines in June of 1907. From here he wrote to his son Spotswood, "True religion consists first of all in trust, humble trust in Jesus Christ." It was decided that it would be better to take Doctor Taylor back to Rome where he might be under the watchcare of his physician. With loving care his daughter Mary had him placed in a pullman and taken to Rome.

Here he lingered for a little over a month, delighted to be again in the city to which he had come as a missionary thirty-four years ago. He died on Saturday morning, September 28, 1907, in Mary's arms. Without a struggle he fell asleep to go to the land of no pain.

Hannibal Fiore, who loved Doctor Taylor like a son, conducted the funeral services. Signor Glassi, who had been one of the foremost workers in the Mission for a dozen years, made an address, also telling of the loss sustained by all. Many came to the service, both Catholic and Protestant, to honor him who had caused all to admire the saintliness of his life. This Baptist missionary from America had made a lasting contribution to the salvation of Italy's millions.

The Angelic Doctor

In his book on *The Baptist Movement in the Continent of Europe,* Dr. J. H. Rushbrooke has written,

> The distinguished and effective leader, Dr. George B. Taylor, was indefatigable as preacher, administrator, professor of systematic theology and author, and his name stands high among Baptist pioneers. . . No service [wrote Doctor Rushbrooke] in connection with Baptist mission work in Italy has been more important than the issue of literature. The Bilchnis Press now ensures for the Baptists an output superior to that of any Protestant body in Italy.

The organizing genius of Doctor Taylor is seen in this accomplishment.

Rev. H. J. Piggott, head of the Wesleyan Mission in Rome, wrote of him, " He had a serene security in his hold upon the fundamentals of the faith." His own son Spotswood said of him, " His claim to greatness lay in that he had goodness in so large a measure that it made him a great man by the noblest title." Still most of Italy waits for the message that Doctor Taylor sought so hard to deliver to them all.

Like Paul in his suffering, he was like Paul in his love and purity. His life is an example of scrupulous honesty and intense sincerity. Never by word or deed would he purposely offend one of his fellow men; but rather did he try to win them to his Christ by the saintliness of his life. He loved the Italians and he loved Italy. It is impossible to read his book on *Italy and the Italians* and not perceive the intenseness of his desire that they all might hear the gospel.

He studied the Catholic Church and its teachings at first hand. He wrote:

I have never sought an audience with the Pope, not only on account of my position and because I would never bow the knee to a man, but also and especially because such homage is claimed and accepted, not as a mere court form, but as due to him as the vicar of Jesus Christ, and the infallible head of the Church on earth.

Doctor Taylor never attacked the Roman Church. He believed that the preaching of the gospel of Christ in all of its simplicity and purity was the far better way to win the wayward to the Saviour. To the end he held true, therefore, to the tenets of the faith. He constantly taught and preached Jesus. As the way to the other world grew brighter and the problems of earth receded, there ever loomed before his vision his Lord whose call he had answered. "Preach Jesus," said the old missionary, "to the people." "For I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me." No wonder that the Italian Christians called him "the angelic doctor."

IV

JOANNA P. MOORE

Missionary to the Negroes

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER IV

1. Born on September 26, 1832, in Clarion County, Pa.
2. Early years in teaching and in school:
   (1) Taught a private school before she was fifteen.
   (2) Always read Bible in school, whether public or private.
   (3) Graduated from Rockford Seminary.
3. Call to service:
   (1) On jubilee celebration January 1, 1863.
   (2) Great need of colored women and children.
4. The first ten years as a missionary:
   (1) A few months on Island No. 10 in the Mississippi River.
   (2) Five years in Helena, Ark.
   (3) In orphanage work at Lauderdale, Miss., in 1868.
   (4) Chicago and Belvidere, mostly teaching.
5. Miss Moore received the first commission of the W. A. B. H. M. S. in 1877.
6. Eighteen years in Louisiana:
   (1) First few years house-to-house visitation.
   (2) Established "Faith Home."
   (3) Organized Bible Band in 1884.
   (4) Founded the magazine *Hope* in 1885.
   (5) Worked for temperance.
7. Fireside schools started in August, 1892.
8. Nashville, Tenn., became her headquarters in 1894.
9. Her closing years:
   (1) Pleas for opportunity for the Negroes.
   (2) She traveled extensively, especially to schools for colored people.
   (3) She loved the Negroes.
10. She wrote the daily Bible lessons for *Hope* for thirty-one years.
11. Died in Selma, Ala., April 15, 1916.
12. Known everywhere as "Mamma Sunshine."

JOANNA P. MOORE

"The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple."—*Psalm 119: 130.*

Birth of Miss Moore

Joanna Patterson Moore was born in a farmhouse in Clarion County, Pennsylvania, on September 26, 1832. She was the sixth child in a home that had thirteen children. Her father had come to America from the north of Ireland. He was a man of tremendous industry, always desiring better things for his children. Her mother was a worthy helpmeet, and she was ever trying to make things attractive in the home.

From her earliest girlhood Joanna was assigned domestic tasks. There was a great deal of work to do on a farm, and coupled with that were the many mouths to be fed. She proved a good mother for her younger brothers and sisters. In every way she made herself useful around the home.

She had a sister, Rebecca, who was blind. Rebecca was four years her senior; but during her life they were the closest of friends and lovers. Joanna P. Moore, in her book *In Christ's Stead,* has written a great deal of their early fellowship.

Mother was so sorry for sister's blindness that she seldom gave her work to do, but when I was old enough she gave me a great plenty to do. I wanted help and soon found that Rebecca had wonderful power to see with her hands. I taught her how to knit, and for many years she knit all the stockings for the family, and

also learned how to knit beautiful lace. She could even tell the color of flowers by the sense of touch.

For over seventeen years these girls were inseparable. Their love was so great that each was willing to do anything for the other. In the year of 1850 Rebecca kept talking about heaven: "No one is blind up there, no one is sorrowful." Her heart had grieved over the two brothers and a sister who had died of whooping-cough two years previous. She was such a lover of those of her own household. Joanna, in writing of her death in her book, said: "I never can tell you how much I missed sister Rebecca and I miss her today. Her pure, unselfish love for me was great, and my heart needed just such devotion."

Early Years of Education

The Moore home was a religious household. Her father, who was an Episcopalian, read the Bible and had family prayers during all the years of her girlhood. He was not a spiritual man, but taught his children the catechism of his church. He tried to rear them in the same church to which he belonged. There was even a time when an Episcopalian minister boarded in the home.

Her mother was a Presbyterian, and she taught Joanna the catechism of her church. In after life she wrote that she was glad she had learned both of these catechisms, as they taught all of the fundamental tenets of the faith.

As a girl of nine Joanna studied a book of children's sermons given to her by the rector. After reading a sermon she would kneel and repeat the prayer in the book. The promise of the Master came true, "Thou, when thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father who seeth in secret, and thy

Father who seeth in secret shall recompense thee." "In that quiet place, in the dark closet," she wrote, "I gave my heart to the Lord."

No one seemed to think that a child so young could be converted. Did not one have to be grown before one could be sorry for one's sins? Then Joanna was a timid, shy girl, and she never could ask any one what the next step ought to be. She did not publicly confess her love for Christ at that time. As the days and years of her girlhood ripened into womanhood her first love was well-nigh forgotten. The fun and the frolics of the neighborhood and the gaiety of youth drove out of her mind the memory of that sacred spot and that holy moment when she had opened her heart's door to the Saviour.

In the winter of 1852 she drove over to Greenville with the Corbett family to attend a revival meeting. She was teaching school near Reedsburg that winter, and was glad of the opportunity of hearing the gospel. Joanna had never been far from God since that moment of surrender, and she was always eager to hear the story of Jesus. As she sat in the meeting that night she was sure that she was a backslider; and so she made a public confession of her love to Christ.

Her problem was now a serious one. What church should she join? With her father in one church and her mother in another, and the converts of this meeting in a third, could these people be right and both parents wrong? Was their baptism correct? She watched the beautiful ordinance of believer's baptism and was deeply impressed. She searched the Scriptures and came to the conclusion that the position of the Baptists was Biblical. She asked her parents for consent to join the Baptist church, but

they, particularly her father, were against this step. A year later she was immersed, to her own great joy. This joy, that she had joined the Baptist church, increased as the years rolled on.

Joanna was a happy girl who loved the out-of-doors. She said that if it were not for her blind sister she would have done but very little reading. She would rather help put in the hay, or herd the cows, or just amble through the fields and the woods, than study.

With all this bubbling over of life she wrote that there were some things for which she was deeply thankful. She said:

> Nothing I am more thankful for than being one of a large family. Another cause of thanksgiving is being a country girl. . . I am very thankful today [she wrote in 1903] that there has always been some one weaker than myself along some line, one that I could really help and comfort. Oh, if I had always done it gladly and cheerfully, what a happy little girl and big girl I would have been.

In the spring of 1847 she was asked to teach a private school in the summer. She had no teacher's diploma, but that was unnecessary in a private school. She had gone to the public school in the country, and had spent one winter at a girls' seminary about fifty miles from her home. After Mr. Rockey, the man who had asked her to teach, left her home her joy broke forth.

> I danced for joy [she said], I was fairly wild with delight. I did not know then the great responsibility connected with being a teacher, nor the sad effect of poor teaching, or I would not have been so eager to begin, poorly fitted as I was for my task.

Fifteen years of Joanna's life were spent in teaching. Sometimes she was in public school, and sometimes in a

private school. Those were years when most of the teachers believed and practised that the laying on of the rod was the only sure method of securing discipline. Pupils must be kept in fear of the teacher was their theory. Against this practise she protested vigorously, but without much effect; for the other teachers told her that she did not know how to administer punishment.

All of the rest of her life Joanna was most successful in her ministry of teaching. She loved her pupils, both white and black, and gave to them the very best that she had. She always read the Bible and prayed in her schoolroom whether she was teaching in Pennsylvania or Illinois. Once in Illinois the directors came to her and said, "We do not allow the Bible taught in our schools." To this reprimand she replied, "I will leave." She wouldn't teach in any school where she was not allowed to read the Bible. To this answer of hers the directors said, "Oh, no, don't leave." The Bible, she believed, should not only be the corner-stone of character; but its beauty and loveliness should be so presented to young minds that it might mold them into sincere love for the Word of God.

The appeal of the missionary task had never been presented to her so that it made any challenge for the consecration of her life to Christian service. About two years after her conversion, she heard Rev. Sewell Osgood, a returned missionary, preach on "Foreign Missions." Immediately she responded to this message with all the ardor of her young womanhood. She would go! She would go at once! Her heart burned, and her mind was aflame with this new passion of her life. The appeal of the immense task uncompleted which her Saviour had asked his church to accomplish swept her soul like a prairie

fire. Never had she considered it seriously. Now she was aghast at the thought that the Christians had permitted this command of their Christ to be so neglected! She would dedicate her life!

As soon as the service was over she had a talk with the preacher. She told him of how she must go and tell the gospel story. He urged her to seek further preparation before attempting the task. This did not dim her enthusiasm a bit. As she prayed about it, and thought it over she was more than ever sure that the Lord wanted her to go into immediate service. Without doubt she would have started out, not knowing whither she went but trusting in the Lord, but for the fact that she was needed at home.

The incentive for a higher education had come to her life, and so in 1856 she attended a school in New Bethlehem for six months. Then came many interruptions, and for over four years all prospect of further schooling was lost. During those years of waiting God was training her as truly as he trained Paul of old. He was fitting her for the great task of her life-work among the colored people.

The family moved to Illinois in 1858 where her brothers took farms near-by; and she began teaching school. Soon the angel of death entered her home, and in 1860 her father died. Her heart was bowed with sorrow, and yet with the faith in which she lived she looked up into her heavenly Father's face and said, "Not my will but thine be done."

Again in 1861 she returned to school. This time she went to Belvidere, Illinois. During this winter she found work very difficult. She was laboring every day in the home of Mr. Andrew Moss for her board and lodging.

Had it not been, however, for the help of his daughter, Joanna might not have been able to finish the year's work so well.

The following year she entered Rockford Seminary. It was while Joanna was at this school that she heard the call to the definite mission work which her Lord had planned for her to do. It was not the work of her own choosing. She was still looking to China or India as the land to which she would go. Over nine years had gone by since she had heard her first foreign-mission appeal. The ardor of her enthusiasm had waned somewhat. There had come no such message to her since. She had read no stirring articles on the needs of earth's unsaved millions. Preachers did not talk of missions, and many of them were even opposed to the whole missionary task. Still Joanna was seeking to fit her life for work across the sea.

Civil war had begun in all its fury in the United States. Brother was fighting brother. The spirit of hate and revenge were abroad in the land. The girls of the Seminary were busy knitting socks for the soldiers and preparing bandages. Joanna was too busy to help in this for she was working her way through the Seminary and studying for final examinations.

War always has sorrow, suffering, and dying in its wake. This internal strife was now waging in such fury that every home felt its influence. America was "engaged in a great civil war testing whether this nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated could long endure." The immortal Abraham Lincoln was at the helm of the ship of state—he who in his younger days had seen a slave sold at auction, and had said then, in reference to

slavery, "When I get an opportunity to hit that thing I will hit it hard."

Now the President had hit slavery a death-blow. He had fulfilled his own prophecy, and kept his vow. The Emancipation Proclamation was issued on January 1, 1863. Over three millions of slaves received that most coveted of all human relationships, and also the most dangerous, freedom. No greater event is recorded in American history!

Miss Moore's Call to Service

On New Year's day of 1863 an immense jubilee meeting was held in Rockford to commemorate this event. It was a time of great rejoicing. Every one was shouting for joy. The black man was now, according to the proclamation, "henceforth and forever free."

In this meeting Joanna sat with a brooding face. She wrote later:

> To my ears there came an undertone of sadness, a piteous cry for help. The next day as I tried to study my lessons there passed before my imagination a panorama of bondmen, tied down with cords of ignorance, superstition, and oppression.

It was the summons of the Father to her life. The challenge of the unmet need of these millions of freedmen was weighing on her soul. She could not escape it. God was saying to her, "You must go to the rescue."

What a struggle now waged in her soul! Would she go where she wanted to go, or where God called her? The days passed into weeks, and still she heard the piteous cry for help, and the voice that seemed to say, "Come over and help us." God had a work for her to do, and he

kept pleading with her until she answered, "Here am I, send me."

In February God spoke to Joanna again in a meeting. The speaker had just come from an island in the Mississippi River where there were eleven hundred Negro women and children, contrabands of war. He told of the extremities of bodily suffering and of the grossest ignorance. "What can a man do to help such a suffering mass of humanity?" the speaker demanded. "Nothing, a woman is needed, nothing else will do." No wonder Joanna in writing of this meeting later said, "I know my schoolroom and foreign missions, with all their sweet attraction, receded and kept receding, till they were in the background of my picture, and there in the front stood a black woman, with her child, both half naked, stretching out empty hands, crying for help."

Still Joanna sought to find an excuse from her God-appointed tasks. Others could do so much better than she. Others were much more cultured and prepared for such an arduous work. Others were better fitted. What could she do for so many people?

Finally the decision was made. The struggle that had kept her in mental torment and spiritual anguish for months was over. Peace came to her spirit when she surrendered all to her Lord and promised to follow his leading for life. "I surely made a good bargain," Joanna said, "when I invested my life in the Negro race." It had seemed to her as if God had said, "Go, and I will go with you." For fifty-three years, until she was called for higher service, she served her Father in the path of his guidance with unremitting toil that was ever brightened with the thought, "I am doing the work He wants me to do."

Her First Ten Years as a Missionary

She was just a little past her thirty-first birthday when she began her life-work. The American Baptist Home Mission Society gave Joanna a commission, but told her that they could not pay her any salary. The Sunday school of the First Baptist Church of Belvidere pledged her $4 a month. Lastly, the Government furnished her transportation to her destination, and provided her with a soldier's rations. With this unpromising beginning she began her fifty-three years of missionary service.

In November of 1863 she landed on Island No. 10 in the Mississippi River. Here she made her home with Rev. B. Thomas, a Baptist minister from Ohio, who was in command of the regiment that guarded the island. Mrs. Thomas, Miss Baldwin, and Miss Moore started work among these poor black people. They sought by visitation in the homes and the conducting of many meetings, including Sunday school, to turn the thoughts of these people toward God.

It was a pitiful sight that she witnessed daily. Her heart was torn with anguish as she mingled with these half-naked, starved, friendless, and superstitious folks. What a task for a woman like Miss Moore, who had practically never had any dealing with the Negroes!

After five months they were all transferred to Helena, Arkansas. Miss Moore moved with her protégés. She found that the Quakers had just come to Helena to establish an Orphan Asylum. When they offered her employment with them Joanna gladly accepted. For four years she was in the pay of the Quaker church, and she often spoke of the Christlikeness of their treatment.

In her work here she divided her group into four divisions after she had nailed her blackboard to a tree. The first were little children, the second older children, the third were adults who could read a little, and the fourth those who could not read or write but who were glad to listen.

Each division [wrote Joanna] spent about one hour and a half in school. Later, I read the Bible and explained it, and gave them a memory verse. Then they sang their weird, old plantation hymns, and prayed their old-time prayers till after dark. O, how I did enjoy each day there.

This teaching was carried on at " The Home Farm " which was three miles from Helena.

The colored soldiers also became objects of her attention. They needed all that she was trying to give to women and children. With daring zeal, and with intrepid faith she mingled among these men, seeking to serve them and to present Christ to them. As a result of her constancy there were soon sixty of these soldiers converted. Nothing gave her so much joy as to see these warm-hearted people surrender their lives to Christ.

After this she went home for a little while to be with her mother in her sickness. Before she had left for her life service she had bought a home for her mother and seen her comfortably settled in Belvidere. Her mother had hoped that Joanna would give up the missionary life and stay at home. She little reckoned with the power of the vision and the sincerity of the dedication of her daughter.

The Quakers opened an orphanage at Lauderdale, Mississippi, in 1868, and she went there to help them. She had been there but a little while when the scourge of cholera broke out. Miss Moore was in charge, as the superinten-

dent had just left for Indiana. Never before had she come to such grips with death. As soon as the children died they were buried, and she was the only white woman there. She learned then, more than she had ever learned before, the value of faith in God.

Again she went home to her mother in the early part of 1869. She decided that until her mother showed signs of real improvement she would find work near-by. In April of 1869 she began work in Chicago for the North Star Baptist Church. She labored for this church for three months; and she had a very blessed time.

Miss Moore spent a little over a year in Chicago with three different churches. She was called home in October of 1870 due to her mother's illness. She settled, therefore, in Belvidere for three years, and taught school. "During the years that mother's feeble health kept me from the South," she wrote, "my thoughts were with the freed people. However, I said but little to any one on this subject."

First Commission from the W. A. B. H. M. S.

The Woman's Foreign Mission Society of the West was organized in 1871. The women asked her to be their missionary. Here was the opportunity to fulfil the desire of her heart that had been with her for fifteen years! To go as a foreign missionary! To represent her Christ among the great peoples of the world! To be sent by the women of the Baptist denomination!

What should she do? Which way should she turn? There was the call of the freed people of the South, and this was most insistent. Her mother wanted her and needed her at home. Now, again, came the challenge of

the lands across the sea. She was nearly forty years old, and some of the Board thought that it would be too difficult for a woman of her age to learn the language. God was leading her life. She had placed Christ in command of her career on that never-to-be-forgotten night when she had decided to give her life to the Negroes. His command was still in force for her. She must continue to give all that she had to the bringing of the former slaves to Christ.

Eighteen Years in Louisiana

In the fall of 1873 Miss Moore went to New Orleans to take up her work again among the colored people. She never relinquished her task until forty-three years later her heavenly Father called her to his kingdom above where she might labor without weariness or criticism. Who shall count the heartaches of those years? Due to her work among these freed people she was despised and criticized by many of her own race who bore the name of Christ. Hers was not to count the cost, nor to defend her actions! Hers but to obey Jesus the Commander.

Louisiana became her home for eighteen years. President Jefferson had authorized the buying of this territory in 1803, and this purchase included the city of New Orleans. This community, like the rest of the State, was settled almost entirely by Catholics. Despite that fact the people gave her very little trouble during all the years of her sojourn. They seemed to feel that her mission was more concerned with the home life than it was the religious life of the people.

During the first four years in New Orleans she was supported by the offerings taken in the churches of Illinois.

She kept pleading with her white sisters of the North to help her. When the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society was organized in 1877 Miss Joanna P. Moore was the first person to receive a commission. This was delivered to her in person by Dr. and Mrs. C. R. Blackall when they visited New Orleans that spring.

Miss Moore was a great believer in the sanctity of the home. She felt that if she could teach the people to have clean attractive homes where the Bible was studied, it would be a powerful incentive toward a better race. From the very beginning she worked for the mothers and children. Not until a few years later did she formulate plans which finally led to the organization of this work. At first she simply went from house to house spreading the gospel of cleanliness, neatness, kindness, temperance, and love. She would gather the children around her and tell them the stories of the Holy Book.

It was not easy at first for her to have such intimate contact with the Negroes. She had begun work among them more through pity than love. She even had a feeling of revulsion toward the old people as she would feel and see their filth, their dense ignorance, and their sin. There came a day when this difficulty was overcome.

I did not like even to shake their hands [she wrote]. I knew this feeling was wrong and spent many hours in prayer for a baptism of love. One night I received an answer to my prayer. The next morning we rang the bell as usual for prayers, and the old people came tottering in. Our lesson was Luke 23:27-45. I read the comforting words of Jesus to the weeping women with tears in my voice. When I came to "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," we all burst into tears and fell on our knees and prayed. After prayer the old people gathered around me, saying: "Sister Moore, we'll not worry you any more. We'll

be good." They saw they could put their arms around me, and I let them, for my heart was full of love.

Before the end of her first year in New Orleans she made some trips into the country. She usually journeyed by boat or cart to her destination. On all these visits she fought intemperance. It was a terrible curse. Saloons were part of grocery stores, or if not, there would be an understanding between them. Whiskey was being drunk by nearly all the people. Miss Moore spoke against drinking, and always secured signers to the temperance pledge. Some even signed against tobacco.

During the year 1874 she produced her first leaflet, and also took her first offering for foreign missions. This leaflet, *Rules of Politeness for Home and Church,* was scattered everywhere. The offering she received from a children's band, and she sent it to Rev. Mr. Perry of New York to be used for work in Haiti. No matter how great the need might be on the home field, she believed that Christians should be taught to give for work across the sea.

In the first few years of her work in Louisiana she had no helpers. As her work became more and more well known, money was sent to her, and women came to assist in the work. There were two other women with her, Miss C. Vaughn and Miss A. Dyer, before she received her commission from the Woman's Board. Soon after her appointment was made, four were sent, "and," she wrote, "they were four of the best women who ever lived." Miss Agnes Wilson labored most earnestly until she was married to Rev. Amos Weaver. Miss Sarah Butler, who was so virile in her Christianity, married Rev. J. E. Morris. Miss Helen Jackson was with her for two years only

before she was transferred to Raleigh, North Carolina. Miss Jennie Peck, who believed so thoroughly in giving the Bible to the people, was made a general missionary in Texas in 1884.

These women were astonished at the filth, the degradation, and the misery they met everywhere. They said that they did not believe it possible for folks to become so corrupt and repulsive as these people. All of them soon learned that the love of God could work miracles here! Even more important to these missionaries was the knowledge that came to them as it had come to Miss Moore. "Our greatest battles are fought and lost and greatest victories won where no one but God sees and understands," Miss Moore wrote in her book *In Christ's Stead*. And further, "We do know that when we live for God's glory he with matchless kindness made the shade and the sunshine, the bitter and the sweet, all unite for our good as well as his glory."

One of the objects that Miss Moore had in mind was the constant extension of the work. She wanted more helpers and more money so that more of the Negroes might be reached for her Christ. Year after year, therefore, she made exploring trips seeking to interest people in her work. In 1878 she went as far as Selma, Alabama. Here a mission was started that flourished through the years. Three years later she made a very extended trip to the Atlantic seaboard, and then north. She visited Atlanta University; Benedict College at Columbus, North Carolina; Richmond College, where Dr. C. Corey was president. She went still further north to New York City; and finally attended the May meetings of the Northern Baptists. She had the opportunity to speak of her work to the Woman's Home

Board, and to plead with them to start a training-school for colored women.

The old colored women stirred her heart deeply. As she saw these elderly women, some of whom were eighty to a hundred years old, she wondered what could be done for them. New Orleans had an Old Ladies Home, but there was no department for the colored people. Such a need was a challenge to her marvelous initiative ability. She never thought that it was outside the province of her activities, but immediately she determined to help. After much prayer and after having conferred with some friends she started a "Faith Home." She had the first floor fixed up for the old colored women, and the second floor for the missionaries. Over the mantel of the home she had hung the motto, "The Lord will provide." Trusting in him she was miraculously blessed. She watched over this work for three years, and then turned it over to the colored Baptists with a property valued at $25,000 free of debt.

On most of her trips to the Association meetings she visited those in southern Louisiana; but she made one tour of the Associations in the northern part of the State. At these meetings she usually had a part on the program. This she gladly filled. She took practically no part in the business unless she was asked to help. She delighted to gather around her the women and the children between sessions and tell them Bible stories, and read to them. The colored ministers would gather around her, eager to hear her interpretation of the passages she read. To these meetings she would always bring her Bibles. She had been appointed an agent of the American Bible Society; and for five years she sought to sell Bibles, and to give Bibles to those who were too poor to buy.

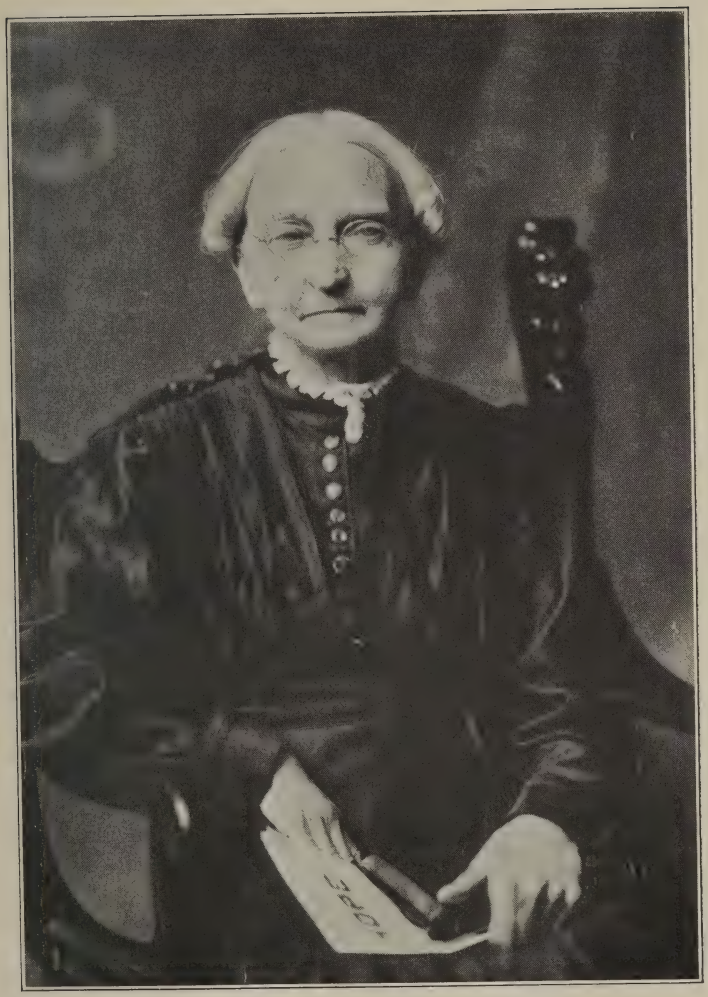
After Miss Moore had been in New Orleans for ten years she moved often. From the year 1883 until 1891 it is difficult to know just where her headquarters were. She went first to Thibodeaux, and then to Morgan City in 1884. She immediately saw the need of a reading-room for the colored people. They were using the saloon, but now that she had persuaded some to sign the temperance pledge they needed a place where they might meet and enjoy themselves. The room was provided in direct answer to prayer. It proved to be a tremendous force in the lifting of the entire Negro population of that city.

It was in the years of 1884 and 1885 that Miss Moore started two factors that proved of immense power among these freed people. The first was the Bible Band. The constitution of this band states:

> The object of the organization is: First, to study and commit to memory the Word of God for our own edification and comfort. Second, to teach it to others. Third, to supply the destitute with Bibles. It shall be the duty of each member of the Band to read a chapter each day. To read the Bible to all the sick. To carry the Bible with them when they go on a visit.

Miss Moore wrote, "There is no power strong enough to reform human lives but the power of the gospel of the Son of God."

The Bands were few in number, but each year the movement continued to show signs of growth. Five years after the inception the Bands numbered one hundred and fifteen, and there were upwards of six thousand who were members. In order to keep up the interest and stimulate one another, the members of each Band met once a week to report progress and to tell how the Lord was blessing them.



MISS JOANNA P. MOORE

Founder of the Fireside Schools

The second factor was the publication of the magazine *Hope*. Miss Moore produced the first edition of this new monthly magazine in Plaquemine, Louisiana, where she was then living. This issue was only five hundred copies, and it was quickly exhausted. Miss Moore served as editor of *Hope* for twenty-six years, only surrendering that task because of growing weakness. In 1911 she was elected Honorary Editor, and she continued to write the daily Bible lessons till her death.

Hope was the first magazine that many of the colored people ever read. It had two mottoes on the cover: on the left hand, "Have faith in God," and on the right hand, "Love one another." Miss Moore wrote that she chose the name *Hope* because, "I wanted to encourage them, I wanted to inspire them with hope, and cheer them on." Six years after its first edition five thousand copies were printed. Ten years later the publication had more than doubled. This was accomplished through the untiring efforts of Miss Moore, who never would permit the magazine to go into debt, or to have any advertisements.

The center of all her ministry of service was the home. Whatever movements she inaugurated centered in the home. Her greatest contribution to the evangelization of the Negroes was her influence in making their homes the place of Christian culture and refinement. She realized that to change the home life she must train the mothers. She did not believe in merely taking the girls and so training them that the next generation might be better. Rather did Miss Moore seek to establish schools for mothers that these women who now had the home responsibilities on them might be reached and won to new ideals and purposes.

To accomplish this objective she started a training-school for mothers in Baton Rouge which lasted for almost three years. This school was begun with great enthusiasm. If so much could be achieved by occasional visits in the home, what might not be realized in the school! As a group of mothers would stay with her for a few weeks they would receive instruction in the care of the home, the nurture of children, and kindred subjects.

Alas, the school started under such favorable auspices was forced to close on November 20, 1890! On that date a notice was put up on the gate signed by the "White League." They ordered Miss Moore to close the school, and to leave under penalty of death. As a reason for this threat the notice had printed on it, "You are trying to educate the niggers to consider themselves the equals of the white people." In commenting on the closing Miss Moore said, "It was one of the greatest, if not the greatest trial of my life."

The work went on in a desultory way until March of the following year. She kept hoping that she could induce the women to return. She had no fear herself of the threat of men. All to no avail! The women were scared, especially so because above the notice of the League were the emblems of death, a skull and cross-bones.

Eighteen years in Louisiana, and now she left with this defeat of her plans weighing down her soul. On her trip to the North she visited Dr. John A. Broadus in Louisville, Kentucky. Into the ears of this wise and kindly minister she poured the tale of her work, and of this new sorrow. He said: "There are so many sides to this question, but your work is greatly needed. Go forward, quietly trusting the Lord."

During the next three years she made her home in Little Rock, Arkansas, moving there in the fall of 1891. Miss Moore had the privilege of conducting a mothers' training-school here coupled with her other activities. Being blessed with good health most of her life, she was a woman of tremendous activity. She would labor for fifteen to eighteen hours a day. When she journeyed to the little villages in the country she would usually stay up until twelve o'clock and then would be the first one up in the morning. No one could keep pace with her; yet, many would become enthused by the very zeal of her service.

It was during her stay in Little Rock that she first originated the "Sunshine Bands." The reason back of their organization was the reaching of the large company of children who did not attend any Sunday school. In reporting this work Miss Moore wrote:

> We cannot dress them up for the Sunday school or church, and parents do not care to send them, but every woman with a mother-heart can make a Sunday-school room out of her own home. Glory, hallelujah! I have found the way to save the children in the right path. It is so much easier teaching children, dressed in every-day garments in one's own home, than in the Sunday school.

By the end of the first year there were ten Sunshine Bands. To pay for the extra expenses due to this new organization she prayed for the money needed. Always in her life Miss Moore talked things over with her Lord. The answer came in money and gifts from many people whom she did not know. She said that the holiest gifts that were ever given to her for the work of the Sunshine and Bible Bands were from two women of the North Belvidere Baptist Church. These three hundred dollars

were given to support two young women who were helping Miss Moore in her work.

Fireside Schools Inaugurated

All her life she had tried to reach every possible Negro person with the blessed gospel of Jesus. As the work grew and widened, the task of molding of it all into a tremendous force so that hundreds of thousands might be reached became her paramount desire. She had the nucleus already in the Bible and Sunshine Bands. Her magazine *Hope* was the medium whereby she was even now reaching thousands of these colored people. The time was ripe for the launching of the movement that proved to be her most vital contribution to the Christianizing of the Negro. In August of 1892 the Fireside School was started.

Nothing that Miss Moore ever inaugurated has been so blessed for the home as this school. It has transformed thousands of Negro homes. Ever since its inception it has continued to grow and prosper, and it is still growing in influence. Mrs. O. R. Judd, in her book *Fifty Golden Years,* has written of this work:

> It is not in the ordinary sense a school, but rather a family altar, the grouping of the entire family about the fireside for the study of the Bible and prayer, the daily memorizing of a verse of Scripture, and the reading of a worth-while devotional or inspirational course.

The Fireside School was started for all in the home. The parents signed a pledge that they would conduct the family altar daily, and report each month their progress to the church. The plan was that every three months all the churches would send their reports to Miss Moore. In this way she felt that she could keep her finger on the

pulse of the work and try to guide it in the proper way through the monthly magazine *Hope*.

Two great objectives the Fireside School sought to accomplish. The first was "to secure the daily prayerful study of God's Word in every home, with all the family together"; the second, "to help put other appropriate books in our homes and see that parent and child read them together as far as possible." This would not necessitate any additional organizations. It was hoped, however, that once a month the pastors would hold a parents' meeting to encourage the daily Bible study.

To augment and stimulate interest in Bible reading in the Fireside School a course of study was outlined to cover three years:

First year: Bible, *Hope, Peep of Day,* and *Second Temperance Reader.* Second year: Bible, *Hope, Line Upon Line, For Mother While She Rocks the Cradle, Third Temperance Reader.* Third year: Bible, *Hope, Story of the Bible, Kind and True, Black Beauty.*

Many of the books prescribed for this course were those written by Miss Moore.

If the people who promised to take the work of the Fireside School were to be helped consistently, then a plan must be devised to put *Hope* into their homes regularly. Many of these folks could not afford to subscribe for this magazine; and those who could found themselves hindered by the white people who feared that this paper might suggest a political scheme to upset the order of society. By persistent believing prayer a way was provided and *Hope* was delivered to the homes.

From the very beginning the Fireside School has had the blessing of the Lord. The movement has continued to

spread. Being non-denominational, it has touched the life of the colored people everywhere. The permanency of the work and the lasting nature of the results are a living testimonial to Miss Moore, " who being dead yet speaketh."

Headquarters at Nashville, Tennessee

Atlanta, Georgia, was Miss Moore's headquarters for the first few months of 1894. In the fall of that year she moved to Nashville, Tennessee, where she lived for twenty-two years. Her office work was very large. There was not only the editing of *Hope* and the writing of many leaflets and books, but also the answering of hundreds of letters which came each month. These folks sought her advice and counsel on the many perplexing things of life, and her interpretation of difficult passages in the Word of God.

Closing Years

Miss Moore, with the true vision of a missionary pioneer, believed that as rapidly as possible all the work for the Negroes should be turned over to members of their own race. In the year 1901 she selected a group of colored men and women and gave to them the care of the Fireside School work. This move proved to be a little premature, so that it was necessary for Miss Moore to take charge again. This she did until 1906 when, on account of failing health, she turned it all over to the Woman's Home Mission Society.

One of the reasons for Miss Moore's continued success was her faith in humanity because of her love for Jesus. She was working for people for whom Christ died. The constant inspiration and cheer to her soul was

her implicit faith in the indwelling Christ. She walked among these people without fear, confident that her Lord was able to keep her. He who had never left her nor forsaken her, would keep her to the end.

In 1902 she was asked to state her views on the race problem. She wrote:

> I've never seen a problem. I know exactly what to do for the white man, for the black man, and for all humanity. God has given his children a guide-book which makes the path of duty very plain. I have always found the black man very willing to observe the courtesy and restrictions that riches, honor, and intelligence recognize as due in political and social life. But he could not see how the simple color of his skin should make any more difference than the height or weight, color of hair or eyes, of white people made as respects their treatment of each other. His strong white brother should have taken him by the hand in a loving, brotherly way, saying: "Yes, you are free, as free as I am, but you are only a child. Sit down, and I will teach you the duties that belong to freedom. Together we will study our Bibles, and see what is right, and learn to love and respect each other, and thus live in peace." That is what the guide-book teaches—to quit talking about race, master, or slaves, bury the whole past, and strive to help each other to be God's free men. As I said before, there is no problem before me. I know what to do. First, be good, loving, helpful, and cheerful myself. Find something good to say for every individual.

No wonder that Mrs. H. B. Montgomery wrote of Miss Moore in 1924, "Joanna P. Moore's work has resulted in a real and permanent contribution to the solution of race questions in this country."

Although Nashville was her home, she traveled a great deal through the South especially, visiting the schools for Negroes and the colleges. Many of her friends tried to persuade her to live a quieter life now that she had reached

her eightieth year. Her answer was, "I'm immortal till my work is done." And a little later she said, "I am ready when the Master calls, and there is a straight road to heaven opening from every Negro cabin in the South."

When the secretary of the Woman's Board asked her for her annual report one year she replied:

An annual report of what? Report of tears shed, prayers offered, smiles scattered, lessons taught, steps taken, cheering words, warning words, tender, patient words for the little ones, stern but loving tones for the wayward—songs of hope and songs of sorrow, wounded hearts healed, light and love poured into dark, sad homes? You might as well ask me to gather up the raindrops of last year, or the petals that fell from the flowers that bloomed. It is true I can send you a little stagnant water from the cistern, and a few dried flowers, but if you want to know the freshness, the sweetness, the glory, the grandeur of our God-given work, then you must come and keep step with us from early morn to night for three hundred and sixty-five days of the year.

Bible Lessons in "Hope"

Every month she wrote the daily Bible Lessons for *Hope* with short comments. One of the last lessons that she wrote was on Stephen.

I think that Acts 7 is the best chapter of the New Testament. His accusers said Acts 6: 13, 14, while Stephen's face was like an angel's, verse 15. With that shining face he preached the best Bible sermon I ever read.

The last year of her life she went on a visit to Spelman Seminary. She fell on the stone steps, cutting a gash in her head and straining her hip muscles. She spent several weeks in the hospital; but was able to be in Chicago by Christmas. She was known everywhere she went as "Mamma Sunshine."

The End in Selma, Alabama

Miss Moore left Chicago on the last trip of her life in the early part of 1916. She was in her eighty-fourth year but her zeal and her enthusiasm had not abated. Her first stop was at Jacksonville, Florida, where she stayed for several weeks. Her plan was to visit several cities in the South and then go to Nashville. On the way to Selma, Alabama, she took cold, which developed into bronchitis. She died in Selma on Saturday, April 15, 1916. As they ministered to her during the last few hours in the home of Dr. M. W. Gilbert, they heard her keep repeating, "God's blessed book, the Bible."

The funeral service was held in the Ryman Auditorium of Nashville, Tennessee. Thousands came of both whites and blacks to pay her tribute. Then they followed the procession as it wended its way to Greenwood Cemetery. It was the last wish of her life that as she had worked with the colored people for so many years her body might be laid to rest with them in their cemetery.

The race that was so repulsive to her at first became very dear.

> I plead [she wrote] for more love, more patience, more real help for our dear colored people. They are kind, they are struggling hard to be wise and good. They have never had a fair chance. I thank God for the friendship and love of the dear mothers of this race.

She had wanted to serve in a foreign land; but God kept her in America where with all her heart she gave the best that she had until God called her to the country where there is no race distinction.

Rev. C. W. Morrow said of her at the funeral:

She was one among millions in her whole-souled recognition of the fact that she belonged to Christ; that he had purchased her with his precious blood, and so she was not her own. To do his will, however taxing, was her supreme delight; and through the mystic union with him there came to her great power, even the power of the indwelling spirit. We should not forget the place the Bible had in her heart and life. She believed in it with all her soul; it was to her divinely inspired, the Book of books. She believed that could she get men, women, and children to read, ponder, and accept its teaching they would be spiritually transfigured.

The issue of *Hope* for June, 1916, was given entirely as a memorial to Miss Moore.

Our benefactor, counselor, and friend has been removed from earth to glory. No one can estimate the value of such a life of service as Sister Moore's which touched thousands of lives with loving ministry. May the reflection of such a life dwell with us forever.

In this same number of *Hope* Miss S. A. Blocker of the Florida Baptist Academy wrote of her:

She can never die. She built her own monument in the hearts of thousands in the humble homes of a despised race. The colored people owe her a debt of gratitude which they can only pay by being true to God and in extending his kingdom on earth.

V

GEORGE GRENFELL

Missionary to Africa

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER V

1. George Grenfell born in Sancreed, England, on August 21, 1849.
2. Life in Birmingham:
   (1) Grenfell moved there in 1852.
   (2) Joined the Baptist church in 1864.
   (3) An active Christian, and a student of missions.
3. Contact with Saker:
   (1) In Bristol College.
   (2) Embarked together for the Cameroons in 1874.
4. The opening of the Congo:
   (1) Stanley's arrival at the mouth of the river in August, 1877.
   (2) Comber and Grenfell on first trip of exploration.
   (3) Marriage of Grenfell to Miss Rose P. Edgerley.
   (4) Began work in 1880.
5. Early explorations in Central Africa:
   (1) "Peace" launched in July, 1884.
   (2) The Congo and its many tributaries.
   (3) Stations established between Stanley Pool and Stanley Falls.
6. He sought to connect his stations with those of C. M. S.
7. Toll of deaths:
   (1) Of Grenfell's own family, five buried in Africa.
   (2) In 1887 the Mission lost six men.
   (3) West Africa greatest toll of any mission.
8. He received many honors from the Belgian government.
9. Mr. Arthington was his greatest financial resource.
10. Hindered by Roman Catholic intrigue and Belgian perfidy.
11. Grenfell died at Basoko in Africa on July 1, 1906.
12. "Congo's Pioneer and Explorer."

GEORGE GRENFELL

"Let us therefore go forth unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach."—*Hebrews 13: 13.*

The veteran missionary, Rev. Thomas Moody, was talking with a friend in Milwaukee in 1924. The great continent of Africa, where Moody had spent so many years, was the topic of conversation. The career of David Livingstone and his marvelous service to Christianity were the topics of discussion. "George Grenfell," said Moody, "did as much for Africa as Livingstone. Grenfell worked inland from the West Coast, and Livingstone from the East Coast."

These men were both explorers. Both of them were pioneers. Dr. J. H. Morrison, of Aberdeen, Scotland, has written:

> The geographical importance of Grenfell's work was immense. He traced the course of the Kasai River southeast toward the Zambesi. He ascended the great tributary, the Mubangi, till it brought him to the Soudan, and he showed that at the great bend of the Congo the Aruwimi flows in from the east and opens a waterway almost to Uganda.

Grenfell had dedicated his life to Africa. He was so eager to go to the country of his desire that he did not have time to finish his schooling. The appeal of Livingstone and Saker had found an answer in the consecration of his life. To Africa he went, "the continent of the storied past," wrote Dr. C. H. Patton, "the continent of beauty, the continent of barbarism and woe."

Birth of Grenfell

It was the time of harvest in 1849. Great preparations were being made in the home of the village carpenter Grenfell, of Sancreed in Cornwall, England. They were looking forward to the advent of a child. The home was filled with rejoicing and gladness when George was born on August twenty-first. His mother, a woman of unusual character and refinement, made an impression on this infant boy that was never forgotten. As he grew toward manhood it was the wise hand of his mother that guided him through the difficult years; and her careful rearing that gave him his love and sympathy for all humanity.

Life in Birmingham

The three years that he spent in the village of his birth made a deep impression on his life. George was always eager to revisit Sancreed after they had moved to Birmingham. This was not only because he loved his genial grandfather, but also because he loved the country more than the city. He preferred to roam the hills and look over the sea and dream, than to walk in the city. Never did he enjoy publicity or attention; but rather all his life did he try to avoid notoriety and simply do his work.

The Grenfell home was a religious home. Both parents were members of the Episcopal church. "It is remarkable," wrote Dr. J. H. Morrison in his book *Missionary Heroes of Africa,*

> how trivial an event may determine the course of human life. A curious instance of this is found in the spiritual history of Grenfell. His family belonged to the Church of England, and he was sent to St. Matthew's Sunday School along with his younger

brother. There happened, however, to be a boy in the school who bullied them, and to escape from him Grenfell and his brother left, and went to a Sunday school connected with Heneage Street Baptist Church. This church was henceforth his spiritual home, and at the age of fifteen he was received into fellowship by baptism.

About the time of his baptism George left school and entered the business world. He became an apprentice in the large plant of Messrs. Scholefield and Goodman, a firm of merchants who dealt in hardware and machinery. This was the place where he acquired his knowledge of machinery that proved to be of inestimable value to him in his missionary career. It was also while working in this shop that through an accident he lost one of his eyes.

Many factors entered into the molding of this young man as soon as he joined the church. There was his pastor, Rev. Samuel Chapman, who by the virility of his manhood, stamped firmness into George's character. Then there were those two fine men, Mr. George Cauldwell, a teacher in the Sunday school, and James Weston, a spiritual power in shaping the lives of young men for the kingdom of God.

Associated with George in the Sunday school were other boys of like zeal for the work of their Saviour. One of them was Joseph Hawkes, who proved to be one of his best friends. These young men, about forty of them, had a program of Sunday services that they continued for almost four years. In his book, *George Grenfell,* George Hawker wrote of these activities:

The day commenced with the seven o'clock prayer-meeting. At nine-thirty followed morning school and church service. After service tracts were distributed in assigned districts. Afternoon

school commenced at two-thirty; and after school, and a hurried tea, a visit was made to two outlying hamlets. Here, again, tracts were distributed, people conversed with, and an open-air service held on a piece of waste ground opposite the Swan Inn. The day concluded with the evening service at Heneage Street, and a final prayer-meeting.

This group of young men were not only interested in Christian service in Birmingham; but their thoughts went out to the unsaved people of the world. George had his soul stirred for foreign missions by the reading of the book *Livingstone's Travels*. As he traced the course of this immortal missionary on the map of Africa his heart was moved to choose Africa as the continent in which to invest his life.

Contact with Saker

Alfred Saker, the gray-haired man of the Cameroons, who had founded a new colony on the mainland of Africa, after being driven from the island of Fernando Po by the Portuguese—Alfred Saker, the missionary of the Baptist Missionary Society, was his other hero. He read all that he could of the labors and toils of Livingstone and Saker, and he determined to follow in their train.

"The Birmingham Young Men's Missionary Society" was formed on October 5, 1871, with George Grenfell as an active and ardent promoter. The society had for its purpose the creation of a deeper and wider interest in foreign missions, and also the support of the Baptist Missionary Society. One of the ways by which this was to be brought about was the publication of a quarterly magazine. George Grenfell was made the editor; and he was also appointed to make periodic addresses.

Despite all this working for the Master, and all the studying to fit himself for labor in Africa, there was a doubt rising in his life. Perhaps he could serve his Lord just as well in England as in Africa. Was not Birmingham a needy city? Did he not know of hundreds of men who were indifferent to the gospel? He, therefore, set out in business for himself with the ultimate purpose of staying at home.

He whom God had so carefully trained for his task abroad could not be permitted to be so easily turned from his divinely ordained work. His closest friend, Rev. Joseph Hawkes, wrote to him from his far-off mission field. The going of Hawkes, and now his letter from his field of service proved to be just the stimulus needed to turn Grenfell's life back into the right course. He immediately relinquished his promising business; and in September, 1873, he entered Bristol College.

This Baptist college at Bristol had for president Dr. F. W. Gotch, a man of culture and refinement. When Grenfell began his scholastic activities there Rev. F. W. Bailey was the only other one in his class. The entire student body numbered seventeen men. In after years Bailey wrote of the months of his fellowship with Grenfell:

> He was not a student in the ordinary sense of the word. Preparation for class was tedious and irksome to him, although he always conscientiously did his work. His genius was more of the practical and executive kind—great taste for mechanics. We all used to say that he would have made a first-rate engineer.

These months of waiting, even though they were spent in fitting himself for his task, were rather galling to him. Then, when in the spring he did hear from the Society, it was still harder for him to hold himself to the daily class-

room work. The letter made the announcement that while the Society would no doubt send some one with Saker when he returned, they could not determine as yet who would go, or the date of going.

Alfred Saker was in England on the last furlough of his life. He had worked with such consecrated zeal that he was worn out. With purpose that knew no wavering, and with determination that knew no faltering, he answered the letter that Grenfell sent. He told this young man that he did not think he was able to spend another winter in England, and that he hoped the Board would be favorable to his request, and he would have the joy of Grenfell's fellowship on his field of service.

Together they embarked, the man who had pioneered for God in the Cameroons, and the man who was going to pioneer for God in the Upper Congo; the man whose form was so wasted that he was known as " the shadow," and the man who would finally die with only black men to comfort; the man who had already given all that he had for Africa, and the man who was going to give his all for the Dark Continent: veteran and youth going in the most holy fellowship known to man and in obedience to the final command of their Risen Lord, " Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation."

In January of 1875 they arrived in the Cameroons, and George Grenfell began his life-work when he was a little past twenty-five years of age. Without delay he started to teach in the school, as the English language was used there. It was soon known among the natives that this new white man had brought medicine with him. He was straightway asked to cure all sorts of sickness and disease; and had he so desired he might have given the rest

of his life to that sort of ministry. He was not fitted by training or by inclination for that type of work; he did it only as affording relief to the ordinary pains of the bodies of the people.

Soon after he had arrived and settled in West Africa he entered upon the sort of work to which he afterward gave so much attention. With his rowboat and a crude sail he journeyed up the Cameroon River. He was ever exploring. He dared to go where white men had never gone. Not for the purpose of boasting of such trips; but that he might come in touch with the people and sow as broadcast as he possibly could the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

It was recognized by Grenfell and all the other missionaries of the Cameroon Mission that Saker would have to return to the homeland. The days of his service in Africa were numbered. In order that he might be prepared to take up the work when Saker went to England, Grenfell embarked for home. He had been in Africa a year; but he had already experienced two severe attacks of tropical fever, and had become thoroughly enamored with his work.

On February 11, 1876, he was married to Miss Mary Hawkes, a sister of his dear friend Joseph. The ceremony took place at the Heneage Street Baptist Church and was performed by a brother of the bride, Rev. Samuel Hawkes. Grenfell had been engaged to marry when he left for Africa. As this wedding was the main purpose of his trip to England, as soon as it was over, they set out for the land of his service.

Mrs. Grenfell proved to be a better sailor than he, and in every way seemed to be able at first to cope with the various diseases of the tropics. Yet before they could

celebrate their first wedding anniversary she was dead. Taken sick with dysentery, she grew steadily worse, and died on January 10, 1877. Just before she died she seemed to be quiet and composed. She said to her husband, " I'm not afraid to die, only sorry to leave you to yourself." Another sacrifice that the Kingdom of God might endure in Africa.

In the midst of his dark sorrow there came the light of human fellowship. Rev. Thomas Comber, who had recently joined the Mission, came to live with Grenfell. They were men much alike in many ways. Both were fearless when it came to obedience to the Master of their lives; both believed most firmly in their divine appointment to their missionary task; and both were bending every energy of life to be faithful.

The Opening of the Congo

Already Grenfell was of the opinion that it would be better if mission stations could be established in the interior rather than along the coast where most of them were. He had the privilege of a conference with Mr. Rottman, who was connected with the Basle Mission of Christiansborg. He told how much more prosperous were the stations inland than those on the coast. Lieutenant Young, of the Livingstonia Mission, told how the tribes and people along the coast were corrupted by the white trader, who had not as yet invaded the interior of Africa. With this idea in mind Grenfell and Comber kept penetrating the Cameroon country to seek a favorable place for an inland station that would be easily accessible. They went farther from the coastline than any other man had gone; and when Grenfell reported the trips he had to write that

they had more than exhausted the funds for that purpose. Would the Society at home seek to make other funds available for pioneering in Africa?

The answer to his desires, and to the plans of the Society, came much quicker than either hoped for, and from an unexpected quarter. In August of 1877 Henry M. Stanley, the man who was sent to find Livingstone, appeared at the mouth of the Congo River. When this event became known with all of its wonderous prophecy and possibilities, it electrified the world. A white man had crossed the African continent! Entering from the East Coast, Stanley had steadily proceeded, and after almost three years had emerged on the West Coast to give his findings to the world. H. L. Hemmens, in his book *Pioneers All,* wrote of this epoch-making tour:

> He was the first white man to traverse, from source to mouth, this, the second largest river in the world. The story of the enormous waterway, of its dense forests, and of the bewildering variety of its savage peoples, thrilled the civilized world, and awakened a desire to claim its resources for mankind. Expeditions—political, commercial, scientific, and humanitarian—were planned and initiated by European powers. International conferences were convened to consider, without reference to those most concerned, the destinies of its peoples. The eyes of large-minded Christians in Britain and America had long been directed toward this land of mystery.

The Congo River was six hundred miles south of the Baptist station in the Cameroons. Yet, when the news brought by Stanley was made known, the Society in London and Grenfell in Africa seemed to have the same thought. If the Congo River was so marvelous and so navigable, why not penetrate Central Africa by traversing this immense watercourse and establish a mission station

at Stanley Pool or even farther inland? If this were possible the missionaries would be able to leave the fever-infested coast region where the country was only sparsely settled, and invade the land of higher altitudes where villages were close together and the people were in multitudes.

To start this sort of a new enterprise there was need of a considerable amount of money. The advance thus far made in West Africa must be maintained; and more men and money would be needed for this untried venture on the Congo. The promise of the Lord is ever true, "Before they call I will answer." Mr. Robert Arthington had just offered one thousand pounds to the Baptist Missionary Society to send two missionaries to the Congo country. He expressed the hope, "that soon we shall have a steamer on the Congo, if it be found requisite, and carry the gospel eastwards, and north and south of the river, as the way may open, as far as Nyangwe."

The Society invited Grenfell and Comber to visit San Salvador, the capitol of the Congo; and to conduct such explorations as might seem advisable with a view to opening work on the Upper Congo. These men gladly acceded to the request and embarked for Banana, a station at the mouth of the Congo. Here they disembarked from the ocean-going steamer and made their way in a small Dutch vessel for one hundred miles up stream to Musuko. Then overland for another hundred miles to San Salvador.

This part of the Congo country had been invaded by the Roman Catholic missionaries under the protection of the Portuguese government over two hundred years previously. They had erected great churches and sprinkled many of the natives; but for a long time their mission had been permitted to go to ruin, through neglect. How-

ever, when these Baptist missionaries visited the king of the Congo at San Salvador they discovered that Jesuits were already there beginning their work. Grenfell found this difficulty in practically every forward move that he made in Africa. The Jesuits were always harassing him. Never would they adopt a line of advance; but rather did they seek to establish rival missions wherever Grenfell established a station. Then by bribery and trickery, and by persuading the natives that religion was a matter of form and ceremony, and not of heart-cleansing and life-transforming, they sought to undermine Baptist missions. These Jesuits were merely seeking to carry out the directions of a special Bull issued by the Pope regarding Protestant missions in Central Africa, that " the movements of the heretics are to be followed up, and their efforts harassed and destroyed."

When the report reached the Baptist Society that everything was favorable toward the opening of a station at San Salvador they immediately appointed Grenfell and Comber to begin the work. " So," wrote Dr. C. H. Patton in his book *The Lure of Africa,* " the Baptists were the first to see and to seize the great opening made by Stanley's explorations." The beginning of this new work was started in July, 1878.

The country of the Congo was very different from the Cameroons. The missionaries had been used to traveling through forests; but now they found walking very difficult, as the grass was heavy and sometimes fifteen feet in height. Nothing could stop these missionaries of the Cross! They were traveling under the orders of the Mighty Christ; and having left the Mission of the Cameroons in good condition, they turned their faces south to-

ward the country of the uncharted Congo. Their real destination was Stanley Pool.

After staying in San Salvador for three weeks, and starting the mission there with the approval of the African king, they left for the interior. Having lived in Africa long enough to know something of the people's habits and customs, they always sought to gain the consent of the chief through whose territory they desired to pass. At first they were allowed to travel unmolested, and their ardor and enthusiasm was quickened as the miles were covered and they were proceeding so safely toward their destination. Suddenly they came upon a hostile chief, who positively forbade them to go any farther. Reluctantly they retraced their steps back to San Salvador; determined, however, that at a later date they would go on. The interruption in their journey was human, but the command to go on was divine!

Soon after this first trip into Congo land, Comber returned to England to lay the result of their findings before the Committee. While he was home he was married to Miss Minnie Richards. At the same time Grenfell went to Victoria in the Cameroons and married Miss Rose P. Edgerley. Mrs. Grenfell was a fearless woman, and she accompanied her husband on many of his journeys.

The time had now come for the big advance of the English Baptists in Africa. Comber and his wife arrived with additional missionaries on June 9, 1879, at Banana. They proceeded at once to San Salvador, where they immediately began regular mission work. The next year Grenfell and his wife came on from the Cameroons, and the missionaries started their forward march into Central Africa, with Grenfell leading.

It was a daring undertaking. There were cataracts in the lower Congo River where a boat could not pass. There were hostile and blood-thirsty tribes, especially the troublesome Basundi, who sought to thwart the purpose of these intrepid pioneers. These Africans saw in the missionaries men of the same race as the dishonest traders and slave-herders, and thinking their object was the same, they treated them with the stored-up venom of years of persecution and oppression. The river was inhabited with huge crocodiles and immense hippopotami, and the country with wild elephants, any of which animals might kill them. Their destination was Stanley Pool, and though some missionaries were injured by the poisoned arrows shot at them by the natives, and sorrow, suffering, and affliction seemed to be the common lot of the entire group, they continued on until they reached Stanley Pool in February of 1881. They were now about three hundred and forty miles from the coast. Inland about a thousand miles farther was Stanley Falls. Between these two places Grenfell desired to establish mission stations. To accomplish this project it would be necessary to do two things: First, to secure depots all the way to Stanley Pool, as part of the journey would have to be made overland to avoid the cataracts in the Congo; secondly, to procure a steamer for travel up and down the river.

Again, Mr. Arthington's gift was ahead of the expressed desire. In the summer of 1880 he had written to the Society and had offered them one thousand pounds for a steamer on the Congo, and three thousand pounds,

to be carefully invested, the interest only to be used for the perpetual maintenance of such steamer on the Congo and its affluents, until Christ and his salvation shall be known all along

the Congo, from Stanley Pool to the first cataract of the equatorial cataracts of the Congo, beyond the mouths of the Aruwimi and Mbura rivers.

This offer was gladly accepted, and Grenfell was summoned to England to superintend the building of the ship.

The other task proved very difficult. These stations to be established on the route must not only be centers from which missionary work could be done, but they must also be places of rest and refreshment. He thought it would be a wise plan to cooperate with the Livingstonia Inland Mission in using the same trail; so that both missions might be able to help each other in case of emergency. Musuko and Isangila had been made into two of the stations. They were seventy miles apart. In writing of Isangila to the committee Grenfell said, " Our new station here is close to the falls, which kicks up a tremendous din day and night; the roar is something terrific." The third depot was established at Manuanga, seventy-five miles farther on.

While Grenfell was in England supervising the building of the ship he was able to rouse the brethren to enthusiasm concerning Africa. During the meetings of the Society in the fall of 1882 at Liverpool he was one of the main speakers. A great deal of spiritual fervor marked the proceedings especially when the Congo was mentioned. Five hundred pounds was raised for buildings at Stanley Pool where the scholar Bentley was the missionary. An additional seven hundred pounds was also contributed for a new station in the interior.

It was with great delight that Grenfell sailed for Africa with the steamer, ready to be set up, on board. A skilled engineer, Mr. W. Doke, accompanied him. They reached

their land of service just in time for Grenfell to see the baby girl who had been born while he was away. His coming back to his beloved task was saddened by her death, the second in his family since the beginning of his African service He had the joy, however, of seeing his daughter, Peggy. "She talks Portuguese, English, and Congo," he wrote, "all in the same breath, and is a rare chatterbox."

Early Explorations in Central Africa

A task of practically unsurmountable proportions awaited him—how to take the pieces of the ship to the Upper Congo, and there reassemble them. The engineer on whom he had counted so much had died soon after reaching Africa. To Grenfell, therefore, fell the entire task of transportation. In July, 1884, he wrote to the secretary, Baynes:

> Eight hundred pieces, transported from England to Stanley Pool by rail, steamer, and carriers—not one piece missing—and now the whole work completed. Most clearly God's finger points ONWARD! FORWARD! And I cannot shut my eyes to the crying needs of the untold multitudes of people on the four hundred miles of the noble Upper Congo I have already traversed, or my heart to the pressing claims of the multitudes yet farther beyond in the vast interior regions.

After the death of the first engineer the Society had sent out two more engineers. Grenfell waited for their coming confidently; and he was almost smitten down when he learned of their death. Without further delay he attacked the seeming impossible task of launching the ship, which he named *Peace*. When the steam was up and it began to move the natives shouted: "She lives, Master! She lives!"

The *Peace* was seventy feet long, and only drew twelve inches of water. It became the home of the Grenfells for many years. In it he traveled thousands of miles on the Congo and its many tributaries. He was ever investigating and exploring. Undaunted by foes without, or by the weakening of the mission strength—due to the many deaths—he continued on. It was possible to float the steel boat, which the *Peace* carried, when the *Peace* could not make a certain landing. This steel boat was twenty-six feet long, and would hold five men.

Henry M. Stanley, in his book *In Darkest Africa,* has a chapter on the country beyond Stanley Pool:

> The delightful views of perfectly calm waters, and vivid green forests with every sprig and leaf still as death, and almost unbroken front line of thick leafy bush sprinkled with butterflies and moths and insects, and wide rivers of shining waters, will remain longer in our minds than the stormy aspects which disturbed the exquisite repose of nature almost every afternoon.

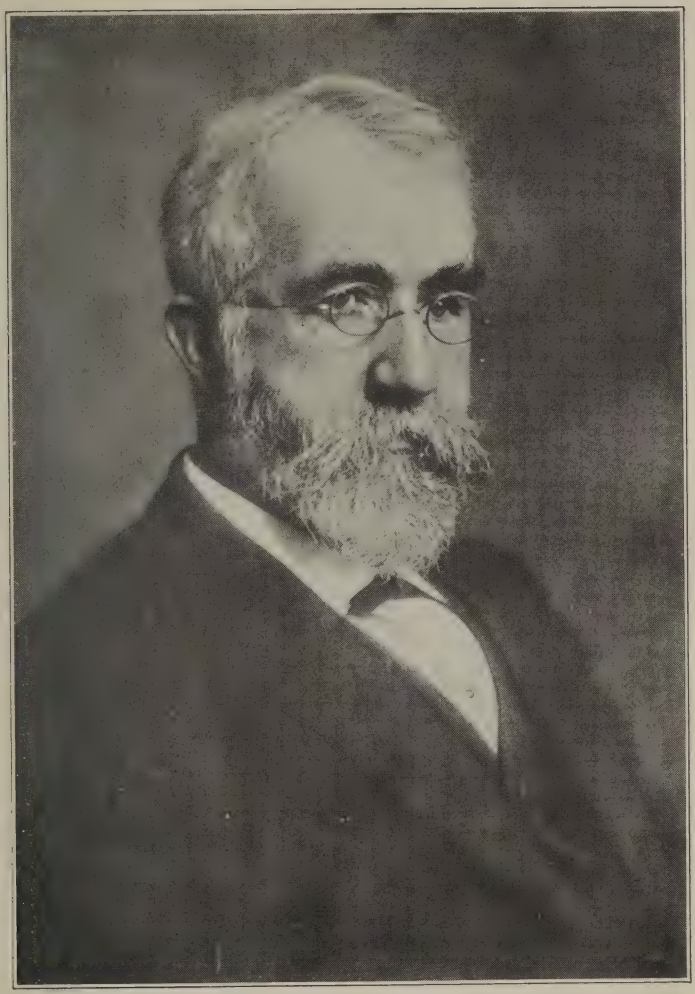
This was the course now open to Grenfell for over two thousand miles up the Congo.

Even on the first trial trip of twelve hundred miles the *Peace* and its captain had many adventures. In his report to the Society, Grenfell wrote:

> Cutting wood was our big work from day to day, and we did fairly well to get enough in three or four hours to suffice for the remainder of the day. Lukolela was fixed upon as a site for a station, and we stayed two days fixing our site, and making good friends with the people.

Then, he closed the letter with an appeal:

> Hope its news will encourage our friends, and, above all, incline the hearts of some young men to seek for part and lot in a work



GEORGE GRENFELL
Pioneer and Explorer of the Congo

which, though not without its dangers and arduousness, is a glorious one.

Grenfell's Vision of Christian Conquest

Already this Baptist pioneer had dreamed a dream of incalculable proportions. While his first visions and hopes had been merely to pierce the great Congo country, now his mind was grappling with a mighty and stupendous undertaking. Why not have a chain of missions right across the Dark Continent! Why not link up the work on the west with the mission stations on the East Coast, and make a broad wide band across the very center of Africa in the name of the Lord Jesus! Why not take Africa for Christ!

Centuries had passed since England had begun to hear the gospel. Years had gone by unnumbered, and this great continent, the second largest, did not know of Jesus. Why this gross neglect of this close neighbor by the churches of England and Europe? Livingstone had begun boring from the east. The mission stations of the Church Mission Society were pushing their frontiers into Central Africa. Could he, Grenfell, bridge the gap of many hundreds of miles and take this immense territory in the name of his Lord? He would try. Once he went up the Aruwimi River to within eighty miles of Uganda. Another time he explored the Lualaba southward to forty miles beyond the Nyangwe. He did not succeed in his purpose, mainly because of the interposition of the Belgian despotism. "Between Yakusu," wrote John MacBeath, in his book *The Conquest of Kingdoms,* "and the C. M. S. in East Africa there has been for twenty years a gap of five hundred miles."

Difficulties colossal never swayed Grenfell in his grim determination to plant the Cross of Christ in Central Africa. With all of his zeal he was very kind and very sympathetic. He seemed to be particularly gifted in understanding the natives, and so he was able to accomplish his objectives much more quickly. This ability that he had was very beneficial to him many times in overcoming the hostility and prejudices of the superstitious people.

Grenfell had some very unique and trying experiences on his travels. He stopped at a village on the river Juapa one day and discovered that the people were cannibals. They told him they would give him a fine-looking woman for a wife if in return he would give them a fat boatman whom they wanted to eat. In another place four men came out with guns to bar their way. Grenfell blew the pair of steam whistles, making them shriek their loudest and most discordant notes. The warlike expedition immediately collapsed, and they pulled for the shore amidst the hearty laughter of the crew of the *Peace*. Time and again they were surrounded by canoes as the natives sought to slaughter them with their poisoned arrows. Sometimes these people would climb trees and shoot at them as they went past. They even took up stones and sought to hit them with these missiles.

The Mission's Toll of Death

In the year of 1887 Grenfell made a hurried trip to England. It proved to be a much shorter vacation than he had planned. His health was affected by the years in the tropics, and he needed rest. He had visited Belgium in the interest of the Mission; and had been given an

audience with the king. Quickly returning to England, he was saddened to learn that his daughter Peggy would have to go through life with the same handicap that was his. She had lost the use of one eye. Now, to cap his sorrow, and to send him back to the Congo, came the news of the death of his beloved Comber. He knew of the sickness, but when he learned of how, after his death on shipboard, he was buried just two hundred miles from the Congo. Grenfell sent word to the Society, "I'll return to the Congo at once."

This year of 1887 proved to be a black year in the life of the African mission. One after another of the English Baptist missionaries died, six of them in seven months, so that it seemed for a time to some that the displeasure of God was upon them. West Africa has proved to be the White Man's Grave, and it has exacted a greater toll than any other mission. So serious was this loss that Grenfell investigated the cause of each death to see if there was some lesson of caution to be learned, but he could find no general cause. He discovered that other missions were having severe drains on their man power, though none had been so severe as that on the Baptists in so short a space of time.

During the next four years, though he desired to settle in his home at Bolobo, he was kept on the move. First was his rather emphatic statement to the Society toward the close of 1888:

> If the Society has decided to call the flag back instead of bringing the men up to the flag, the sooner you sound the recall and begin to reorganize the better. We can't continue as we are, it is either *advance or retreat;* but if it is retreat, you must not count on me. I will be no party to it, and you will have to do without me.

Secondly, soon after this letter came the news that new recruits were on the way. Mr. Arthington had offered to build another steamer for a still larger service and still more exploring and pioneering. With these new prospects Grenfell proceeded to open two new stations. One was at Upoto, a thousand miles up the Congo from the coast; and the other at Monsembe. He was engaged in the work when, on August 31, 1890, the *Peace* was seized by two officers of the Congo State Government. By carrying out the wishes of the Belgian officers in the transportation of troops ultimate action was delayed. On September fifteen the British flag was hauled down.

Honors from the Belgian Government

This whole matter produced intense excitement all over England and Belgium. Grenfell immediately cabled to Secretary Baynes, and then embarked at once for London. Before the matter was settled the Belgian authorities wished that they had been more politic. They were sure that they would not again arouse the ire of the British lion. To conciliate Grenfell, who had been stirred to the depths of his soul, the Belgian king had decorated him with the insignia of "Chevalier of the Order of Leopold." Whereupon Grenfell said, "I feel like a barn door with a brass knocker."

While he was in England awaiting the outcome of this controversy he aided in suggestions for the new steamer *Goodwill,* which was being built—a craft eighty-four feet in length that would be swifter than the *Peace.* He was asked while at home to become a leader of a group that would march into the southwestern part of the Congo to settle a dispute with Portugal as to the frontier of the

Lunda. Upon the Society's acceding to this request he was appointed the Commissioner of the Lunda Expedition of four hundred men. They started on this journey in the late fall of 1891, expecting to be through in a few months; but governments move slowly.

Never did time drag so heavily as it did for Grenfell during these months. As he waited and fretted over the constant delay and inability even to begin negotiations, he became more and more disgusted. He tried to resign from his appointment more than once, but the Belgian government would always intercede with him to complete the task. The one bit of joy in the whole enterprise was the companionship of his wife. The whole trip was to have been completed in three months; but it was six times that number of months before Grenfell returned to work for the Mission.

Soon after he came back to Bolobo he had the privilege of launching the *Goodwill,* which had been carried to the Upper Congo in the same manner as the *Peace.* It was manned by Congo men, and he was delighted to be again on the river in active service for his Christ. Grenfell was an expert traveler, a brilliant explorer, and very competent in all of his contacts with the Africans despite their many languages. Most of all, he was a missionary more satisfied to have the light of Jesus dawn in the soul of one of the people of the Congo, than merely to do the work of a pioneer in a hundred different locations where white men had never been.

Working with people who practised openly their immorality and licentiousness, dealing with folks who were constantly putting themselves into frenzy with weird incantations, he wrote of one group of them, " The best I

can say of them is too bad to be written down." He loved them all with an ever-deepening devotion. His heart was filled with exuberant joy when they would come to him and tell of their desire to confess the Saviour in believer's baptism. These people were part of the other sheep of the fold of God. He was seeking to bring them into the fold of Jesus. Therefore, he was glad to open another new station at Yakusu in 1896, after six years without a new outpost along the Congo.

Mr. Arthington the Greatest Financial Resource

The longings of his heart were to fulfil the desire of Arthington and go still deeper into Central Africa. Mr. Arthington had just made an additional offer of seventeen thousand pounds for the placing of a Baptist steamer on Lake Albert. Why, oh why, were the folks so lukewarm about the Congo Mission when the doors of opportunity for the saving of millions were so wide open? Why were there not more men volunteering for African service? True, the Committee had commended his ardor and his zeal. True, they had given him permission to continue his explorations eastward; but he was getting old. Men reared in temperate zones age rapidly in the smiting heat of the tropics. Though he was but fifty years of age his body felt old, and his blood was getting thin after spending almost twenty years on, or very near, the equator.

Nevertheless, he started on a long journey up the Aruwimi in 1899. There were rest days, and quiet hours on these voyages. This hardy explorer had traversed so many thousands of miles that he had learned when to be at ease. This trip he took the *Peace*. He seemed to have a love for this vessel above all others. Though the *Good-*

will could have been used and later the *Endeavour,* it was on the *Peace* that he usually traveled.

To his surprise he discovered the country to be rather flat and uninteresting. Part of the way he had to go in canoes, due to the shallowness of the stream, and also to his desire to follow some of the tributaries. Everywhere he saw depleted villages and nameless horrors, the marks of the Arab slave-raiders, who were bitterly cruel. He went up the Aruwimi to Mukupi before he turned back to Bolobo.

Pattie, his daughter, had come out in 1897 to help him with his school. She was a great favorite with the children, and was making herself very useful to her father. The hæmaturic fever attacked her, and she died in March, 1899, the fourth of his children whom he buried in the Congo. He had counted on her help, and now she whom he loved so dearly was gone. Another tie binding him to the Congo and to heaven.

It was time for another furlough. For over two years the Committee had been urging him to come home because of his failing health. He would not go and leave the Mission so shorthanded. For another season of sickness and deaths had come to these frontier missionaries. The time came when he had to leave. Mrs. Grenfell and he had the joy of traveling part way by train, as the railroad had reached Stanley Pool.

Grenfell returned to England for his last furlough in the spring of 1900. He made a hurried visit to Belgium in the fall, where he was the guest at a luncheon given him by the king and queen. This King Leopold was an archhypocrite. He sought in every way possible to placate the Protestant missionaries and to still their protest. He

sought to defend himself behind the thousands of dollars he claimed he was spending for native relief. The world was rather slow in believing all the stories of Congo atrocities that were being told. No one more so than Grenfell, who chose to think well of men unless it was definitely proved that they were guilty. Gradually this man of God discerned behind all the trickery and chicanery of the Government agents, the hand of King Leopold.

This all came to light when he returned to the Congo in the fall of 1901. The rubber company under royal command were taking millions out of West Africa and leaving behind them a trail of blood that cried out to the very heavens for mercy! No slave-herder had been any more cruel than the agents of the Belgian king. There was no cruelty, savagery, fierceness, or brutality that these men would not use in order to increase the percentage of money obtained for rubber for the royal coffers. No wonder that Grenfell said that while there was a time when he wore the decorations of the Belgian king with pride, he would now take them off with shame.

Roman Intrigue

Another cause that brought even more heartache to the missionary was the sophistry of the Belgian Government in its relation to Protestant missionaries. Before his furlough, Grenfell had written, in a letter to his warm friend, Mr. Worthington:

> The Roman Catholic Administrations of foreign countries are not favorable to Protestant progress. The Pope pulls a lot of strings, and I have reason to believe he is very busy with Central African affairs. The *Goodwill* lies moored within sight of the residences of two Roman Catholic Bishops.

Now, upon his return with his plans laid for a big advance in the name of the conquering Lord,

> He found himself balked [wrote George Hawker] by ruthless obstruction, and deceived by cynical disregard of obligations and promises. The consideration which the State had shown in earlier years was withdrawn. Regions from which Grenfell was warned off because of the dangerous unsettledness of the natives, were thrown open to Roman Catholic Missions. This perfidy of the State, ultimately undisguised, went far toward breaking his brave heart.

The great comfort of his last years on the Congo was the evidence that the gospel of Christ was taking root in that country. After all these years of service with but a very meager harvest, people were beginning to show evidences of having Christ in their hearts. The leaven of the love of Jesus had begun to work. Here and there were groups of young men and women, who had been trained in the schools and who were proving a force for righteousness. These young people were taught trades, and now they were helping to found a new civilization in the heart of Africa wherein Christ was the Saviour and Leader. It cheered the heart and brought tears of joy to his eyes when across the river at night he would often hear some grand old hymn of the church sung by these new children of God in their native tongue.

One of the purposes, which proved to be his last accomplishment, was the settling of a station at Yalemba. He began asking the State for a site there in 1902. His request was deferred; and a few months later he learned that a grant of land had been given the Catholics. This did not deter Grenfell. Through Bentley's aid and his influence, Mr. Lawson Forfeitt, secretary of the Congo

Mission, went to England to secure permission to build at Yalemba. When Forfeitt went home Grenfell sent a letter to Baynes, in which he gave as a reason for the refusal of the State to his request, " Evangelical Christianity does not breed the dumb cattle beloved of officialdom." By October, 1905, news reached him that the objective had been reached, and a lease had been secured permitting the Baptists to locate a mission at Yalemba. Grenfell immediately set out to start this work which had been planned so long.

The interval between the going of Forfeitt and the news of the successful completion of his task, Grenfell spent in journeying often. He was very sick in 1903. He had gone to Stanley Falls; and then, because of the cataracts there in the river had gone overland with the canoes to the navigable stream again. Open water he found for three hundred and fifty miles going almost due south on the Congo. Everywhere he went he made his observations as a true explorer, and as a true missionary sought to drop seeds of the everlasting gospel of Jesus.

In the beginning of 1906 he went down to Kinshasa to attend a Baptist Missionary Conference. Another great man of the Mission was gone, Holman Bentley.

> It only intensifies the mystery to me [wrote Grenfell]. Why should I have been spared, while so many younger and better qualified, and stronger men have been stricken by the angel of death? The news of the death of Doctor Bentley is a staggering blow. A good soldier of Jesus Christ, he has departed to be with his Lord.

" These men lived most of their lives apart," wrote Hawker of Bentley and Grenfell. " They were sure of each other's unfaltering fidelity, the bonds of their affection were those

iron bonds which are wrought into infrangibility by the shocks of long conflict endured in gallant comradeship."

While he was in attendance on this conference the new boat, *The Endeavour,* was launched. It was a stern-wheeler. When it came time for Grenfell to go up the river, however, he took the *Peace.* He journeyed to the new station, Yalemba, which was located a little north of the equator, and just a short distance from the confluence of the Aruwimi with the Congo. He hoped to be able to secure another missionary from the Yakusu station to take charge of this new work while he continued to pioneer.

Death of Grenfell

Away from all other associates and from his family he was taken with his last sickness. Even while he was in bed he gave directions for the work. When his throat became inflamed he went down to Basoko to see Doctor Grossule. After being treated he felt so much better that he was up and around again. It was only for a short time. As the summer came on he began to suffer intensely; and they put him to bed again the first week in June. By the middle of the month the pain became unbearable. He was suffering untold agony when they carried him on board the *Peace* to take him to Basoko. When they arrived there he was too sick to be moved for a time. The same fever, the hæmaturic fever, that had caused his daughter's death, now had a death-hold upon him.

These faithful attendants carried him on shore, and tenderly placed him where there was plenty of room to watch over him. His indomitable spirit asserted itself, and he seemed to rally for a few days; and then came the end. Acute anguish and severe pain were his portion

until a few hours before his death. Looking into the faces of these young men who were his children in the faith, he said, "Help me, my children, I am dying! Pray for me!" His last words were: "Jesus is mine. God is mine."

On July 1, 1906, this man, who had given the last full measure of his devotion to Africa, passed on. In reporting his departure, one of these young men, Balsuti, wrote, "Last of all we closed the grave, replacing the earth, and so the death of 'Tata' (father) finished." Luvusu, another convert, wrote, "We know that our master entered into joy in heaven, with his great master Jesus Christ our Saviour." Hawker has written of this record: "Well written, O Balsuti; 'the death of Tata finished,' but not the life!"

Basil Matthews, in his book *Missionary Heroes,* summed up the work of Grenfell with the statement: "So Grenfell, like Livingstone, opened a door. It stands open." When Rev. J. H. Morrison brought his chapter on Grenfell to a close in *Missionary Heroes in Africa,* he wrote: "So he died. But the inspiration of his holy zeal, and of his love for Christ and Africa, remains a deathless thing."

Congo's Pioneer and Explorer

Grenfell never flinched from his appointed task. He never permitted the obstacles of the State to become stumbling-blocks in the path of his exalted purpose. That which grieved his heart the most, and weighed the heaviest on his life, was the indifference of the home churches. He was sure that if the churches of the home base could be inflamed with the holy zeal of Christ's conquest, God's divine plan for world evangelization would be accom-

plished. In the name of his matchless Lord he gave his all; so that even when home on furlough he would say, "My heart is in Africa." There in Basoko in the very center of the Congo Country his heart is buried. Another life spent that the continent which has long been in darkness might radiate with the light of Christ!

VI

EDWARD JUDSON

Father of the Institutional Church

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER VI

1. The illustrious name of Judson.
2. Edward Judson was born in Moulmein, India, on December 27, 1844.
3. Judson was brought to America at the age of six by Mrs. Emily Judson.
4. His early boyhood years:
   (1) At the home of Mr. Osborne of Hamilton, N. Y.
   (2) At the age of nine a member of household of Dr. E. Dodge.
   (3) At the age of twelve entered Preparatory Department of Madison University.
5. His young manhood:
   (1) Graduated from Brown University in 1865.
   (2) Spent two years as principal at Townshend, Vt.
   (3) Professor at Madison University for six years.
6. He was ordained on May 5, 1873.
7. Served as pastor at North Orange, N. J., for six years.
8. Judson's early work in lower New York:
   (1) Began in the fall of 1881.
   (2) Established fresh-air home at Hamilton, N. Y.
   (3) Began institutional work through his own church.
9. Honored his father in the establishing of the Judson Memorial Church.
10. Honored and sought after by many institutions:
    (1) Professor at Colgate Seminary.
    (2) Both Colgate and Brown wanted him for president.
    (3) Served as trustee of Vassar.
11. Judson was professor of homiletics at the University of Chicago for one year.
12. In the year 1914:
    (1) Presented to the City Mission Society the accumulations of his life.
    (2) Elected honorary president of the Foreign Mission Society.
    (3) Died October 23.
13. He was the father of the institutional church.
14. Taught and practised the power of holy living.

EDWARD JUDSON

"Seeing ye have purified your souls in your obedience to the truth unto unfeigned love of the brethren, love one another from the heart fervently."—*1 Peter 1: 22.*

The Illustrious Name of Judson

The name of Judson is immortal in the annals of the church. America's first foreign missionary's life has always made a powerful appeal to students of biography and to lovers of heroism. His contribution to world evangelization will never be forgotten. His scholarly translation of the entire Bible into Burmese will ever be remembered, especially by those who minister to Burma's millions. The stimulus of his missionary career will always be an impetus to thrust forth laborers into God's vineyard.

This mighty man of God, Adoniram Judson, was one of the most tender and sympathetic souls ever commissioned by the Baptists for foreign service. No honors conferred on him by great universities, no homage paid to him by the American people, spoiled him for his contacts in the domestic circle. A great man to the world outside, Judson was still a greater husband and father. He had learned that the fountain of youth is found in constant contact with children, and in tender solicitude for them in their many difficulties.

Edward Judson has recorded that his father loved to romp and play; that every morning just before sunrise he would go out for a brisk walk to a hill and would take one or more of the children with him. Edward said he

always felt free to go to his father and in his childish way tell him of his minor injuries; and he has told us how his father would love him, hold him, and tell him stories of the great land, America, he had never seen. It was a very sad household when the news came in the fall that Doctor Judson had died on April 12, 1850, and been buried at sea. The stepmother had told the children of how sick the father was when they took him on shipboard. Together they had prayed for months that he whom they loved might return in health and vigor. Now he was gone, and he would not return!

When Edward was just a little over eight months old his mother had died on the way back to America. Now before his sixth birthday his father had followed the mother to the glory land, and Edward was left an orphan. No parents to minister unto him during the days of his boyhood and young manhood! No parents to lead him in the right way and to teach him! An orphan boy of American parents in India!

Birth of Edward Judson

This land with its hundreds of millions of unsaved people was the land of his birth. Edward Judson was born in Moulmein on December 27, 1844. This station had been started by Dr. and Mrs. G. D. Boardman in 1827. For the last twenty-three years of his life his father had made it his home. Here his father brought his mother, after she had lived alone for three years following the death of her first husband.

Moulmein was a cosmopolitan city under the control of England. An English man-of-war rode at anchor in the Salwen River as the crude boats of India plied their trade,

Edward used to go down to the river with his parents and ply them with questions about the robber-infested province of Martaban, which was just across the river and was still under Burmese rule. His stepmother had told him of a raid that these thieves and brutal men had made on her home in the early days of the mission. At other times Edward would be among those who stood on the bank and watched his illustrious father immerse the converts.

One of the trips that he was always glad to take was to his father's zayat, which was a little over two miles from home. The native helpers and Edward would walk along the main street of the town which followed the course of the river. In the zayat they would find the father either talking to a small crowd of eager listeners, or else busy in pointing the way of life to an earnest inquirer. After this was over his beloved father would take Edward by the hand, for he was the youngest, and return home to receive the always warm greeting of Mrs. Emily Judson.

The mission home, though outside of the British barracks—and so subject to attack—was well situated. It commanded a good view of the river. A screened veranda surrounded the whole house. Behind the Judson home rose the hills on which here and there was a pagoda erected to one of India's many gods. Tigers lurked in the jungles near-by. The Gulf of Martaban was just a short distance to the west.

When Edward was only four months old his mother, Mrs. Sarah Judson, because of her failing health, embarked for America. With her went Doctor Judson and the three older children. Henry, Charlie, and Edward were left in Moulmein in care of Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Stevens, of the

Southern Board. After eighteen months Doctor Judson returned to India with Mrs. Emily Judson; and for the last few years of his young boyhood, Edward was lovingly cared for by his stepmother.

Edward Brought to America by His Stepmother

With Doctor Judson dead, and Mrs. Judson broken in health, it was decided that it would be best to embark for America. On January 22, 1851, Mrs. Judson, with her two stepsons, Henry, aged nine, Edward, aged six, and her own daughter Emily, aged three, left Moulmein never to return. For months these children felt the confinement of the long ocean voyage in the small vessel in which they were traveling; though they enjoyed the trip immensely because everything was novel and strange to them.

Edward was not quite seven years old when he first saw America, the land where he was going to serve as a missionary. When he landed in Boston in October he had the privilege of meeting two of his brothers and the sister whom he had never seen. His sister, Miss Abby, was a fine girl of sixteen. His brother Adoniram was fourteen, and Elnathan was thirteen. For the first time the whole family were united. It was only for a short time, however, for Mrs. Judson's health was so shattered that she could not mother this large family. The older children returned to the people who had so kindly given them a home when Judson had left them in America. The three younger children were left in Hamilton, New York. Henry and Edward were taken into the home of Mr. Osborne, who was a student in the University.

Mrs. Judson started out to find health. Ever since the birth of her child she had been growing weaker. Her

husband had written to a friend in America in 1849 of his wife's serious condition.

> My only hope is, that the doctor declares that her lungs are not seriously affected. When she was at Tavoy, she made up her mind that she must die soon, and that is now her prevailing expectation; but she contemplates the event with composure and resignation.

In the winter of 1851 she was in Philadelphia seeking health. Gradually her constitution, which had never been very rugged, began to break, and she died of consumption on June 1, 1854. In the denominational press some one wrote of her attitude toward the children of Mrs. Sarah Judson: "And her children she received as a precious legacy; they were to her from the first moment like her own; neither she nor they knew any distinction."

Early Boyhood of Edward

Again was Edward made an orphan. At nine years of age, he had already gone through more experiences than many a person has endured during a whole lifetime. Perhaps these fires of afflictions, these constant waves of sorrow were his portion that the fineness of his soul might be manifested. No doubt that, being inured in his boyhood days to the discipline of grief, he was more tender and more sympathetic than many others toward those who were smitten with similar sorrow.

Dr. and Mrs. Ebenezer Dodge now welcomed Edward to their childless home. At this time Doctor Dodge was Professor of the Evidences of Christianity in the Madison University—now Colgate—at Hamilton, New York. If it be true that character is caught and not taught, then Edward had the opportunity in the years that he lived in

the Dodge home to become permeated with the Christian graces. Doctor Dodge was a fine linguist, a deep scholar, and a clear thinker. His book on *Evidences of Christianity* has "great and permanent value," wrote Doctor Cathcart, "in its method and its governing idea, that Christianity is its own best witness." Most of all both Mr. and Mrs. Dodge were people of sincere piety, who held that a serene faith in Jesus was of more value than any other of life's contents or factors.

When he was only twelve years of age Edward entered the Preparatory Department of Madison University. Rev. Jonathan Bastow later wrote of his contact with this finely molded lad,

> When in 1856 I entered the preparatory department of Madison University it numbered forty-eight, with several students of rare ability; among them was Edward Judson, then twelve years of age, much younger than any other member of his class.

Dr. C. H. Sears, in his book *Edward Judson, Interpreter of God,* has written: "He early showed linguistic ability, inherited and acquired. He was very good in Latin and Greek."

Young Manhood

The memory and influence of his father was always a potent factor in Edward's life. He sought in every way possible to emulate the paternal example. When it came time to decide on a college he immediately said that he would go to Brown University. His father had graduated from there in 1807. Though then only nineteen, his father was the valedictorian of his class. As a classmate said of him, "I have no recollection of his ever failing, or even hesitating in recitation."

Such was the example that Edward now sought to follow. The president of Brown was the scholarly Dr. Barnas Sears, who while on a trip through Germany had baptized Johann Oncken. Other professors with fine intellects imparted wisdom to this son of a missionary. They took a special liking to this young man because of the orderliness of his life, the clearness of his judgment, and the fineness of his character.

During the years that he was a student in Brown Edward made his home with an aunt in Plymouth. His fellow students liked him because he was an interesting conversationalist. He seemed always willing to listen, and he took a deep interest in the welfare of folks. He was a lover of his fellow man. He won many honors at Brown. His scholarship was of such high rank that he was awarded the Phi Beta Kappa key. He graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts on September 6, 1865, while yet in his twentieth year. He was chosen to deliver the classical oration. He took for his theme "The Myth of Prometheus Vinctus."

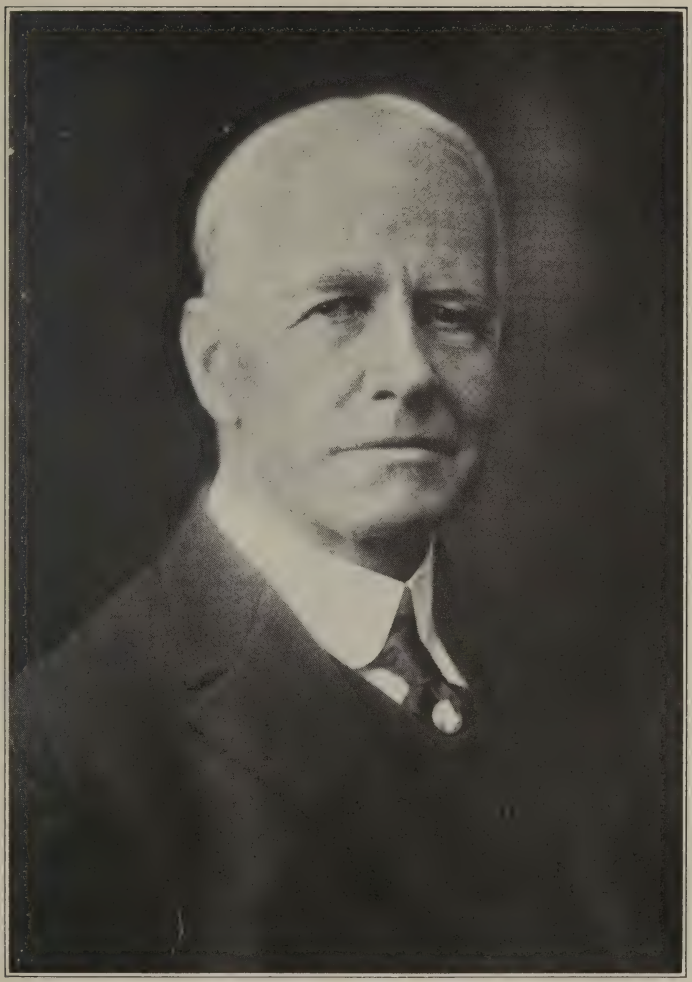
The next two years of his life he spent in Townshend, Vermont, as principal of Leland and Gray Seminary. While teaching in this school he wrote his sister Abby:

My school is a kind of a little church and congregation, and made up too of persons of such an age that they can be most easily impressed by the subject of religion. We have two prayer-meetings a week. Every term there are several conversions. In view of these things, I have a growing conviction that as the conversion of sinners is the noblest business of life, I could not accomplish any more good by directly becoming a minister than I can by remaining a teacher and yet doing some pastoral work. However, I think I have gleaned all the benefits which accrue from teaching in Townshend, and perhaps from teaching anywhere.

The question that had been uppermost in his mind in college days now came to him with growing insistency. What should he do to further the Kingdom of God on earth? In what sphere of activity should he invest the days of his life so that they should count for the most in the bringing of the unsaved to Jesus? Where did his Saviour want him to be, and what service should he render for all of his benefits to him? There was no withholding in Edward's consecration. His life was a living sacrifice dedicated to Christ. The influences of his parents' sacrifice, of his friends' noble living, and of his own love of men were drawing him with invincible power into the ministry.

In the fall of 1867 Judson entered the theological department of Madison University. After a few weeks he left the student body and entered the rank of teachers. At first he was instructor, and then later Professor of Latin and Modern Languages in the university. This position he held for six years, when he resigned to spend a year in rest and study in Europe. The keenness of his intellect, the frankness of his character, and the sociability of his nature made him a teacher beloved by all his pupils.

There were four factors that influenced Judson's life during the years that he spent in the quiet college town of Hamilton. The first one was that he began to preach every Sunday in the small churches near-by. As people heard this minister, who was an earnest student of the Bible, deliver his message, they were wooed to think of heavenly themes. His fame as a preacher began to spread, and more of the larger churches desired to hear him. The second force that was now inserted into his life was that of a definite habit of Bible study. He read a portion every



EDWARD JUDSON, D. D.
Father of the Institutional Church

day in two or more languages. In this way he read through the Old Testament once a year, and the New, twice a year. This habit he continued until he died.

Ordination

The other two factors were events that were the crystallization of his hopes and plans. The first of these was his marriage to Miss Antoinette Barstow, who was the daughter of Rev. Charles Barstow, the Congregational pastor of Lebanon, New York. The second event occurred toward the close of his professorship. On May 5, 1873, he was ordained to the Baptist ministry. His ordination sermon was delivered by his old friend, Dr. Ebenezer Dodge. What a pleasure it was to this eminent preacher, who was now president of the Theological Seminary at Hamilton, and who had been a father to Edward for so many years, to preach the sermon on this day of victory.

After he resigned his chair in Madison University, Mr. and Mrs. Judson embarked for London. They spent the winter of 1874 in Rome. While he was in the Eternal City Judson served as pastor of the American Union Church. He had the fellowship of Dr. George B. Taylor, who had just taken up the task of Superintendent for the Baptist Missions in Italy under the Southern Board. The friendship formed during those months proved to be lasting. Several years later when Taylor was serving as Chaplain of the University of Virginia Judson helped him for a week in special meetings for the students.

Pastorate at North Orange

While he was sojourning in Rome Judson received a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church of North

Orange, New Jersey. This church is one of the largest and finest of all the Baptist churches among Northern Baptists. Judson came back from his European tour, and in the fall of 1875 he began his ministry at North Orange.

The next six years of his life were spent in the busy pastorate of this great church. Judson never permitted the details of daily living, the constant interruptions, and the ever changing and baffling problems of a large church to change his habits of study. They had been too deep-grained into his daily curriculum for years, to change now under the pressure of a busy world. "He took pleasure, as did his father, in training young men," wrote Doctor Sears. "He invited young ministers to his study once a week for homiletical work. He was always a student of English literature and especially the poets."

Early Work in Lower New York

Another church was now calling him to become their pastor. The Berean Baptist Church of New York City offered him their pulpit and promised one thousand dollars a year salary. Of course, the project of such a change was impossible! He had just been given the degree of Doctor of Divinity by Colgate, and he was becoming well known throughout the denomination. Leave a wealthy church for a poor church! Leave a family church with every social advantage for a cosmopolitan church in lower New York! Leave a prosperous and thriving work to accept a work that was problematical and probably would ultimately have to surrender and retreat as other New York churches were doing! Leave a good and assured salary for a meager and dubious one! Break with all the associations which he held so dear and attempt to

stem the rising tide of paganism in America's greatest city! Judson accepted the challenge and went to New York.

Edward Judson had been cast in a heroic mold. The blood of hardy pioneers flowed in his veins. The impress of parents, who in their fidelity to follow the gleam had died thousands of miles away from home, could never be forgotten. God had prepared him for this hour. He was to be God's man to throw his life into the maelstrom of the great city. God not only wanted the retreat stopped, not only defensive armor used—he desired an advance! Some one must sacrifice ambition, career, friends, yea, and family, that the greatest social storm-center of the ages might hear the gospel. God called Judson to this task. Without a moment's hesitation he gladly responded, " Here am I, send me."

When the Baptists of America heard that on October 31, 1881, Judson was going to leave the North Orange Church for lower New York they were completely dazed. They could understand how a man would leave a fine pastorate for the foreign field; but this resigning such a pulpit for a small church in New York was beyond the comprehension of most folks. As gradually the stupendousness of the sacrifice became evident, and the total submerging of Judson in his new and colossal task became more and more known, all felt the thrill of it, the glory of it! All felt the spirit of Christ in it, " who came not to be ministered unto but to minister."

Immediately upon leaving his former pastorate he began his ministry in the Berean Church in New York. When he began his labors there were only 13,027 members in the Baptist churches of the city. There were two large foreign groups which were not being assimilated, the German and

the Irish. It was soon after he began his new work that Judson said, "The church should have its missions in social swamps, and begin by being itself a mission."

His ministry in New York was immediately blest of the Lord. He did not have to labor for seven years, as his father had done in far-off Burma, to win one convert. At the end of his first seven years he had baptized over six hundred people on their profession of faith. God was showering his servant with that priceless privilege of every Baptist minister. Judson felt that the heavenly Father was confirming his decision in accepting his call to New York.

Very early in his labors in this greatest city Judson realized that he was face to face with problems that would tax him to the limit of his ability. There must be no withholding, no reserving of strength for larger pulpits. His task was one of colossal size. And only he who would meet it in the name of God could possibly master it for the Kingdom of God.

One of his first ventures was the establishing of the "Kinmuth Memorial Home" in Hamilton, New York. He began this fresh-air work in the summer of 1882. He was so sympathetic that not only the children suffering on the hot city streets but the sick and feeble moved him to action. He considered them all in his parish of lower New York. They were in need, and he would do all he could to meet their need. He was successful in securing three of these homes to which he sent these folks, and the weary shop-girls, for a two weeks' vacation. It was the first touch that some of them had ever had with country life; and they returned to the city much heartened for their daily toil.

The second step that he took toward ministering to the social and physical needs of his parish was a very unique innovation in those days. He put a drinking-fountain at the corner where his church was located. This was something of such an unusual nature that a newspaper, the *New York World,* commented on it most favorably. It proved a godsend to the whole neighborhood.

The third movement that he made was to establish a kindergarten. In Dr. C. H. Sears' book *Edward Judson, Interpreter of God* there is this statement: "Judson was the first in New York and perhaps the first in the United States to establish a church kindergarten." This was open in 1885. As students of social uplift, and as ministers of the gospel saw how the pressing needs of men were slowly but surely being met by this fearless man of God, they marveled. Why had they been so backward? Why had they not attacked the problems in the same way? Judson was surely a man of God's choosing; and he was prayerfully obeying God's directions.

More and more did it become necessary for this church to minister to all the manifold needs of the community. There were no great institutional churches to pattern after. Judson must blaze his own trail. If he was going to continue in this line of service, then he must pioneer. The challenge was at his very door. The face of the city's poor in their poverty and shame, in their tenements and crowded houses, in their need of God and of the saving grace of Jesus, was ever before him. Dared he take up the quarrel with the foe and fight? Was he willing to seek to meet physical need, mental unrest, and spiritual poverty with the gospel of Jesus?

Judson maintained a lodging-house for men. He ran

a woodyard. He had a small coalyard where the poor would come with their sacks to buy of him. He sold milk for a while. He opened a free reading-room. These people with whom he mingled were among the whosoevers of God's gracious invitation. Wherever he discovered a need he never thought of saying, "That is no concern of mine." Rather, with true Christian brotherhood he sought either to meet the need himself, or turn the case over to the proper organizations and ask them to accomplish their work.

Every year Judson made a trip back to his former pastorate. On Children's Day in the Baptist Church at North Orange he was the preacher. It was a great delight to him to make these annual pilgrimages. It was a red-letter day in the history of the church when he visited them. They had regretted his leaving them; but they always remembered him in their prayers.

The larger churches of the denomination did not leave him alone. This scholarly preacher was eagerly sought after by many of them. Some even thought that the time would come when he would see the futility of seeking to redeem such a city as New York, and that he would respond to the call of another church in a more favorable location. One said of him, "He was too fine-grained for the slums, yet he hacked away at the giant city even with his tempered razor, confident that in time God would bring down the tree."

In 1884 the First Baptist Church of Rochester, New York, wanted him as their pastor. Eleven years later the Eutaw Place Church of Baltimore, Maryland, called him. In 1907 the First Church of Providence, Rhode Island, tried to secure him. To all these and more his

answer was the same, that the place of his service was the place of God's appointment.

During the early years in New York he finished his first book on *The Life of Adoniram Judson.* It is a book that is replete with very many of his father's personal letters, and it is a most intimate story of the first missionary of American Baptists. In 1899 he published his other book, *The Institutional Church.* After his years of ministry in New York, he who is sometimes known as "The Father of the Institutional Church" was the one most qualified to write of the entire movement.

Judson Memorial Church

The heroism of his father was always an inspiration to him. Judson desired to erect a monument worthy of his father in the great city and to have it finished in time to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of his birth. The project was launched when it was determined to locate the new church on Washington Square at the foot of Fifth Avenue. Work was commenced at once and by 1892, four years after the date Judson had set, the auditorium was ready for use.

When everything was finished a whole week was spent, beginning with January 22, 1893, in dedicatory exercises. Dr. George D. Boardman delivered the final sermon. One of the big tasks of his life was complete. The Judson Memorial Church would be a constant witness to American Baptists of the service rendered to them by his illustrious father, Adoniram Judson.

One of the biggest problems of the great city is that of the distribution of charity. Many agencies, Doctor Judson found, were trying to minister to the tremendous un-

reckoned needs. No man of the whole city was more tender and more concerned over the suffering people around him than was Judson. He was constantly appalled as he realized its vastness and the apparent inability of all organizations then seeking to help lift the people out of their need. Today's food wasn't sufficient for tomorrow's hunger. Coal in a sack would not keep the family warm for a week. More would be needed. The line of the needy seemed to him to be endless.

Judson thoroughly believed that all charity and relief measures should be under the charge of the church. He did not like to see all the philanthropic work being cared for by other agencies. He believed that one of the results of this was the estrangement of the working class from the church; that while the churches through their members were furnishing the funds and the leadership for this charity, it was not being done in the name of the church, and these thousands of poor thought the church cared not for their wants.

The church was supreme over all other societies, organizations, and institutions, he believed. It was founded by Jesus; and had his protection and guidance. The church should seek to relieve distress in whatever form it appeared. The church would have to give its charity thoughtfully. It was possible for the selfish poor to make capital out of the mercies of the church. It was possible for the church to pauperize some of the poor. Nevertheless, the church, Judson thought, should lead in relief-work.

One of the types of service of the church that he thought was very essential in her ministry to the needy was the socializing of the church. Members ought to know each

other and know the need. To accomplish this all organizations meeting on Sunday should hold weekly meetings. Individuals in each group should be studied and their needs made known. Every separate society and Sunday-school class should plan to hold regular weekly meetings for the promotion of friendship and good-will among the members.

In this wide and varied ministry Judson not only sought to have the people's needs supplied, but also to minister to every member of the family. Men must have employment; so an employment bureau in his church helped them. Women must have rest from home duties, rest from children, and training; so mothers' clubs and kindergartens were beneficial to them. Children wanted recreation, and wanted to learn to make things; so classes were formed for them and their desires were met. As Jesus lived a life of service, so Judson sought to follow his divine leader.

Honored and Sought by Many Institutions

Another field of service was now being opened to Judson. Professorships were being offered to him; and some institutions were seeking him as their leader. Baptists had come to recognize something of the integrity and whole-hearted devotion of this gracious minister. He had taken some extra work in Hebrew, Sociology, and History at New York University, and they looked upon him as one well qualified both by scholastic attainment and individual experience to lead a student body.

In 1897 he was asked to become instructor in Pastoral Theology in Colgate Seminary, and he accepted the position. During this year of teaching he made his home in

Hamilton, New York, though he continued as pastor of the Memorial Church. Judson lectured on "Church Organizations and Work and Pastoral Duties." Every week-end he would return to New York to fill his own pulpit. It was a big task for any pastor; but especially for him with the multiplicities of his duties.

Positions of great honor and responsibility were seeking him. Brown University sought him for president in the summer of 1898. Before the year was over Colgate tried to persuade him to accept a similar position. Both of these he refused; though in the offer from Colgate it had been stipulated that he would not be asked to give up his church, but that he could still preach for it on Sunday. Recognizing clearly that a man could not hold both positions and do them justice, he remained loyal to the call that had brought him to New York seventeen years previous.

Even though Doctor Judson did not accept these offers, he was willing to sustain important relations to various educational institutions. He served as a trustee of Vassar for twenty-six years. He was trustee of Brown University for twenty-seven years; and during the last seven years of his life he was a fellow of the university. During all his life in New York he sustained a most intimate association with Colgate. Five of these years he was trustee.

These strong colleges and universities sought this minister not only because of their appreciation of his accomplishments, but also because of the high evaluation they had of his personal character. He was an aggressive worker for the amelioration of poverty. He tried in every way that he knew how to meet the needs of his fellow men. With it all he was an example of personal Christlike-

ness. He carried out, as many have, the teaching of the Book of James, " Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world." He was known for the sincerity of his faith and the purity of his soul.

The man of God's choosing always goes forth to meet the foe with the same equipment that David had when he challenged Goliath: " Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a javelin: but I come to thee in the name of Jehovah of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel whom thou hast defied." Into the most chaotic social conditions in America's greatest city Judson had entered, and in the name of his God he had challenged the Goliath of unbelief. His faith had never wavered. He clung to his task with the same zeal as his father. He conquered in the same all-conquering name.

Judson was a pioneer in many of the movements that he instituted. When he began work in New York the large Protestant churches were moving to the upper part of the city and the suburbs. The increase of the density of the population had been great; but with the influx of these new people, problems that were unsolved became more and more manifest. He discovered that the crowded conditions of the unsightly tenements resulted in a large measure of disease, especially tuberculosis; that the vices of immorality and drunkenness were very prevalent. The saloon was the social center. From this iniquitous place would flow the forces of political corruption, lewd literature, red propaganda, and awful poverty that would produce intolerable living conditions.

Involved in this situation Judson learned was the pressure of economic necessity. "The crux of discontent," wrote Dr. C. H. Sears in his book on *The Redemption of the City,*

> is a very general feeling that in the social progress of the last generation the progressive conquest of man over nature, the enormous gains in wealth due to machinery, and the boasted savings of great combinations—the laboring man has not shared equitably in the progress, and that many even hunger for bread.

Still further in his book Doctor Sears has written,

> A large percentage of the poverty is unquestionably due to improvidence and vice, but it has become recognized by charitable agencies that much poverty is due to conditions over which the sufferer has no control.

> America is God's crucible [says Zangwill], the great melting-pot where all races of Europe are melting and reforming. Here you stand, good folk, think I, when I see them at Ellis Island, here you stand in your fifty groups, with your fifty languages and histories, and your fifty blood hatreds and rivalries. But you won't be long like that, brother; for these are the fires of God you've come to—these are the fires of God. A fig for your feuds and vendettas! Germans, Frenchmen, Irishmen, and Englishmen, Jews, and Russians—into the crucible with you all! God is making the American.

To this polyglot city Judson had come. He had labored. Others had deserted these folks whose souls were inflamed and embittered. Others sought to follow their parishioners to better locations, and cared not to grapple with the foreign problem where it appeared in its most acute form. Judson threw his whole soul into the struggle. Into this maelstrom he had planted the seed; and the leaven of the gospel of Jesus was leavening the lump.

Where cross the crowded ways of life,
  Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
  We hear thy voice, O Son of man.

In haunts of wretchedness and need,
  On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lure of greed,
  We catch the vision of thy tears.

One of the means that Doctor Judson used in evangelizing his parish was the religious tract. In his book on *Pioneers of Light,* Dr. L. C. Barnes has written:

When Edward Judson with the missionary devotion and the intellectual gifts of his illustrious father along with the highest culture of the dawning of the twentieth century, bent his energies to meet the spiritual needs of lower New York City, he employed tracts as an important measure. Of the many floral tracts now published by the [Publication] Society, one series of fifty is known as "The Judson Memorial Tracts." In describing his evangelistic aftermeetings Judson says, "Sometimes, having put some one in the chair to give out familiar hymns, I pass through the audience distributing some little floral tract, under cover of which I have a little personal word with those who may seem interested, trying to persuade them to show some sign of interest at the very next opportunity."

After twenty years of grappling with the problems of the city Judson had much cause of rejoicing in the new forces that had been enlisted, and were now at work to save New York. The Salvation Army had come to America in 1880 and was seeking to minister to the folks of the submerged tenth. The Y. M C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. had begun their labors. Playgrounds were being opened all over the city, promoted by the Outdoor Recreation League. The municipal bathhouses were serving the peo-

ple. The call of the thousands of children for something to do in the summer had been answered in the innovation of the Daily Vacation Bible Schools. The whole Protestant church was awakening to the imperative necessity of saving the cities of America. Denominations were organizing city missionary societies. Plans of comity and federation were being discussed. Home Mission Societies were realizing that the greatest problem of home missions of the new century was the redemption of the city.

Professor of Homiletics at Chicago

The University of Chicago elected Doctor Judson to the chair of homiletics in its Divinity School in 1903. The understanding was that he would fill this position for two quarters of two successive years. If, at the end of that period, he felt so inclined, he was to resign his pastorate and accept the permanent position in Chicago. Due to Judson's failing health at this time his church had granted him a year's leave of absence. He had gone to Europe for a rest and recuperation; but on receiving this call to Chicago he cut short his trip abroad and went to Chicago.

In August of 1904 Judson resigned his professorship in Chicago and moved back to New York. His church needed him. They had sent word to him: "The church is really your creation. Your presence will revive the work on every hand." They were running behind financially at the rate of five hundred dollars a month. Judson answered to the call of duty and again began his labors in New York.

His short stay in Chicago had proved beneficial to Judson. The climate had agreed with him. He had enjoyed the fellowship of the Chicago ministers. Every Sunday

he had preached as supply for one of the Baptist churches to the profit of the congregation.

The Last Epoch of Edward Judson's Life

The last epoch of his ministry to the Memorial Church was one of rich blessing. It did not terminate until his death. The entire Baptist denomination was now looking to him, and showing their appreciation of his fearless sacrifice and his tireless devotion to his task. Judson himself wrote of his institutional work:

> The social forms through which the church expresses its sympathy and compassion are like the soft tentacles which some creature of the sea stretches out on every side in order to explore the dim element in which it swims, and to draw within itself its proper food. The church needs just such organs of prehension with which to lay hold upon the community about it. The institutional church is a kind of tentacular Christianity.

When he returned from Chicago Judson not only took up his pastoral duties, but he also began teaching at Colgate Theological Seminary. "His own church was used as a clinic," wrote Doctor Sears, "in which the theological students received training under his direction. Each senior class spent the winter term in New York, while Doctor Judson was in residence in Hamilton during the spring term." He also helped Colgate University in establishing an Italian Department at the Dietz Memorial in Brooklyn.

For more than thirty years Judson sought to stem the tide of social hatred and ungodliness, and to lead men toward brotherhood and toward God. One of the most perplexing of all his problems was the financial one. In the beginning he had been given money by Mr. J. H. Deane; and then later he secured the generous support of

Mr. J. D. Rockefeller. Despite this assistance he needed the strong backing of the Baptist denomination. The failure of the Baptists to rally sufficiently to his need, and the unwillingness of many well-to-do Baptists of New York to uphold him adequately in his program made the burden very heavy. He found it imperative to carry on in the name of his God; and so with unfaltering faith he was loyal to the time of his death. He placed his own signature on some of the notes; and it was his own guaranty that kept these notes good.

In 1914 Judson presented to the denominational organization, the New York City Baptist Mission Society, the accumulations of his life. For five years he had served this Society as its president, thus giving to the larger group the benefit of his long years of experience—the Judson Memorial Church, the hotel, and the children's home which were valued at $750,000. Surely such a gift is an everlasting witness to the truth of the axiom given by Paul, "As a man soweth, so shall he also reap."

On December 18, 1913, about five hundred leading Baptists sat down at a banquet in New York. Edward Judson was the guest of honor. A few months later at the annual meeting of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society in Boston he was elected the Honorary President. The Baptists had asked him to deliver the annual sermon at the May Meetings of 1914. He planned on doing it, especially because it was the one-hundredth anniversary of the appointment of his father. Due to failing health he could not deliver the address.

Doctor Judson enjoyed the fellowship of his brethren. He liked to spend days off in some quiet spot of God's own handiwork. He was always busy. No doubt his

end was hastened by the death of his wife on September 20, 1914. She had been his constant companion and helpmeet for over forty years; and now she was gone. Shortly afterward Judson suffered from a severe heart attack and in three days he was dead, October 23, 1914.

The Missionary Review of the World for December, 1914, carried his obituary notice, "Many Christians will mourn the death of Edward Judson, saint, scholar, and missionary." Doctor Shailer Matthews wrote of him:

> Who can ever forget his smile and the exquisite camaraderie which made friendship more than a recognition of his leadership. The denomination to which Doctor Judson belonged is under great obligation to him for many services.

As part of his introduction to Doctor Sears' book *The Redemption of the City,* Doctor Judson wrote:

> In the residential sections of our cities one finds at every little distance a sacred building, where a company of Christian people meets at stated times for prayer. The human mind can hardly conceive of a machine more perfectly adapted to clean up the misery of a large town than this congeries of churches evenly distributed throughout its entire area, provided that each church devotes itself in the spirit of the Master to the social service of the community which forms its immediate environment. This is what the churches are for, and this is what they are doing. In them resides a potency adequate to the cure of every social care.

They carried the body of Judson to Hamilton, New York, to be buried. He was laid to rest near the home of his boyhood, near the institution which he had served in so many capacities and which he had loved so dearly. His two daughters, Sarah and Margaret, survived him. It was a crushing blow to these two young women to be bereft of both parents within five weeks.

Father of the Institutional Church

Doctor Sears began his book on Judson by saying, "Could one who had felt the power of the personality of Edward Judson, and had seen the beauty of his character, do other than hesitate to tell the story of his life?" Then Doctor Sears gives this closing tribute:

> His first concern was to incarnate in his own life the Christ spirit. He had a remarkable capacity for friendship. He was always a student. He took time to be holy in the true sense of the word. Some one said, he may justly be called the father of the institutional church. He helped to check the rout of the Christian church from America's greatest storm-centers, the down-town fields. He changed the policy from defensive Christianity to offensive Christianity. He taught the church to recognize that holy living begets holy living.

The Power of Holy Living

Judson mingled with all classes and conditions of men. He was as much at home teaching in the great universities as he was in ministering to the most ignorant of his parish. He realized that he was to work for the salvation of every soul whom he met. That the hungry must be fed, the sick must be healed, the unemployed must be given work, he knew was part of his task. In it all he recognized that the basic difficulty was spiritual. Men were sinners and needed a Saviour.

By preaching, by giving alms, and by every avenue of approach to the human soul he sought to bring the message of Jesus. His most powerful appeal, however, and that which has left the most lasting impression on his friends and on the people to whom he ministered, was the sincerity of his purpose and the saintliness of his life.

VII

JOHN E. CLOUGH

Missionary to South India

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER VII

1. A modern Pentecost.
2. John E. Clough born on July 16, 1836, in Frewsburg, N. Y.
3. His early religious influences:
   (1) The Millerites.
   (2) The frontier preachers.
   (3) Two roommates in college.
   (4) Baptism on February 11, 1858.
4. His life in the later teens.
   (1) Helped on his father's farm.
   (2) Spent every summer in surveying.
   (3) Entered Burlington College.
5. The years immediately after graduation from college:
   (1) Teaching at Colesburg, Iowa.
   (2) Colporter in Iowa.
   (3) Commissioned a missionary.
6. The Lone Star Mission:
   (1) Founded by Rev. S. S. Day.
   (2) Rev. L. Jewett known as the savior.
   (3) Jewett and Clough left for India on November 30, 1864.
7. Beginnings in Ongole:
   (1) The church established on January 1, 1867.
   (2) Work in many villages.
   (3) Work among the outcastes.
   (4) Institutions established for the native preachers.
8. The time of the Great Famine:
   (1) No converts were baptized.
   (2) Clough supervised some of the construction on the canal.
   (3) Thousands baptized at the close.
9. Problems of success:
   (1) Division of the field.
   (2) Ordaining of the native pastors.
   (3) Instruction of the new converts.
10. The third term of service, 1884-1891:
   (1) The hardest of his life.
   (2) Many missionaries invalided home.
   (3) Another great outpouring of the Spirit.
11. In 1891, twenty-five new missionaries and $100,000 for college.
12. The second Great Famine, 1896-1897.
13. His last years:
   (1) Severely injured by a fall in 1901.
   (2) Retired in 1905.
   (3) Died on November 24, 1910.
14. Known as "The Apostle to the Telugus."

JOHN E. CLOUGH

"Be still, and know that I am God:
I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth."—*Psalm 46: 10.*

A Modern Pentecost

Two thousand two hundred and twenty-two baptisms in one day is an event of unusual significance! Not often in the history of the church have so many been added to its membership in so short a period of time. This baptismal service began at sunrise, four-thirty in the morning, and lasted until sunset. It was conducted under the canopy of heaven at Velumpilly in the Gundlacumma River on July 3, 1878. The missionary in charge was John E. Clough, though he himself baptized none of them. The immersing of these Telugus was all done by the six native pastors, two of them baptizing at the same time. It was an epoch-making event in the annals of modern missions.

This outpouring of the Spirit of God had come to the Lone Star Mission. Twenty-five years previous Dr. S. F. Smith had prophesied a glorious ingathering. Those years of waiting and trusting had seemed like long and almost barren years to the American Baptists. When the news reached them that the Day of Pentecost had come to the Telugus they were like the early church, slow in believing. Report after report kept coming until by the end of 1878 the number of baptisms had reached the enormous total of nine thousand six hundred and sixty-six.

No longer could the Mission in South India be referred

to as a station that ought to be given up. The labor and the preaching of the founder, Rev. S. S. Day; the consecration and devotion of the saintly Jewett—all this; and most of all, the constancy of the faithful in prayer had brought in this glorious beginning of Christian fruit that is continuing even to the present day. John E. Clough had been the man of the hour for India.

From earliest childhood he had been forced to combat poverty. In the casting of the mold wherein to pour the career of Clough, God had made many hardships and many a battle. He who was to sympathize with the millions of the Madigas of India who are ever hungry, must have the pangs of unappeased hunger in his own training; he who would minister to the needs of India's multitudes, must be taught how to extricate himself from many difficulties as a young man; most important of all, he who would lead the thousands of seeking souls to the light of the world, must himself have passed through the gropings of a searching mind, and have found Jesus the light of his life.

Birth of Clough

John Everett Clough was born on July 16, 1836, in Frewsburg, Chautauqua County, New York. His ancestors, on both his father's and his mother's side, had fought in the war of the Revolution. In his veins flowed the blood of English, Scottish, and Welsh forefathers. These men had come to America in the very early days; and they had become inured to all of the hardships of American pioneers. With typical Yankee thrift and Yankee independence, his father had accumulated enough so that when John was born he was considered well-to-do. Soon after

the advent of his son, however, he had signed a note for a friend. When the note became due Mr. Clough had to pay it, though it took all he possessed.

John, therefore, from earliest childhood knew the pinch of poverty. There were days and weeks in the years of his development when he had to be content with corn-meal mush for each meal. Never again did his father regain what he had lost; and when he died in 1862 he was a poor man.

Early Religious Influence

Though both Mr. and Mrs. Clough were of Puritan ancestry they did not rear their children in the way of the Lord. There was no family altar in the home. John did not hear the Bible read, nor was he taught to say any prayers. About the only vestige of his parents' Puritanism was their strict Sabbath observance and their scrupulous honesty.

Reared in this sort of a home it was not surprising that John became a spiritual pauper. In fact, to him, the whole matter of religion was rather something that unsettled people. He looked upon religion as a factor in life that aroused emotions, and then was not able to direct them. This continued to be his attitude even through the years of his young manhood. This attitude of his became so deep-seated that when he entered college at the age of twenty, he was a special object of prayer. His roommate and his friends prayed that God would lead him out of his skepticism into the full light of Jesus.

One of the first religious impressions that young John received was from the Millerites. This sect had for its leader Mr. Miller, who lived only about forty miles from

the Clough home. John was only about six years of age when these people would gather on the hilltops in white robes to be ready for the coming of the Lord. They were sure of the exact time of his second coming, seeming to forget the words of Jesus, " Of that day and hour knoweth no one, not even the angels of heaven, neither the Son, but the Father only."

While these waiting people excited the whole countryside with their mistaken zeal, it seemed to thoughtful people to be an evidence of fanaticism. As John grew into a lad the suggestion of these Millerites abided with him; and all this became to him the meaning of religion. Then, when a dozen years later he attended a revival meeting in Illinois he laughed at the proceedings. The crudity of the surroundings, the lack of harmony of the singing, and the ignorance of the frontier preacher were so evident that he joined with the other high-school boys in making fun of all that was done.

It was not until John reached the years of manhood that he came into close contact with religion whose fervor was the product of consecrated living. By this time he had reached the state of feeling that he was as good as most folks; and that religion was all right for those who thought they needed it. He did not. He kept the Sabbath. He had adhered in the most conscientious manner to all his early training.

Hearts generally are turned from self to God not by argument but by daily Christian example. When John entered college, he had a roommate, A. D. McMichael, who was an earnest Christian. Every day McMichael would read the Bible and then pray aloud for Clough. He had asked Clough to join him in his devotions, but had been

refused. With true fidelity to purpose, however, his roommate continued to seek Clough for his Lord whom he loved and for whom he gave his life in service on the Pacific Coast.

The following year Mr. A. Abernathy was his roommate. He was an earnest member of the Baptist church; and he set the same example before Clough that his predecessor had done. Soon, out of courtesy at first, Clough put aside his school-books and joined him. Later he was induced by Dr. L. B. Allen to join his Sunday-school class. He was in the very atmosphere of real Christian living continuously. His soul was groping for the light which had been hidden so long because of the blinding force of religious fanatics. One day he knelt in prayer with Abernathy and joined him in his petition.

The pastor of the Baptist church, G. J. Johnson, had founded Burlington College, and he took a very personal interest in all of the students. When Abernathy came and told him that he thought Clough was near to surrender he immediately called. When he knocked on the door he found Clough reading, and like the apostle of old, he said, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" It was easy for this minister to lead Clough to the Saviour "who taketh away the sins of the world." On February 11, 1858, John E. Clough was baptized. He became a member of the First Baptist Church of Burlington, Iowa.

Clough's Life in the Later Teens

It was soon after the Millerite excitement that his father decided that they would move to Wisconsin, where he had some land. This family of seven—there were five boys—set out in two covered wagons for the West. The

road to Cleveland was well traveled; but from there to Chicago they had a good many hardships coming through swamps, and over newly cut-over land. When they reached Chicago the family waited for the father to survey the land that they owned in Southern Wisconsin. He found it to be so worthless that they determined to settle in Winnebago County, Illinois.

The five years spent in Illinois were years of intense poverty, severe hardships, and rigorous disciplining for the entire Clough family. It was a delight to them all to move on to the sixteen-hundred-acre tract of prairie land in northern Iowa. "This land they held with squatter sovereignty," wrote Mrs. Emma Clough, in her sketch on *John E. Clough,* "until they had paid the government for the whole claim. It was land that the Indians had recently left to withdraw to tracts more remote."

It was necessary for John to walk several miles to school every day. He was a strong lad of fifteen, and his father expected his boy to do a man's work. There were no idle moments for John. This new farm at Strawberry Point must be prepared so that as soon as possible the Cloughs could make a living from it. The father had a great deal of help from his five sons; and now the mother had the aid of two daughters so that the farm became a place of tremendous industry, and prosperity again came to the Clough home.

When he was seventeen years of age John did his first surveying. A company of surveyors on their way north stopped at the Clough homestead one night. They were in need of another man; and so John accompanied them. "We went," he wrote afterward, "to the wilds of Minnesota where I had to walk miles every day and carry an

axe and a spade. The two things we met most were Sioux Indians and rattlesnakes."

The following year John spent the summer again in surveying. This time he was placed in charge of six men, all older than himself. He proved himself to be of such worth to his company that when he was nineteen he was made Deputy Surveyor. He had this title in the summer of 1856 when he was placed at the head of fifteen men in North Dakota. God was preparing him by this training for those months of work when he would take charge of a similar line of work in the land of India.

In these periods of surveying John had accumulated enough money so that he was able to go on with his schooling. He had decided that he wanted to be a wealthy lawyer. His friends advised him to go East to school, but he preferred to stay in the West. Upon asking his employer's advice about a suitable college he had received the suggestion to go to Burlington. Anderson, his chief, was sending his own son there, so he decided to go with him. He was somewhat averse to the fact that there was a theological department connected with the school. Overcoming his prejudice, he went to Burlington, determined to ignore and repulse any approach that the theological students might make to him.

A deep spirit of religion pervaded the entire university. The people in the Baptist church took an interest in the welfare of the souls of the students. Deacon and Mrs. Hawley soon formed a real liking for Clough; and they sought in every way to lead him to the light of God. These Christian people united their prayers with those of their pastor and Clough's roommate for his conversion.

After Clough accepted the saving grace of Jesus, he

became an active worker in the church. He sought to build up the Sunday school; and he did some preaching in a little mission. All the time he was seeking to know God's will for his life. Now that he was not his own he desired to follow Christ. His Christian friends talked to him about the ministry. Some even mentioned his becoming a missionary. It was not clear to him where his Lord wanted him; but he placed his life on the altar of service ready to follow wherever he was led by the Spirit.

When he was a lad of seven he had seen an idol and heard a talk by a foreign missionary. The speech had long been forgotten, but the hideousness of the image had stayed in his soul. Since that time he had thought but little of the hundreds of millions of people who bow down to idols. In this church at Burlington there was a great deal of missionary zeal and enthusiasm. On each side of the pulpit were large missionary maps, and once a month the pastor would bring a missionary message. The greatest impetus, however, to a missionary career was imparted by the visit of Dr. S. M. Osgood, a secretary of the Missionary Union. He not only gave an address to the students, but held personal interviews with them looking toward foreign service. "I felt inwardly committed," Clough wrote, "to become a foreign missionary."

Into the midst of all this inward conviction came the reverberation of the war-drums. Fort Sumter had been fired upon. Classes were entirely broken up. Clough went home intending to say farewell to his folks, and then enlist. He had determined to fight in the war to save the union. When he reached Strawberry Point he discovered that enlisting had stopped, and men were being enrolled for the draft. They never drew his number.

The Years Following Graduation from College

Just past twenty-five years of age, and Clough was still silent as to the secret decision of his life. He had married Miss Sunderland on August 15, 1861; and she proved of a great help in aiding him to the fruition of his life's purpose. That fall they both entered Upper Iowa University. Clough graduated on June 26, 1862, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Clough was ready now to do what the Lord desired, but there did not seem to be any way open. He wanted to go across the sea to preach the gospel, but most of the people of America were too engrossed in civil strife to think of lands beyond the Atlantic. While waiting for direct leading he accepted a position as teacher in Colesburg, Iowa. He also wrote to his former pastor, Doctor Johnson, who was now a district secretary of the Publication Society. He told him of the lights and the shadows that were baffling him in his decisions.

The lure of ease and luxury was pressing on him. The school board had already come to him and told him that they were so eager for him to stay that if he would state the salary desired they would pay it. The work of surveying was presenting many opportunities. He felt the need of a larger income because of the birth of his son Allen. Deeper than all these appeals was the decision and pledge of his life to Christian service. When the offer came, therefore, of an appointment to work as a colporter in Northern Iowa he gladly accepted this position and held it until he went to India.

The next two years of his life he felt the impression of six men of God. Each one of them in one way or an-

other told Clough that he was called of God to the foreign field. He heard Dr. W. Dean, missionary to the Chinese in Bangkok, Siam, while he was in Davenport, Iowa. The address thrilled his soul and he wanted to return with him. Deacon G. Mabie and Rev. John Fulton used their influence and prayers to bring Clough to make a definite outward profession of his foreign mission decision. In 1864 he sent his application to the May Meetings in Philadelphia, asking to be sent out with Doctor Dean.

A few weeks later Clough was summoned to meet the Board in Boston; and he and Doctor Warren became fast friends. There was need for some one to go back to South India with Rev. Lyman Jewett. Was he willing to go? The field was a very hard one. After twenty-eight years of missionary work there was only one station, and that had but thirty members. Hardships had no terror to Clough. He valiantly consecrated his life to the Telugus; and until his death he served them in every possible way.

When he left Boston for home they told Clough that it would be impossible to send him out for a year because of lack of funds. Plans changed very suddenly, and exactly seventeen weeks after his interview with Doctor Warren, Jewett and Clough set sail from Boston harbor, November 30, 1864. The farewell service in the Tremont Temple had lacked enthusiasm. This was not only due to the interest of the people in the war; but also because the majority of the people felt that the missionaries were going out to a forlorn hope.

The days of preparation had passed very speedily because so much needed to be done. First, was his ordination, which was held in the church at Burlington on November twentieth. Seldom had any one gone from this

part of America to the foreign mission field, and many came just to catch a glimpse of this young man. Next, Clough said good-bye to his family and friends. Most of them agreed with the statement of one of them who said, "You must be insane to throw yourself away like that." How very different were the words and the spirit of Dr. N. Colver, who met him at the station in Chicago. Taking Clough by both of his hands he said: "Brother Clough, I believe that God from all eternity has chosen you to be a missionary among the Telugus. Go, nothing doubting. Remember that you are invulnerable until your work is done." This benediction was of infinite value to Clough in the months just ahead.

The Lone Star Mission

The journey to South India took over three months. Rev. Lyman Jewett took this opportunity to review the history of the Telugu Mission, and to tell of his hopes for the people. In 1836 Rev. Samuel S. Day founded the Telugu Mission for the American Baptists. His seed-sowing was now over for he had been forced to leave India in 1853 never to return. Four years before his leaving Jewett, who is known as "the savior of the Mission," began his labors. Not only had these years been difficult to both Day and Jewett because of their barrenness, but also because of the lack of faith of the Baptists at home. Twice the Board had seriously considered the closing of the station, once in 1848, and again in 1853. The Board had practically decided to close the Telugu Station, and to put more money into other fields that were showing more results. It was the poem by Dr. S. F. Smith at the May Meetings that turned the tide in 1853.

Shine on, "Lone Star!" thy radiance bright
Shall spread o'er all the eastern sky;
Morn breaks apace from gloom and night:
Shine on, and bless the pilgrim's eye.

Shine on, "Lone Star!" I would not dim
The light that gleams with dubious ray;
The lonely star of Bethlehem
Led on a bright and glorious day.

Shine on, "Lone Star!" in grief and tears
And sad reverses oft baptized;
Shine on amid thy sister spheres:
Lone stars in heaven are not despised.

Shine on, "Lone Star!" who lifts his hand
To dash to earth so bright a gem,
A new "lost pleiad" for the band
That sparkles in night's diadem?

Shine on, "Lone Star!" the day draws near
When none shall shine more fair than thou:
Thou, born and nursed in doubt and fear,
Wilt glitter on Immanuel's brow.

That year another missionary was sent out to help Jewett. In 1862, at the May Meetings in Providence, a resolution was offered recommending the abandonment of the Lone Star Mission. It seemed for a time as if this third and last attempt to close this Mission was going to be successful. Doctor Warren threw himself into the breach by suggesting that action be deferred until Jewett arrived. Jewett's words to the Committee have become historic: "Well, brethren, I do not know what your mind is, but if the Lord restores my health, I am going back to live, and if need be to die among the Telugus." The Committee thereupon reached this conclusion: "Then we must send a

man over to give you a Christian burial." Clough was the man selected by the Board to return with Jewett. The final answer to the Mission Station of South India was made, and never since that time has the Board questioned the wisdom of their missionary Jewett.

The Cloughs and Rev. Mr. Jewett arrived at Nellore on April 22, 1865. Their long trip was ended, and their field of service stretched out on all sides. Clough had studied some Telugu on shipboard; but now with the aid of a young man who wanted to become a preacher, he gave himself with his whole soul to the task. A man of such tireless energy was not content just to study the language. He did not intend to wait until he was able to speak Telugu well before beginning his ministry. He soon learned to say John 3:16, and in the evening with his teacher they would seek out places where groups of people gathered, and Clough would recite this verse and give out tracts. He just threw himself and his tremendous virility in the conquering of these natives for Jesus.

The privilege of baptizing his first convert occurred on December 24, 1865. He was a Mala priest who had eagerly listened in the bazaars to these men of God as they would tell the story of love. He was a priest over thirty of the villages; and he realized that it meant persecution and perhaps death to follow the religion that Clough preached. His decision was made; and to the great joy of this missionary, who was still in the first year of his service, he accepted Christ as his Saviour.

Beginnings in Ongole

On September 17, 1866, Mr. and Mrs. Clough with three helpers moved to the city of Ongole, seventy-four

miles to the north. On January 1, 1867, the second Baptist Church among the Telugus was organized at this new station. From this small beginning there has grown a work that is one of the most phenomenal of modern missions. Dr. D. L. Leonard, in his book *A Hundred Years of Missions,* has written, " It is more than doubtful if the history of missions contains a chapter more remarkable in all its parts than the one which relates to the work of the American Baptists among the Telugus." Dr. D. Downie, in his *History of the Telugu Mission,* says:

> The Rev. John Everett Clough and Ongole are names that can never be dissociated: the one naturally suggests the other. As we trace the history of the mission at Ongole we shall find unmistakable evidence of God's wonder-working power.

From this city of Ongole, which had a population of about six thousand, Clough began his missionary journeys, north, south, and west. Before he went home on his first furlough he had helped to establish a northern boundary at Secunderabad, a city of fifty thousand, two hundred miles away, with Rev. W. W. Campbell in charge; then a western frontier one hundred and seventy miles distant with Rev. and Mrs. D. H. Drake as missionaries. Most of his trips were made by means of the slow-moving bullock-cart.

In the very beginning of his new station Clough was blessed with many converts. By the end of the first year, after the organization of the Ongole Church, it had grown to a membership of seventy-five. Already, however, one of the most serious questions of all his career was pressing for an answer. He had been working with the castes of India without giving very much attention to their rigid

limitations. On Sunday afternoons he had a class of Brahmin students. He had ministered to some of the Sudras. In two forms did the problem present itself: First, should he confine his ministry to the Madigas? They were very receptive to the gospel. None of them were in the church at Nellore. Jewett had baptized Periah, who was now writing for a missionary to come to his village of Tullakondapaud to baptize the converts. Clough went out to this village, which was about forty miles west of Ongole. For five days he held meetings; and at the end of that period he baptized twenty-eight of the people. These folks became part of the nucleus of the wonderful Telugu revival.

In writing of these Madigas, who belonged to the outcastes of India, some one said, "Their abode must be out of town; their clothes must be the mantles of the dead; let no man hold any intercourse with them." They have no rights that any one has to respect. They are entirely outside of the pale, and the animals have more protection than these poor people.

After having taken these Madigas into the church, the second and more perplexing problem was still before him. Could these people be given a schooling along with the other people? If he was going to have a native ministry they must be trained. W. F. Bainbridge, in his book *Around the World Tour of Christian Missions,* has written of how Clough reached his decision:

> When Mr. Clough came to this new station, he was at once waited upon by citizens of the higher castes, who expressed their gratitude at his arrival, and promised him every needed support. They were true to their word, immediately placing under his instruction sixty-two of their sons, and furnishing all funds required

to carry on his school enterprise. No restrictions were placed on his religious teaching. One day unexpectedly three men of low caste presented themselves as converts. The missionary's welcome sent a chill through the school and the aristocratic community. An indignant committee waited upon him immediately with the threat of withdrawing all support, if he had anything more to do with the Sudras and pariahs. The crisis had come. Mr. Clough went to his study for prayer and thought; and for the same purpose his wife retired to her own room. "O God," was his tearful supplication, "direct us in this extremity of our mission!" He took up a New Testament, and it opened of its own accord to the passage 1 Corinthians 1:26-29. "Ah! Yes, I see it," he said, "I have not been building on God's plan. It must tumble down, and I must begin anew." The next morning their obedient purpose was announced, and every scholar left, and all the support of the upper classes at once changed into bitter hostility against them and their mission. But there, as all the Christian world knows, God has since signally honored work done according to his plan.

The die was now cast, and the Telugu mission work has since been almost entirely among the outcastes. God straightway honored the decision of Clough by giving hundreds of converts. Persecution had set in and while most of the attacks were against the native preachers, Clough became the object of their enmity. In the very place where there had been an idol shrine, in the garden of the Mission compound, he had a new baptistery constructed. This was dedicated by the immersion of forty-two converts.

The problems of the Ongole Mission were those of success. New workers must be sent out immediately to occupy the new stations that were opening with such promise. The church-membership was fifteen hundred by 1872, and these people were scattered all over the whole



JOHN E. CLOUGH, D. D.
Apostle to the Telugus

Ongole District. Secondly, native preachers must be trained for village work. Already he had held a six-weeks' institute for the preachers. He wrote pleading letters to the Board asking for a Theological Seminary. They gave consent for this forward move; and suggested that he come to America to help raise the funds necessary. Thirdly, he must be constantly on the move visiting the villages, and advising the native leaders, and trying in every way to conserve the results.

Before leaving for America on January 24, 1872, with his wife and four children he had a very interesting conversion. "A priest, who heard of the religion of Jesus in his distant mountain home," wrote Dr. S. F. Smith, in his book *Missionary Sketches,* "one hundred and eighty-five miles west of Ongole, nearly halfway across the peninsula of Hindustan, and, believing, came across the mountains and deserts full of tigers to learn more of Christ, and to be baptized. Mr. Clough said, 'I see that God intends our mission to jump over the Eastern Ghauts.'"

The seven years of service in South India had broken his health. In 1869 he had been laid low for a few weeks with jungle fever. It was very essential that he should come to the homeland. Upon reaching Boston the executive committee told him that they would have to withdraw their consent for him to raise any extra money, due to the depleted condition of the general fund. He obeyed their wishes in the matter. When he addressed the churches, the Associations, and the May Meetings he would tell of the harvest, and also of the need of the Seminary. He wanted to have $50,000 for the Seminary and four new workers. When he left America he had attained his objective. One of the new workers was his

sister, Vina, the wife of Dr. R. R. Williams, who had been appointed head of the Seminary at Ramapatnam.

The May Meetings at Albany that year had been thrilled with his story. It seemed such a change to be considering the Lone Star Mission no more in the light of a forlorn hope, but rather in the summons of the new day that had dawned among the Telugus. If these words of cheer revitalized the American Baptists' interest in the South India field, how much more encouraging was it to Clough to learn that during the two years of his absence over a thousand had been baptized! Dr. J. McLaurin, who had taken charge of the station during his absence, moved to Cocanada and began laboring under the Canadian Board. Dr. David Downie started his term of service at Nellore, which was to last for over fifty years, thus continuing the work of Rev. Lyman Jewett.

The Time of the Great Famine

The Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society sent $2,300 for the Girls' School at Ongole, where Mrs. Clough was doing such efficient service. The work was richly prospering in all parts of the Mission field. An abundant harvest of saved folks were already beginning to ask for baptism. On Christmas Day of 1876 there were almost three thousand people on the compound asking for baptism. Clough refused them this act of obedience, fearing that they had come motivated by physical need rather than by spiritual apperception. It was the time of the great famine.

The monsoons of July and of October of 1876 had both failed. Suffering was abroad in the land, and the Madigas, being the lowest in the social scale, were the first to feel

the pinch of hunger. Before another summer had arrived people died of starvation by the tens of thousands. India is subject to periodic droughts, but this was one of long duration. Even the beasts of the jungle died for lack of food, except the jackals who eat the dead. With wise foresight Clough had issued a ruling that no new converts were to be baptized until the famine was over. From March 11, 1877, until June 16, 1878, there were no immersions among the Telugus.

Measures of relief began to be taken as soon as conditions became severe. All the people of India gave out of their wealth or of their poverty to help the smitten province. Great rajahs gave princely sums, and even the poor Karens contributed to the funds. Cities in England and America raised hundreds of thousands of dollars for relief measures. In the Ongole district Clough distributed a hundred thousand dollars. It was suffering humanity sending forth its appeal, and the answer came.

The Madras presidency decided to help conditions by extending the limits of the Buckingham Canal one hundred miles to the north. As soon as this work was started Clough asked for employment in the supervision of a part of the canal. Then he was given charge of four miles of construction. With marvelous executive ability he managed the task. He made all his preachers overseers; and for over a year he had the unique privilege of ministering as leader, employer, and preacher to the large company. When the work was finished he had a letter from the engineer in which the latter wrote, "Of the thirty-five miles I had under my supervision the portion under your charge is the best." This was pleasing to the missionary who had secured his training for this work in Minnesota.

About sixty million people were affected by the famine, and probably three million died. The harvest of hunger, disease, and pestilence was immense. It was over now, and the Christians had remained true. Hundreds of people had come to Clough from time to time, but he had refused them. When Warren, the secretary, heard of this he wrote: "I have heard that you are refusing to baptize; who has given you the right to do this?" On the third Sunday in June, in 1878, there were one hundred and two immersed, the first ones since the famine. "By the end of June," wrote Clough, "we had baptized two thousand; these all came from within twenty miles of Ongole. Now, farther villages were asking when it would be their turn."

The wonderful days of the great ingathering were upon him; those marvelous days when a second Pentecost came to the church. They came from the north, the south, and the west desiring baptism. These converts were in groups of hundreds, and they numbered thousands. Clough and the native preachers were doing all they could to restrain this multitude. They had prayed for these people. They had earnestly labored to bring them to Christ. Should these Madigas be received by the thousands into the Baptist church? The question must be answered, and answered speedily.

The multitude one and all said, through their leading men and preachers [wrote Clough], "We don't want any money, either now or hereafter." Only a few had ever been assisted, except by their pay for their work when on the canal; and said they, "As we have lived thus far by our work—by the blisters on our hands we can prove this to you—so we will continue to live, or, if we die, we shall die; but we want you to baptize us." The result was the baptism of three thousand five hundred and thirty-six in three days.

No wonder that in Merriam's *History of American Baptist Missions* he wrote, "It must be confessed that this was the most wondrous scene which the church of Christ has ever witnessed since the day of Pentecost."

The tide had turned. By the close of 1878 the Baptist church at Ongole had 12,804 members scattered in over four hundred villages. They were all babes in Christ. They needed to be taught "to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." In writing to the Board of this glorious harvest of souls, Clough asked for ten new missionaries not only to maintain the advance, but also to continue onward that this entire people might love and serve the Saviour of the world.

The American Baptists were amazed and puzzled by the letters telling of the ingathering of the thousands. Everyone of them was thrilled as the reports continued of how after forty-two years of seed-sowing the harvest had come. Two wealthy laymen sent money to the Board to outfit, provide passage, and pay the salary of a missionary family for a year. Dr. W. B. Boggs was immediately sent out. On the first Sunday in December of 1878, a day of special thanksgiving and prayer was held all over the Northern Baptist territory for the Telugu Mission. A special offering was taken to further the work in South India.

Problems of Success

Tremendous and immense were the tasks that were now crowding Clough for completion. First, was the division of the field, and the allocation of missionaries; the development of new station centers, and the settling of men in these new compounds. Second, was the division of the Ongole church, which had a membership of over 15,000 in

1880; separate churches must be organized and ordained pastors placed in charge of them. This work of reorganization was started with the dismission of over 7,000 members to form churches in the distant parts of the Ongole field. Third, these native ministers must be ordained, and be given a task commensurate with their ability. "Next to the baptism of 2,222 converts on a single day," wrote Doctor Downie, "the most interesting incident in connection with the great ingathering was the ordination of twenty-four native ministers on the 16th of April, 1880." Fourth, was the care of the new converts, and the examination of the hundreds who were still seeking admission. Fifth, was the need of wisdom for the leader Clough, to help solve the hundreds of vexing questions that were ever arising all over the field.

These needs were all very acute, on account of the unparalleled success of the Mission. The day of the Lord had come to South India. Clough, after three years of inability to make long tours—due to the famine and ingathering—set out in November of 1879 to visit in the villages. On these trips, in the next few months, crowds followed him. Villages demanded teachers. Many asked for baptism. Native workers sought solution of their difficulties. They brought their idols to him to be destroyed. They loved this man of God, and he loved them. His hair had turned white during the days of the great famine, and they called him grandpa, though he was only forty-five years old.

"Never have I met a man who in his person and work reminded me so much of Mr. D. L. Moody as Rev. J. E. Clough, the Ongole missionary," wrote W. F. Bainbridge after visiting him in 1882. "The same build, the same

impressive sincerity, the same energetic, businesslike way in preaching and management. When he is talking, the natives listen spellbound. He illustrates very largely, is very simple in what he says, and the natives see at once that he means every word." About this same time, Dr. W. Cathcart wrote of him, "He has a clear intellect, a powerful will, an orderly mind, and a heart full of love to Jesus and perishing souls."

No visitor was given a heartier greeting than Dr. S. F. Smith, whose poem "The Lone Star" saved the Telugu Mission. He came to Ongole in March of 1881 and stayed there for ten days. Clough asked Doctor Smith to preach on Sunday morning; and in the evening to baptize the ninety-six that had already been received. When he left he handed Clough another poem that he had written. A stanza of this poem illustrates the purpose:

> These are the plowman's garnered wealth,
> Born of his toil and pain;
> These are the sower's faith and tears,
> Transformed to golden grain.
> God watched the toilers at their work;
> And, when his wisdom willed,
> The pledge His loving heart had made
> His loving hand fulfilled.

On November 17, 1883, he sailed for America. His wife, due to her poor health, had preceded him four years. She and the children were making their home in Kalamazoo, Michigan. Before leaving Ongole he had the joy of accomplishing his plan for the division of the territory of his large field. Dr. W. B. Boggs was settled at Cumbum, sixty miles west of Ongole. Rev. G. N. Thomssen was appointed to take charge of Vinukonda, sixty miles

northeast of Ongole. Rev. R. Maplesden was assigned to Narsaravupet, fifty-five miles northeast of Ongole. Rev. E. Bullard was given Bapatla, forty-five miles northeast of Ongole.

Immense throngs of people crowded to hear Clough everywhere he went in America. Especially eager were the attendants of the Missionary Union of that year to see and to hear the man who had been the leader of the mighty Telugu harvest. When he stated that the Telugu Mission needed money at once for two mission houses in Madras, where Jewett was laboring, and also for an extensive addition to the high-school building at Ongole, it was given to him.

The Third Term of Service

The third period of his service at Ongole, from 1884 to 1891, was the hardest of his life. It began with joy, and ended with another marvelous harvest; but the intervening years were very heavy with difficulties. Not that they were barren. Every annual meeting showed that hundreds had been immersed. Most of the burdens were due to a shortage of funds. Cut after cut came in the apportionments of his station; and how could these be met? The salaries of native pastors could be reduced. The native churches could be urged to strive toward self-support. These churches were composed of the poorest of the poor. The work must not cease! It should not cease! Under God, Clough and his fellow missionaries were determined that they would give their all "a living sacrifice" that the lines of advance over the thousands of miles of territory and over the hundred thousand adherents might be maintained!

The result was inevitable. The withholding of missionary money always means extra burdens to the men and women who have given their all to carry the gospel message. It is more than they can stand, and they break! Missionary history is witness that as recurrent waves of indifference, of criticism, of lack of trust, and especially of the selfish withholding of money have come, there have ever been the accompanying waves of missionaries invalided home, missionaries breaking before their time, and missionaries dying on the field! How dear a price in blood and tears, in sorrow and heartaches, has the church of God paid for her lack of constant fidelity, for her forgetfulness to hold the rope after she has sent her messengers into the depths of heathenism!

Doctor and Mrs. Jewett left in 1886 for America. Doctor Williams of the Seminary, broken in health, went to the homeland. Doctor Clough himself, seeking to carry on with the extra load, suffered a slight sunstroke; and that, coupled with the serious depletion of his strength, necessitated a change. He took a little bungalow at Kottapatam by the sea. Though he was forced to stay in bed part of the time, he kept in touch with the work, which was being carefully and prayerfully done by the preachers. "There were those who had grave fears," wrote Mrs. Emma Clough, "lest the work should come to naught if he fell at his post."

The Holy Spirit again gave another outpouring of his power among the Telugus. The tide turned. Thousands were baptized. New missionaries were sent out. The darkest hour had been just before the dawn of a new and a brighter day. Human extremity had given God an opportunity to prove his riches of grace.

On December 27, 1890, the preachers brought their converts by the thousands to Ongole for baptism. The following day there were 1,671 baptized. By the first of March over five thousand were immersed on that field. Counting all the baptisms on the entire territory of the original Ongole field there were almost as many added to the church as in the days of 1878.

New Missionaries and $100,000 for the College

It was time for Clough to return to America on furlough. Dr. H. C. Mabie, the new Home Secretary of the Missionary Union, urged him to come to America—when he was with him in January, 1891—to secure new missionaries for the Telugus. Clough left Ongole on March seventeenth. He was going home primarily to secure twenty-five missionaries and $50,000 for the college. He found the American Baptists on fire for South India. Without much trouble he secured the necessary men and $100,000 for the Telugus. It was an impressive sight when all these new missionaries stood on the platform of the May Meetings ready to be commissioned for the Telugu land.

There were two factors, outside of the many influences, that helped him to accomplish his mission to America. The first was Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, "I had been going in a friendly way to the home of John D. Rockefeller," wrote Clough, "but had never asked him to help me. Now, I told him we needed him. He agreed, and gave munificently." The second factor was the Student Volunteer Movement. It had been formed in 1886, and it was proving to be a power in securing the enlistment of America's finest college young people for foreign ser-

vice. No mission, at this time, made a stronger appeal to Baptist young people; and they answered that challenge with the dedication of their lives for service among the Telugus.

The last few years of Clough's life in India had been lonely. His children and his wife had stayed in America while he labored across the seas. It was a great deal of comfort to him to spend a few months with his family. He was delighted to know that when he did return to India he would see two of his daughters, each of whom had married a man designated for Telugu land. He little knew, when he left home late in 1892, that a few months later Mrs. Clough would be dead. She had suffered much the last few years of her life, and death came as a blessed release on May 15, 1893.

When Doctor Clough returned to India he plunged with all the zeal of his life into the work. With all the new helpers, new equipment, and new resources, he looked forward to a mighty advance. On top of the news of his wife's death came the final settlement of the new missionaries. The Ongole church had again become too large and unwieldy and needed a redivision. "It was a dark time for me in India," he wrote, "we had more than twenty mission stations, and in several of them additional men were located for educational and medical work." He gave his beloved Kanigiri taluk—a county about thirty miles square—over to Rev. G. R. Brock, and he said, "I give you the apple of my eye. Take care of that field." He only kept Ongole and one other taluk for himself.

In 1894 Clough toured Europe. While there he married Miss Emma Rauschenbusch, who had previously been a worker in the mission. When he resumed his ministry at

Ongole a large group of native preachers from all over Telugu land came to see him. They realized that Clough was aging, that the work was enlarging, and that there was a dire need for all the new missionaries. Still they had a first love and affection for Clough. They said: "Stay here in Ongole, whether you are able to work or not; it keeps us settled in mind."

The Second Great Famine

Another famine swept the country in 1896 and 1897, and Clough took the contract of establishing forty-five thousand feet of stone ballast along the line of the new railroad. With his usual fertile brain and his far-sighted vision he established and managed a great construction camp that was an example to all the other camps in orderliness and discipline. He seemed to be able to sense events in a marvelous way, and with masterly diplomacy; and some time with fearless heroism he would be able to make the situation minister to the good of the Mission.

Clough's Last Years

The days of Clough's active ministry were almost over. His pony had been scared by a wolf and had thrown him so that his collar-bone and two of his ribs were broken. He had hardly recovered from this injury when his right hip was broken by a fall on February 1, 1901.

For weeks he lay at death's door [wrote Mrs. Clough], and when finally he was compelled to start his journey to America on a stretcher, the native Christians began to come to Ongole in order to see him once more. Word was sent not to come, but if they loved him to stay away. About two thousand came nevertheless. It took three missionaries to manage the crowd. They promised

to be silent if he could be brought on the verandah to say salaam to them. They kept their promise, and when later he was carried to the railroad station on his cot, they took off their sandals and followed silently through the still starlight night.

Doctor Clough wrote of this event: "I started for America with days of pain and nights of delirium. I had to be carried everywhere we went. I stayed at a sanitarium at Banff, Canada, for four months."

Until the time of his death Clough suffered a great deal. He stayed in America for eighteen months, and though he could walk but very little, he was eager to return to India. During these days and weeks of suffering there were two expressions that he says were of immense comfort to him. One was, "Jesus makes no mistakes," and the other was the invitation of Christ, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Better than both of these was the fellowship of Doctor Johnson, who had baptized him, and who now came and spent a month with him.

In the fall of 1902 Clough sailed for India. Having given his life for that country, he wanted to die there and be buried at Ongole. After two years and a half more of labor Clough retired from active service in 1905. He was almost seventy years old. His health was broken, and he was in constant pain. He loved Ongole, and he loved the people with an unending devotion, so he spent much time there. In the hot season he would retire to Coonoor in the Nilgiri Hills. He wrote, "I thought of the Telugu Mission with its one hundred missionaries, sixty thousand members, and two hundred thousand adherents."

Neither Doctor or Mrs. Clough wanted to leave India. The doctors had repeatedly warned his wife that she must

leave. "I decided," said Clough, "I better not be buried in Ongole, because the danger is the natives will make it a place of veneration and worship." In the spring of 1910, therefore, Doctor Clough came back to America to die. On Thanksgiving Day, November 24, 1910, in Rochester, New York, he closed his tired eyes on scenes of earth; and without a struggle he went on to the city "whose builder and maker is God," the city where those who have been born of the Spirit, of whatever race or creed, shall all be one in Christ.

Reverently they took his earthly tabernacle to Newton Center, Massachusetts. There they buried Clough in the beautiful cemetery that the Foreign Mission Society had bought for its dead. Here, before him, had been buried the friends of past years, Warren and Jewett. They rested from their labors, "their works follow with them." Over Clough's tomb they inscribed his favorite verse, "Be still and know that I am God."

The Apostle to the Telugus

In his books on *A History of American Baptist Missions* Merriam has written:

> The success of the evangelistic methods used in the Ongole Baptist Mission has revolutionized missionary policy in India. This has resulted in a large increase in converts in this first field of Christian foreign missions.

Still further he wrote:

> The growth of the mission in the Christian graces, as in numbers, is remarkable even in the wonderful annals of Christian missions. No small share of credit of this growth and stability of the Telugu Mission is due to Dr. J. E. Clough, who will always be known as "The Apostle to the Telugus."

VIII

GERTRUDE FLETCHER

Missionary to India

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER VIII

1. Gertrude Fletcher, born on September 14, 1862, in Highgate, England.
2. Her religious influences:
   (1) Godly parents.
   (2) Great preachers.
   (3) The challenge of Rev. Q. Thomson.
3. Her life in Africa:
   (1) Charge of a girls' school in Victoria.
   (2) Smitten with fever.
   (3) Invalided home after eleven months of service.
4. The Baptist Zenana Mission:
   (1) Founded on May 22, 1867.
   (2) Miss Fletcher appointed as missionary.
5. She worked first in Delhi visiting the zenanas.
6. Early beginnings in Palwal:
   (1) A girls' school.
   (2) A library.
   (3) A Sunday school for non-Christians.
7. The Salamatpur Industrial Settlement:
   (1) Established in 1900 as her distinctive work.
   (2) A home for destitute women and girls.
   (3) Miss Fletcher taught self-reliance.
8. In 1911 she was awarded the Kaisar-i-Hind medal.
9. The years of change:
   (1) In Kharar for a few months.
   (2) At Khizrabad for over two years.
   (3) Last furlough in 1919.
10. The station at Baraut:
   (1) "Satyapur."
   (2) Influence of the Gandhi movement.
   (3) The missionary in charge.
11. Her last years:
   (1) Suffered much due to an infection.
   (2) Attended North India Conference in 1923.
   (3) Died on May 12, 1923.
12. She gave her life as a living, joyful sacrifice to Christ.

GERTRUDE FLETCHER

"Not that I have already obtained or am already made perfect: but I press on, if so be that I may lay hold on that for which also I was laid hold on by Christ Jesus."—*Philippians 3: 12.*

Birth of Miss Fletcher

Miss Gertrude Morley Fletcher was born in Highgate, England, on September 14, 1862. She was a girl of boundless optimism. She loved people, and had a marvelous capacity for the making and keeping of friends. From her earliest girlhood she was known for her buoyancy and the very delight that radiated from her life. Life was a joy and happiness to her.

Early Religious Influences

The home life of the Fletchers was a happy one. The father, Mr. A. E. Fletcher, loved his children, and sought in every way to help them in the attaining of their life resolves. When Gertrude was very young they moved to Liverpool, where her father became the chief inspector of the alkali works. In this seaport city Gertrude grew to young womanhood.

The mother, Mrs. Fletcher, was a quiet unassuming woman, who had a great love for her family. They constituted the sphere of her activity. She conceived her supreme task to be that of a good housewife and a loving mother to her children. She never spared herself in the making of a Christian home. She felt that the impress of a godly home would abide with her children all their days.

The parents were wise. They not only believed in doing all they could for their children, but they tried to bring them under the influence of the great Christian leaders of their day. When Moody and Sankey held a meeting in Liverpool in 1875 they attended with their whole family. Their hearts were overflowing with joy when Gertrude accepted Christ, and dedicated her life to him.

Gertrude was only thirteen; and though she had fully surrendered to Christ, she did not join the church. That may have been due to her reticence and shyness. Later when she came under the ministry of Rev. Charles Spurgeon her whole soul was thrilled. Her entire life felt the impress of this mighty preacher; and the lessons she learned through his preaching became constant incentives to her throughout her life.

In July of 1879 Gertrude was baptized by the Rev. F. H. Roberts into the membership of the Richmond Chapel at Liverpool. Her whole soul went out to her Saviour with a supreme dedication. To her this act of obedience was an act of outward consecration to the Christ whom she had learned to love four years ago.

Where should she invest her life? It was no longer her own, for she "had been bought with a price." She could not decide what her career was to be. The plan for her future labors was to be given her by her Lord. Her surrender had been made. It was her purpose now to fulfil the revealed will of her Master.

Miss Fletcher's Life in Africa

The challenge came in 1882. There was need of workers in West Africa. Alfred Saker, the founder of the Cameroon Mission, was dead. His son-in-law, Rev. Quin-

tin Thomson, was home on furlough seeking health. The smiting sun of the tropics had sapped his strength. The Board was using Thomson to stir up the churches.

His message burned itself into the soul of this young woman. She knew something of the record of sickness and death in the African Mission. With unfaltering devotion, however, Gertrude Fletcher responded to the call with her life. She gladly gave her all that God's kingdom might come among those millions who knew not her Lord.

Before her twenty-first birthday she set sail for Africa. She was one of a party of five missionaries, three of whom were going out for the first time with Rev. and Mrs. Thomson. "Some of her fellow travelers on the S. S. Lualaba had been shocked at the Missionary Society sending out a young school girl not yet twenty-one years of age—to die on the West Coast of Africa," wrote Miss I. Angus, "but she was the life of the party." "I was only a youth myself," wrote Mr. Lewis, "and do not remember of her character then. But I have often wondered since at the strength of mind and Christian heroism that she manifested. She never flinched, and she had little time to be homesick."

Gertrude Fletcher began her work in Victoria of the Cameroons with much joy. She found there a colony of people who had been transported from the island of Fernando Po by the intrepid Saker. He had started in Africa the first community dedicated to religious liberty. Now Miss Fletcher was given charge of the large girls' school. By the natural buoyancy of her nature, and the sunniness of her smile, she soon won all the girls to her. She played with them in their games. She sought to right their difficulties. She always tried to lead them to Jesus.

A few days after she began her work she wrote in her diary: "This morning school opened at nine o'clock. I found the teaching less tedious than I expected, but the broken English that the children speak is difficult to understand." A few weeks later there is this entry:

> Mr. Thomson took us for a row. The forest coming down to the water's edge is very beautiful; the fine trees are draped with brilliant green creepers, among which the monkeys have fine games. Little streams and waterfalls abound.

Before the end of her first year Miss Fletcher was invalided home. The other missionaries had thought that a steamer trip would restore her health. Her condition was so serious, however, that the doctor at Calabar had ordered her to go immediately to England. She had suffered from African fever in her second week in the Cameroons. This fever kept recurring with severe headaches, and other forms of physical diseases. In the weakened condition she became an easy prey to the various tropical maladies until she had blood-poisoning from the "jiggers."

It had been a severe blow to her to realize that the man whose challenging address she had answered was dead. Rev. Q. Thomson had died just before the beginning of 1884. She was lonely, and felt the need of a mother's care. Now, she was on her way home after only eleven months of African service.

The Baptist Zenana Mission

She was not one who easily succumbed to opposition. Whether the forces opposed to her were arrayed against her physical endurance, or whether they simply sought to

sow doubt in her mind, she usually easily mastered them. Therefore, after a few short weeks in the homeland she volunteered for service under the Baptist Zenana Mission. If she could not stand one climate she would continue to seek service and find what climate she could stand. She was determined to serve her Saviour on the mission field, believing she had been called to that work.

The Baptist Zenana Mission was founded on May 22, 1867. Its two immortal pioneers were Mrs. John Sale, who had gone out to India with her husband on November 16, 1848; and Mrs. C. B. Lewis, who while on furlough from India had stirred the English Baptists to the organization of this new society. When in December of 1884 Miss Fletcher applied to be appointed a zenana missionary she was immediately accepted. It was thought that she would be able to endure the sunshine of India better than many others who were going out.

The place of God's own appointing was now her destination. Yet it was not for many years that the distinctive work which was to be her special service began. There were still to be other years of training and culture before God brought her face to face with the stupendous task of reclaiming many of the outcaste women of India. Meanwhile she kept her life in the way of divine guidance.

Miss Fletcher's First Work in Delhi

Early in the spring of 1885 Miss Fletcher set sail for India. She began her work in the city of Delhi up in the northern part of India. Miss Thorn, an older missionary, carefully advised and counseled her, and sought in every way possible to help her start right. It means so much to new missionaries to have the fellowship of those who have

been on the field for many years, as they try to acclimatize themselves and to learn the language.

Miss Fletcher was a very adept pupil. With the boundless enthusiasm of her nature she gave herself to the tasks that confronted her. She had enough taste of foreign mission work to know how important it was to speak the language of the people. She was not twenty-three years old, and she learned very readily. " Her facility in speech, even in village dialects, and her knowledge of the people, were remarkable," wrote Miss I. Angus; " even her native tongue was often so interlarded with Hindustani words, as to provoke laughing remonstrance from her fellow workers."

This zenana mission work was already proving to be one of the most potent factors in the social life of India. Though it was still of very meager proportions, it had in its purpose the ministry to the most secluded women of India. Before the Zenana Society had been organized Mrs. C. B. Lewis had written a pamphlet, *A Plea for Zenanas,* which had been widely read.

It is not easy to describe to persons in this country the conditions of Hindoo domestic society [wrote Mrs. Lewis in her document]. The house of a respectable Bengali is the dwelling-place of an aggregation of families; father and sons, with cousins and grandsons, often residing together in one domestic community. In every respectable Hindoo house a range of apartments is found set apart for the occupation of the women. This is called a zenana, from the Persian word *zen,* woman. To this part of the house no man has access, except the fathers, husbands, and sons of the family, and from it no female member of the family beyond the age of childhood is allowed to pass unguarded. In some cases the number of women thus immured is very great. The aged mother of the household is supreme, and the other women rank

according to their husbands' relative positions. These women enjoy little of their husbands' society—they do not even sit or eat with them; and having received no education, unable to read books—with no knowledge of any useful or elegant art of needlework—they are shut up to utter indolence. The survey of such jewels as they may possess, the care of their little ones, and the discussion of any family gossip, or of whatever items of news find their way to them from the outside, are their only amusements.

The Baptist missionary women had already penetrated some of the homes in Delhi. The work was developing. The demand for women to enter these zenanas was increasing. Miss Fletcher gave herself to these poor ignorant women whom she visited; and her visits were a source of real satisfaction because she spread happiness everywhere she went.

After two years of service it became necessary for her to return to England. She had been attacked by enteric fever, and it was imperative that she go home on furlough. Despite her weakened condition she was the life of the passengers on shipboard. Always bubbling over with fun, she ever took occasion to interest every one possible in mission work. The very exuberance of her nature was a hearty commendation for the cause to which she had given her life.

Early Beginnings in Palwal

When she returned to India she was sent to open up work in the town of Palwal, which is thirty-six miles from Delhi on the high road to Agra. Soon after settling there she wrote to one of her friends:

Although Palwal has a population of only 14,000 it is a splendid center for work. The whole district round is thickly dotted with villages large and small, the population being estimated at four

millions. Miss Rocke and I are the only missionaries here; and we live within the walls, right in among the people, in a native house, and we find this a great advantage in many ways. The people at once feel at home, and come in and out freely.

The work in the new station took on many aspects in which she had to feel her way. She was close enough to the parent station at Delhi to confer with her seniors, and this she often did. Such was the determination of her character, however, that she tried to master every situation and meet every need. She visited many of the surrounding villages in company with her Bible-woman. She gave out simple remedies. She sought to instruct her helpers that they might be of more service. She conducted a school for girls, and a lending library for girls, and also a similar library for men.

The first impression of Gertrude Fletcher came to me on the afternoon of my arrival in Delhi, in 1893 [wrote one of her fellow workers]. She drove in from Palwal to greet us, and instantly the house was filled with mirth and brightness; and that impression has lasted throughout the years. During the month of Ramadan (the Mohammedan fast) in the blazing heat of May, nothing would do but that she and I must go out to the villages. I was made to teach Mohammedan women the little Urdu I knew: and later on, when I accompanied her to a bathing mela on the Jamna, was set down to sell books and sing my own known *bhajan.*

When it came time Miss Fletcher left on her furlough to England. She was always gladly received by the home folks because of her ability to tell of the mission work in the most picturesque style. What a comfort it was to this missionary of the Cross to go to the old home and rest; to talk with father and mother again, and to be under their care; to have the saintly mother give her life motto, "The Lord Is Thy Helper"!

There were some unique characteristics about Miss Fletcher's work even before she began her distinctive task. One of these was a Sunday school for non-Christians. There would gather on Sunday afternoons a crowd of two to three hundred Mohammedan and Hindu boys, and a few girls. A regular Bible-school session would be held, only Miss Fletcher would teach the whole group. She would speak very rapidly in colloquial Hindustani, and by her power of illustration and originality she would hold her audience and drive home the lesson. This motley company was not always orderly. It was sometimes necessary to have another missionary stationed near the most disorderly and mischievous boys to hold attention. That the school was a power for good is assured, for the head master of the Government school tried by threat and bribery to keep his boys out of the Christian school; but all to no avail. Though they would quit for a time, they would always return.

Concerning her teaching ability, Miss Young wrote:

> We had walked across with her on the Sunday evening to the little Indian church in Baraut, and she held in her hand a basket with a curious collection of things, including a sword, a lantern, and a necklace of pearls. The children listened attentively as she drew forth one thing after another from the basket of treasures, and then explained how the spiritual counterpart of each one was found in the Bible. The aptness of her comparisons, the vivacity with which she described each article, were characteristic of her graphic mode of teaching, well calculated to hold the attention of the children and to present truth in a way never to be forgotten.

The Salamatpur Industrial Settlement

In the year 1900 there was established an Industrial Settlement just outside of Palwal, an institution known as

Salamatpur, "Abode of Peace" or "Health." "To this day," wrote Miss I. Angus in her book *Salvage of Souls,*

it is acknowledged in Palwal that these two, Mary Coombs and Gertrude Fletcher, have left their mark on the people and the place, working harder and coming nearer to the people, even than others who did admirable work there. The initiation of the scheme was intrusted to Miss M. Coombs, though the place will ever be associated with Miss Fletcher's name as "her distinctive work."

It was a home for those whom no other school would take. Many who came to the home were waifs who could not enter the Christian Boarding-school in Delhi. They were a motley group of women and girls gathered from all walks of life. Some were diseased of body. Some were failures in school. Some were marked as unruly and ungovernable.

They are sent to us from all parts of the country [wrote Miss Miriam Young], and the tale includes the deaf and dumb, the imbecile, the blind, the halt, the withered, the widow and the orphan, the inquirer and the backslider, the destitute and the ill-treated, and we set to work to help them all by teaching them to help themselves.

It was a wonderful project in practical Christianity. George Hawker, in his book on *Open the Windows Eastward,* has written:

Here famine orphans are nurtured in body and mind; girls of poor physique, lame or maimed, are patiently instructed and developed; deaf and dumb girls are educated into practical efficiency; girls dismissed from other schools as unteachable get another chance; young widows with children, and sometimes older ones, are rescued from peril and destitution and empowered to support themselves and their own; and all the while Divine Love, operating through consecrated and ministrant women, is playing upon the inmates, seeking and finding their souls.

This Salamatpur institution challenged the ingenuity and determination of Miss Fletcher. With unfaltering trust in divine guidance, and with unwavering optimism she continued. One with less buoyancy and courage would often have sought the counsel and advice of her seniors. One with less purpose would have pressed onward more carefully. Miss Fletcher, however, with her enthusiasm, carried on the work with engrossing eagerness to its completion. Sometimes a little meditation and consultation might have avoided difficulties; but in her zeal she sacrificed the suggestions of others for the quickness of the results.

Soon after Salamatpur was started, a daily schedule was arranged.

Directly after morning prayers the children went to their various tasks. Some quickly became—and all aspired to be—wage-earners, and as gardeners, water-carriers, poultry-tenders, or nurses to the babies, supported themselves; others worked in the field or took their turn at grinding or cooking till the bell for sewing-class summoned them to assemble. Needlework was a prominent item in the program of the establishment. In the afternoon the inmates assembled in the schoolroom, and for two hours worked Roman Urdu and simple arithmetic. If any child showed signs of much mental ability she was drafted on the Boarding School in Delhi. After dinner the lamp was lighted in the drawing-room in the superintendent's house, and any of the senior girls who possessed clean hands and clean chaddars could bring their work to its light. The well-filled day ended with prayers and bed.

One of the big tasks on this new compound was the erection of proper buildings. The superintendent's house was in the middle, to one side, so that it divided the women's quarters from the girls. The first houses had mud walls and mud floors. The reason for this sort of a home

was to rear the inmates in the same sort of a domicile that they would have when they returned to their own villages. Another reason was the lack of finances for this new venture. These buildings deteriorated so quickly that it proved a constant drain on the resources of Salamatpur.

All the women and girls loved Miss Fletcher. The radiancy of her spirit was contagious. Her willingness to help the inmates in every emergency and to throw herself into all the activities of the mission was constantly challenging. She never ordered any one to do what she was not willing to do herself. The cause of each one was her cause; and she was the confidante of all the women and girls.

The founders of the new settlement desired to teach self-reliance. They sought in every way to find the natural bent of each girl and to develop her along that line. They had very few regulations, and no walls or fences. One girl wrote home, " I thought I should be coming to another prison, but I came and found it an open garden." One night a mad jackal terrorized the compound, killed some of the animals, and thoroughly frightened the girls until he was shot. This necessitated having the compound enclosed to shut out any other such visitants. Some of the children had been bitten; and one child developed hydrophobia and died. An iron fence was put up with money raised by special appeal in India and England. Prior to this time there had been nothing around the school ground to separate it from the countryside. On completion of the fence one girl wrote, " Our school looks like a railroad station."

With all this emphasis on reclamation work, on the revitalizing of all who came to Salamatpur, the spiritual side was not forgotten. Some people of means who visited



Yours, with love,
G. F. Fletcher.

MISS GERTRUDE FLETCHER
She Loved the Outcaste Women of India

the institution, and were amazed at the work of rehabilitation that went on, gave generously toward its development.

Though Salamatpur stands for practical philanthropy and successful business [wrote Mr. G. Hawker], the ultimate aims of its gifted and devoted workers, of whom Miss Fletcher may be regarded as "The Mother Superior," are forever spiritual. The girls who are won for Christ are not only taught to be helpers of one another in things divine, and to prepare for service in other spheres, but as opportunity serves are sent out by twos and threes into neighboring villages as messengers of the Evangel to those still in heathen darkness.

From the very beginning Miss Fletcher was the leader. She seemed to be able to see the good in some of the worst characters that were sent to the school. She had a very large sense of humor; and often in the midst of depression on the part of many of the workers due to the failure of some girl to make good, or the gripping necessity of financial stress, she would be able to hearten all. A story she would tell, a joke she would relate, the funny side of an incident she would point out, and the cloud of despair would be rolled back. With a stronger grip and a more determined purpose all would set themselves to the tasks ahead led by this great woman who was confident of ultimate victory.

When Salamatpur opened there were only fifty women and girls, and very meager equipment. With unfaltering zeal Miss Fletcher led until despite many disappointments and hardships the settlement became known throughout all India. The multiplicity of the activities reads like the industries of a city. These manifold occupations were carried on because it was the plan of the institution to make every one independent of mission benevolence as

soon as possible. There was seed-sowing and harvesting, lace-making, embroidery, tilemaking, house-building, and everything else that would help the girls when they left the school to fit easily into whatever position they might afterward enter in the social life of India.

The coming of Miss Miriam Young in 1905 was a great help. Every month she would give all the girls of the settlement a medical examination. This was a very necessary part of the work, as many of the girls were diseased when they were admitted to the compound. Most of them suffered some sort of eye trouble. Mrs. Finch, a sister of Miss Fletcher, wrote:

> Gertrude showed marvelous skill and dexterity in putting in glass eyes. One day we went into Delhi and bought glass eyes by the dozen; there was simplicity about coloring, as all had to be brown, but we had to be particular in choosing the right or left eyes.

Miss Fletcher Receives the Kaisar-i-Hind Medal

During the latter part of 1911 Miss Fletcher was awarded the Kaisar-i-Hind silver medal. This coveted medal is an award given to those who have contributed to the advancement of public interests in India along moral, educational, social, and industrial lines. The silver medal is given by the Governor-General of India. It was bestowed on Miss Fletcher by the Princess of Teck at the time of the Royal Durbar. No doubt the reason that the Salamatpur Mission was brought to the attention of the Government was due to the visit of Sir Louis Dane, who was Lieutenant-Governor for a while. The signal honor of this medal thus conferred on Miss Fletcher was one of which she was well worthy.

The Years of Change

One of the Mission workers in trying to sum up the the work of the year wrote:

> We who live and work here, find the spiritual side of our work meeting us at every turn. We are up against the spiritual problem all the time. The play and the work may be the warp and the woof of the pattern of life; the spiritual is the pattern itself. We see the pattern working itself out day by day in the web. But we cannot altogether show it to you; we can at most only show you the threads, their quality and their color. These then are the threads, the threads out of which the pattern of life is made in Salamatpur. And for the rest—the Master Weaver sits at his loom, throwing the shuttle.

The wonder of the whole scheme was that it paid. The first of each month the settlers would be gathered together, and Miss Fletcher would read the name of each one and tell the amount of her earnings. The girl whose name was called would go forward, receive her wages, then pay for her board. She was permitted to do what she pleased with the balance. There was a bank in connection with the Mission in which the girls could leave their savings. There was a shop on the compound where the girls could spend money. They were permitted to go to the bazaars if they desired to do so. "The settlers are self-supporting and more," wrote Mr. Hawker, "they save money and plenish 'bottom drawers'!"

They did not have the work of selling their wares in the bazaars. The superintendent bought them all and then sold them to the general public. In this way all became producers. All were eager to get ahead in the race of life. They were free to follow their own hobbies, and all

the teaching on the compound was along the latest educational lines. The desire of the leaders was to bring out the good in each one; to fascinate them with Jesus; to lead each one who entered the compound to a full devotion to Christ, and then to a worth-while life of service.

It was a great joy to all when twenty of the settlers were baptized in 1914. Such a harvest seemed a worthy crown of faithful seed-sowing. No one had worked more untiringly than Miss Fletcher. " Many a night I was awakened by the flash of an electric torch after midnight," wrote Miss Williams, " and knew that she was going a last round of the compound, after finishing off accounts and letters."

Some of the tasks that came to the lot of the Mission workers were very unique. Among them was that of finding suitable wives. One of the college graduates came down to Palwal. He was looking for a wife. He was a Christian and was planning to enter the ministry. Miss Fletcher interviewed one of her teachers, Pyari Lal, who had told her of her willingness to marry.

> After the man had been catechised by Gertrude [wrote her sister], the girl was brought in, and sat with downcast eyes without giving the man much chance of investigating her. I brought in the settlement puppy to relieve the tension and encourage conversation, but without great success. Presently Gertrude took the girl away, while Miss Coutts, Gertrude's colleague, asked the man whether he liked the girl. He declared that he was quite content. Gertrude had meanwhile questioned the girl, who signified her consent. The man wanted to have the betrothal and wedding all at once, but Gertrude would never allow less than ten days between the two ceremonies.

It was always a joy to the missionaries when the young people who married were both Christians. There was a

feeling that their new home would be a power, and would create another Christian sphere of influence.

The time had come for her to turn over the Salamatpur compound to the younger workers. For twenty-six years Miss Fletcher had given her best that the women and girls committed to her care might become strong Christian characters. She had led them in the early struggles.

> She had been looked upon by all of us as one to love and trust. She could now enjoy a native church supporting its own pastor [wrote Miss Angus], three out-stations with schools, two hospitals, four doctors, an English nurse, four medical out-stations carried on by trained workers, a staff of evangelists, nurses, and medical assistants, and Salamatpur.

In May, 1923, the Committee in London passed a second resolution regarding her labors:

> Miss Fletcher will always be remembered most for the great work she accomplished in the Industrial Settlement at Salamatpur. There she made a veritable refuge for the mentally, morally, and physically outcast of Northwest India's women and girls. With her the derelicts of society found rest, peace, a home, shelter, and a great Mother-heart. There, too, under her influence they found God, and passed from serfdom into the citzenship of the Kingdom. Today living memorials to Miss Fletcher are to be found in the hundreds of girls who owe their lives, physical and spiritual, to her love and care, and who through her have come to a saving knowledge of God in Christ. Those who worked with her knew her best and loved her most; and their testimony is that she never lost an opportunity, she never passed any one by.

The change came in 1915. Though she was over fifty years of age, Miss Fletcher still felt able to carry on. Her intimate friends had advised a change. She realized the wisdom of going to another station and permitting her youngest colleagues to develop the work according to their

own plans. It was a very difficult thing to do: to leave the old and pick up the new; to leave the compound where she loved every inch of ground as well as all the settlers and to work in an unknown community; to abdicate for another! Yet, she never permitted any one to know the heart-grief of it all. With Christian fortitude she did her appointed task to the last day.

The closing days of her service at Salamatpur were filled with many touching incidents.

> The girls arranged a meeting at which they presented her with a gold ring and an illuminated address. The farewell came when Lady Lukis, the wife of the Inspector-General of Hospitals [wrote Miss Angus], came in her motor-car to convey Miss Fletcher to Delhi. As she walked up the path to the car, Miss Fletcher said, touching the ring she wore: "Good-bye, children, we shall not forget!" She stepped in, the sobbing girls drew back, and she was gone.

The next few months she substituted at the village of Kharar for a missionary who was on furlough. Most of her work was with the zenanas. She was a new kind of a missionary to most of the native women, and they were glad to have her come. She carried joy and gladness with her everywhere she went.

During the summer of 1916 she went to the foothills of the Simla Mountains with her friend, Lady Lukis. When she came back from the north in the fall she was stationed at Khizrabad. This community had never had a resident missionary before, the work having been carried on by one of the native helpers. She took up this pioneer task in a lonely village with many discomforts.

> This house may be passable in fine weather [she wrote], but we have had heavy, drenching rain and high wind. By shifting

things, table and bed are yet dry. The veranda is a muddy lake, the yard a slushy sea, the corner wall has subsided, and the public view us and converse with us, passing to and fro; dogs appreciate a free entry.

In this new work she found that one of her main tasks was to try to win the wives of many of the Christian men. These women were ignorant and unhappy. They saw the joy in their husband's lives but seemed unable to comprehend what they were told, and much less to accept. With the same zeal that had characterized her other missionary labors she threw her whole soul into the task of winning these women and girls to Christ's way of living.

One of her letters written in May of 1918 gives an idea of her daily duties:

We visit a village before breakfast, and after we return odd folks are always dropping in for medicine or talk. I try to get a rest and a cup of tea before 3 p. m., when class and dispensary start. We hope for quiet after our evening meal, but generally there are interruptions; if not at the gates, at our window poking their faces in to see how and what we eat.

Her fellow worker at Khizrabad was Ramkalia, who had come from Salmatpur to be with her. They were never separated again until Miss Fletcher's death. She had been among the first to enter as a famine waif the shelter of Salamatpur. She had journeyed from Benares, and when she entered she gave but little promise of being a helper. She had taken a special course in midwifery, and had been awarded a certificate. She was always trustworthy. Just before joining Miss Fletcher in Kharar, Miss Ramkalia had passed a Government examination, and she now was of inestimable help as she was the only one at the new station who understood doctoring.

In the letters that Miss Fletcher wrote from time to time there were references to Salamatpur. In one she said, "You see by this that I am busy, but I shall be sorry if no second Salamatpur is my lot." She looked upon the work on that compound as a pattern after which she could cut and shape all her future labors.

One of the means that proved most effective in her new station was the magic lantern. She would use this out of doors after dark, and the children and parents of the village would swarm around her to see the strange sights and to hear the story of a loving God. These villagers only knew of gods of wood and stone, and their minds were filled with amazement and wonder as they listened to the parable of the prodigal son. Most surprising of all to them was to see this fine English woman minister to their every need with joyful service.

Her delayed furlough came in the spring of 1919. She went home to England and had the joy again of seeing her aged parents. Soon after she returned to India her father went home to be with his Lord. Her heart was saddened, not at his going, but at the loneliness of her saintly mother. She wanted to be near and comfort her. She remained true to her trust in the foreign land.

The Station at Baraut

Where should Miss Fletcher work? The missionaries held a conference and sought to determine her new field. They decided to ask her to go to Baraut, a city of ten thousand people, about thirty-five miles north of Delhi. The city was an old mission station, having been founded forty years previous. The work there had seven hundred members; the unusual thing was that only fifty of them

were women. Miss Fletcher was sent to carry on, while the missionary was on furlough. She gladly went to Baraut believing she was led by God. So enthusiastically did she labor, and so contagious was her optimism, that with native workers she was soon launching forth on work of her own.

This new location was called " Satyapur," or the "Abode of Truth." Soon after settling in Baraut she had discovered that it would be impossible to reach the women in the quarters devoted to men's work. A plot of ground of three acres outside of the city was bought, and the new work was begun. Rev. Herbert Anderson, the Indian General Secretary, gave his impressions of this new venture:

> The property is admirably adapted for the development of work for the women and girls of the Baraut-Chaprauli district. Miss Fletcher has not started a second Salamatpur, nor does she think of doing so, but she would like to commence a boarding-school to bring the light and influence of Christian knowledge to the village homes. All the B. M. S. workers pleaded that Miss Fletcher should be allowed to stay on to continue the good work she has done.

This work at Satyapur developed fast. The native workers seemed to imbibe some of Miss Fletcher's indomitable spirit, and they carried forward the new mission so that it became a power for good. With the dawning of the year 1921 the storm-clouds commenced to gather and to threaten disaster to a great deal of missionary work. Gandhi and his big movement of non-cooperation had gained an amazing strength. This campaign did not retard the work of this missionary of the Cross. In her February letter of that year she wrote:

We had quite a good time in our last camping place, though the high winds made the use of magic lanterns impossible. The youths and boys were very rowdy at first, shouting as if to annoy me, *Mr. Gandhi ki Jai.* So when they gave me the opportunity I asked them what Gandhi had done for them. His teaching is making the boys rude and disrespectful: on the other hand, the older folk, especially those in the villages, are dead against him, and vote for the continuance of the present *raj.*

As the agitation increased, and the political discussions grew fiery, life itself became endangered. The entire district seethed with sedition. England and all its teaching and its emissaries must be overthrown and driven out; and India must return to its own ways. They sought to drive Miss Fletcher out. They threatened her. Once a man shook his fist in her face and denounced all the English and the English institutions. "One night she slept out of her compound," wrote Miss Angus, "and she awoke to find a Mohammedan standing over her with a heavy stick. The dogs, however, drove him away."

This, and similar incidents, was rather the action of fanatics than that of the Indians in general. They were courteous to this English woman who worked so hard for them; and there were times when their friendship was helpful. Miss Fletcher went about her daily duties, only finding them more arduous and perplexing. Not only was there the usual round of teaching, visiting, and clinical work; but now there were religious disputes and political arguments among Christians that needed settlement.

She was carrying a tremendous burden. The new work that she had begun at Satyapur was enough for one person. Besides this she was the missionary in charge. It was Miss Fletcher who instructed the native preachers. It was Miss Fletcher who visited all the villages of the

district. To her all questions of policy, of discipline, of finance, of attitude toward the political crisis, and all other problems of a mission station were brought for solution. She never wavered in her tremendous zeal, and mixed with all the work her keen sense of humor. In this way she was able to accomplish far more than many others, and to spread the true joy of service in all her activities.

Miss Fletcher's Last Years

The extra strain was beginning to tell on her. By the time she reached her sixtieth birthday she began to realize that the sphere of her activities would have to be narrowed. She went for an outing to Assam. While she was there she wrote:

> This has been a wonderful change and very enjoyable; but I shall be glad to see my little family in Baraut again, and settle down to my busy life.

During December of 1922 she had the joy of entertaining her sister-in-law, Lady Fletcher, who later on wrote of her first visit and the tremendous impression it all made on her:

> As soon as we alighted we were surrounded by a little advance party of girls, brought by Miss Davies, who all greeted Gertrude with ecstatic welcome. I was struck at once with the charm of their relationship to her and the sweetness of their manner to me. No one but Gertrude would have faced an Indian summer in that house or done all her work in such discomfort. "By faith" she had bought this property, staking her all in it and seeing with the eye of faith what she might make of it—another bit of the kingdom of heaven, as Salamatpur had been. It was the same heavenly insight that made her see in the most unattractive, degraded bit of humanity that came her way the hidden divine nature—God's

image to be restored, his child to be brought home. During the time I lived there with them I never heard any quarreling, nor saw any tears, but heard only happy voices, laughter, singing; and all were eager to help and serve in any way.

A little while before this visit Miss Fletcher had submitted to an operation. She had been on a tour, and on a Saturday she felt a very severe pain in her left hand. It grew more and more painful; and when she went to the hospital on Monday she had both hands done up, and she was already in the throes of a fever. It seemed for a while that she would have to lose her entire hand. After the operation was over and she began to mend it was evident that conditions were not so serious as many had feared. The hand was saved in part. The suffering was severe; but to those who entered the sickroom there was always the same boundless optimism.

Her strength was sapped by this sickness. Yet it was another sickness that hurt her more. There was misunderstanding among the missionaries. Friction had entered into the station. Those who should love the most had permitted their own opinions and their own wills to come into conflict. It hurt this servant of the Cross. She found it more difficult to bear than her own physical pain. Why could not those who had come to India for love of Jesus keep sweet and keep moving?

The North Indian Conference of 1923 met at Agra in February. Miss Fletcher was delighted to be present; and many of her friends thought that she looked much better. It was a great joy to her when the conference decided to send two more educational workers to Baraut. It would mean that she would have more time for village visitation, which she very much enjoyed.

New plans and hopes lay before her [wrote Miss Angus in her book *Salvage of Souls*], but they were not to be realized. Miss Davies, who had joined her in Baraut after her return from the hospital, recalls that a new building for the girls of which she was superintendent was finished on the very day Miss Fletcher went into Delhi for a second operation. The hand had healed, but the fingers were useless and only impeded action, and she welcomed its removal. So she set out with a cheerful good-bye to her "family." They little guessed that it was her farewell.

After the operation Miss Fletcher went to the Mission House. She was advised to stay in the hospital, and not exert herself. She would go! Symptoms of collapse soon manifested themselves. She had overestimated her strength; and now they hurriedly took her back to the hospital. On the following morning, May 12, 1923, she entered the eternal land of God.

We laid her to rest [wrote Mr. Hale] in the beautiful Nickolson Gardens, outside the Kashmir gate. She was borne to the grave by Christian youths, most of them young students. "Never mind, let it be so," how often has she said! And God has let it be so, and He knows best.

One of her Delhi colleagues wrote, "She seemed as one towering above us, so big in many ways." Still another added:

She was gone, as she herself would have wished, straight away to Higher Service. Nor can we wish her back. We had noticed her failing strength this year; but in connection with her it was impossible to think of resignation of work and years of ever weakening powers.

After her death Lady Fletcher said:

When I was with her we went into many houses—Hindu, Jain, Mohammedan, and everywhere she was welcomed. In the bazaar,

too, she had many friends, and we did our shopping in the happy atmosphere of chaff and bargain which the Indian loves. Now she is gone! We can return to our places to carry on, with the inspiration of her victorious life uplifting us, those ideals for which she lived and died.

One of the most beautiful tributes given to Miss Fletcher was that of Dr. Eleanor Shepherd, a friend of many years:

I was impressed with her zeal, her wonderful capabilities, her physical energy, her hopeful outlook on the work, her patience with and love for the women and girls with whom she had to deal. She rejoiced very much over any successes—and she had many—and was able to forget many disappointments; perhaps she was never without a lingering hope for even the worst failures. The "settlers" responded to her care for them in a wonderful way, and "Mam Ji" was the center and life of the place. Behind all her energy lay a driving force of true piety and devotion to the Lord, and to the people whom she served in his name.

A Living, Joyful Sacrifice

Miss Fletcher loved the unlovely in human nature. She was kind to the unfortunate. She sought an opportunity in India's busy life for each life that she touched to find a place. She clung with joyful ardor to her early devotion to the Kingdom of God; and with a life of complete sacrifice to her Lord she was able to win the crown by daily carrying her cross. The joy of Christian service radiated from her daily life. To Miss Fletcher every person, no matter how neglected, diseased, or repulsive was precious in His sight. She had learned, and she taught and lived the blessedness of the "whosoever" of God's promises.

IX

EZRA FISHER

Pioneer Missionary in the West

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER IX

1. Ezra Fisher, born January 6, 1800, at Wendell, Mass.
2. He attended Amherst College and Newton Seminary.
3. His early ministry:
   (1) First pastorate at Cambridge, Vt., in 1830.
   (2) Pastor at Springfield, Vt., in 1831.
4. He began his missionary career in 1832.
5. The years of service in the Middle States:
   (1) Traveled in Indiana for three years.
   (2) Served in Illinois for three years.
   (3) Pioneered in Iowa for five years.
6. In the spring of 1845 he started for Oregon.
7. Beginnings in Oregon:
   (1) Itinerating work.
   (2) At Astoria for a time.
   (3) Met the opposition of the Jesuit priests.
   (4) Organized some churches.
8. In the California gold rush of 1849.
9. He established the Oregon City College.
10. "Exploring agent for Oregon":
    (1) Traveled thousands of miles through Oregon valleys.
    (2) Took one trip to the Puget Sound country.
    (3) Settled many pastors.
11. In 1861 he went to The Dalles and began work.
12. His last years:
    (1) To California for rest in 1872.
    (2) Second pastorate at The Dalles began in 1873.
    (3) Served as County School Superintendent.
    (4) Died on November 1, 1874.
13. He organized the first Baptist church west of the Rockies in 1844.

EZRA FISHER

"In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them: in his love and in his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them, and carried them all the days of old."—*Isaiah 63: 9.*

Baptists have always fought against religious persecution and religious intolerance. They have ever contended for the priesthood of all believers. They were the pioneers in the American democracy in the promotion of religious freedom. No one man of all American history has done more for the cause of liberty than Roger Williams, the pastor of the first Baptist church in America. With unwavering devotion to the doctrine of the right of every person to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, he founded a colony on that ideal.

One hundred and thirteen years had passed since his death, and still there was religious intolerance. Baptists were forced to contribute to the State Church. "The spirit of intolerance lingered longest in New England," wrote Doctor Vedder in his book *A Short History of the Baptists,* and it was not until 1833 that the last remnant of proscriptive laws was swept from the statute-books of Massachusetts.

Birth of Fisher

Ezra Fisher was born January 6, 1800, in a Baptist home in Wendell, Massachusetts. From earliest childhood he was taught the significance of religious freedom. Baptists of the South had been multiplying fast; but due to the iron

rule of the Established Church the growth of the Northern Baptists had been very much retarded. " At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were fewer Baptists in the New England States combined," says Dr. A. H. Newman, " than in Virginia alone."

Another element in the religious life of Massachusetts was the falling away of many of the Protestant churches to the Unitarian denomination. Ezra was most carefully informed of the big invasion into the Congregationalist communion that had been made by this denomination. Though, as his father talked the matter over with the lad, he told him with pride how loyal the Baptists had stood against this heresy. " No two men," says Doctor Vedder, " did more than Samuel Stillman and Thomas Baldwin, two Baptist pastors in Boston, to resist false doctrine by preaching the truth."

Religious controversy and the affairs of the newly organized republic were the topics of conversation in the farm home of the Fishers. As the long winters of New England came the family would gather around the roaring fire and discuss these perplexing problems. Neighbors would call to talk over the perilous days of the Revolutionary War. The whole atmosphere in which Ezra was reared was charged with the tremendous problems of these hardy pioneers.

The hours of labor were very long, and the work was very taxing to the farm lad, who was never rugged. As Ezra grew older it was hoped that he would be able to throw off this physical weakness. Though he was tireless in his application and constant in his work, he never had good health. When he finally went to college he was greatly hindered by recurring attacks of sickness.

The Fishers had been among the first to settle in New England. Soon after the early beginnings in Massachusetts, they had come to America. They had participated in the war for freedom from England. Ezra's father, Aaron Fisher, had fought in the first engagement. He had married Miss Betty Moore during the war, and had settled in Wendell when peace was declared.

The sturdiness of this virile New England ancestry was in Ezra's veins. It was only by hard and arduous toil that these early settlers gained a livelihood. There were no luxuries, but just the bare necessities of life. It was a God-fearing community which in a very austere way remembered the Sabbath Day to keep it holy.

His Early Ministry

At the age of eighteen Ezra was converted and joined the Baptist church at Wendell. With this decision to give his life to Christ there came the call of the Spirit for him to preach the unsearchable riches of Jesus.

> With no other aid than his own he struggled nearly twelve years to carry out his purpose [wrote his daughter, Mrs. Sarah F. Henderson]. His preparation for college was received in part from a near-by academy, but progress was slow because of much time necessarily spent in teaching and work on the farm. Severe sickness also hindered him. He was admitted to Amherst College in 1822.

After obtaining his bachelor's degree he entered Newton Theological Institution. He left the seminary, before completing his training, to accept the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Cambridge, Vermont. On January 20, 1830, he was ordained to the gospel ministry at Cambridge; and there he began his first pastoral work.

Miss Lucy Taft had been his childhood sweetheart. They had grown up together in the same community, and they had talked of the time when they would be married. Later on the Tafts had moved to Clinton, New York, where they were now living. On February 7, 1830, Ezra and Lucy were united in holy wedlock: theirs was a beautiful home life that was only terminated by her death.

Fisher's Missionary Career Begun

The lure of the missionary field was upon him. He had read much of the labors of the heroic John Peck, and he was desirous of entering the frontier mission work of the United States. He wrote to the newly organized Baptist Home Mission Society offering his services to go to the Mississippi Valley. He and his wife were thrilled when there came the response urging them to prepare to go at once.

They had been blessed in their second pastorate at Springfield, Vermont. Over eighty had been converted during his short ministry there. When Dr. Jonathan Going had visited them in the spring of 1832, however, he had encouraged them in their zeal for missionary service. Now an urgent letter arrived asking them to be ready to start.

Years of Service in the Middle States

They had suggested to the Board that they could not go until the next spring; but in response to this challenge they left Springfield on November 12, 1832. They stopped a few days to see Mrs. Fisher's parents, and then hastened on to Indianapolis, Indiana. They reached their destination on December 22, 1832. The Board had allowed him $50 for an outfit; and his salary was to be $300 a year.

It was a time of a great deal of religious unrest in the Western churches. The anti-Masonic struggles were at their height; churches were torn asunder, and members were disfellowshiped for their membership in secret orders. Even more serious to the Baptist churches of this region was the effect of the movement led by Alexander Campbell. A great schism took place, churches were rent in two, and large groups of Baptists joined these new Disciple churches.

Both of these discussions were raging in the Baptist church in Indianapolis when Fisher became pastor. He also felt the influence of the anti-missionary Baptists. This group of people not only opposed the growing foreign-mission movement, but they were against the Sunday school in connection with the church, and so far they had been able to keep it out. The church had been in existence for about six years only, and when Fisher began his ministry he found things in a very chaotic state.

During the three years of his ministry he was busy fighting forces both within and without the church. He wrote to the Board that he had a Sunday school of one hundred members; that every Saturday night he held a teachers' meeting to plan for the work of the school; that on March 17, 1833, he had his first baptism.

Though there was so much to be done in his own church, Fisher did a great deal of traveling throughout Indiana. He helped to organize the General Association of Indiana in 1833, when there were about eleven thousand Baptists. "I do not neglect to remind the leading brethren," Fisher wrote, "that something must be done at home if they expect aid from abroad."

In the early spring of 1835 he had an opportunity to

become Superintendent in Indiana for the American Sunday School Union. To accept this position would mean that he would have to give up his church and his appointment under the Baptist Board. Fisher was a great believer in the Baptist faith; but his friends urged him to accept the new position. "Laboring in different places," they said, "will give you opportunity to be more useful."

On March 23, 1835, he began his labors for the Sunday School Union, and he remained with them for a year. When his term was ended he moved to Quincy, Illinois, to take charge of a church of nine members under appointment of the Home Mission Society. He gave as his reason for leaving the interdenominational work, "If my labors are worth anything, they are more needed in the Baptist cause than in any other."

Fisher had been offered the presidency of Franklin College; but he had refused the position. He felt that his physical condition would not permit him to take a position that would be so confining. He needed the outdoor life. Though it was hard, and he found pioneering very taxing, his general health was much better in that type of ministry.

He was a real pioneer, tall, rugged, muscular, and thin, and tireless in his work. When he started on his journeys he would wear a tall silk hat, and carry a carpet bag; and so in his general appearance he was very much like the typical clergyman of that day. Unlike many of his brethren, however, he was scholarly and well trained.

"The Father of mercies has conferred on me," he wrote to the Board in 1836, "the honor of being the first Baptist minister to consecrate the Father of Waters above the mouth of the Illinois." A little later he said, "I cannot sustain my family for less than $400 a year." The Board

rejoiced with Fisher in his victories of grace, and they sympathized with him in his needed increase in income. They thought that the Quincy Church ought to give more toward his support in order partially to make up the needed amount.

One of the greatest desires of his life at this time was to go to Texas. He always felt that whenever a pastorate grew pleasant, and the tasks became more those of administration than of real pioneering, the time had arrived for him to move on.

> Scores of Eastern men may be induced to come to this State where one may be induced to go to Texas. If you have any correspondence with the Texas church, see if there are any insurmountable obstacles in sending the gospel to that people. Men go there to venture their lives for the sake of mammon. If other men do not occupy that field, should that justify me in abandoning it? I am willing once more to enter a new field of labor. I can say I desire it.

After serving the Baptist church at Quincy for over three years, he crossed the Mississippi and began an itinerant ministry in the Iowa Territory. He made his home in Davenport, and from there he traveled in every direction, telling the gospel story. He preached at Bloomington, Wapsipinikie, Parkhurst, and Wyoming. He organized churches, started Sunday schools, secured signers to the Temperance Pledge, and promoted the religion of Jesus. In some quarters he would travel 570 miles, and in one quarter he journeyed 750 miles.

Sorrow had come to his home. He paid the inevitable price of the pioneer. Before he had moved across the river he had buried an infant daughter. The angel of death came to his home again on October 27, 1842, and

took another baby girl who was just two months old. There is a balm in Gilead. There is a surcease of sorrow. There is light for the Christian in the dark valley. Trusting in him "who doeth all things well," Fisher continued stedfast.

The Start for Oregon

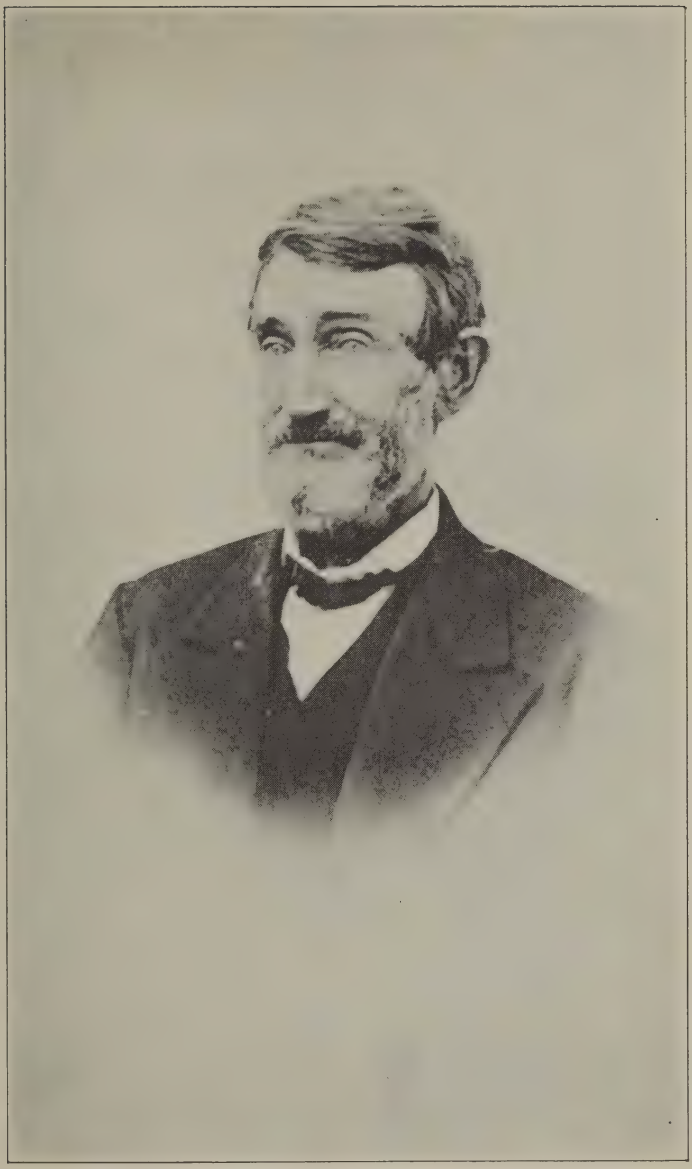
On March 15, 1843, in making his report to the Board he wrote:

> In view of the irritable state of my lungs every winter and of the soft and salubrious climate of Oregon Territory, and the amount of emigration passing over the Rocky Mountains, we are contemplating removing to the said territory next year, if Providence smiles and we can raise the means. As we have been almost eleven years in this valley we wish to visit our friends in New York, Massachusetts, and Vermont before our removal.

The Board acquiesced in his plans, and so after a separation of over eleven years, the Fishers returned to the East to visit their own folks before going to the unknown land beyond the mountains.

In the fall of 1843 they went East; and while they were visiting with their three children, Miss Sarah Josephine was born. It was a glad reunion the Fishers enjoyed; but they were both eager to be on their way to Oregon. They returned to Davenport by the fifteenth of December under appointment for Oregon. They expected to leave the following spring; but they were delayed for a year mainly because of the unsettled condition of the country.

In the early spring of 1845 the Fishers left their home in Rock Island, Illinois, for their long journey of over two thousand miles. He had persuaded the Board to send along Rev. Hezekiah Johnson, of whom he wrote, "I



REV. EZRA FISHER

Pioneer Missionary to the Pacific Northwest

know of no man in the West I would prefer to accompany me, should it please the Lord to open the way for me." When he learned of Johnson's appointment he said, " This intelligence rejoices my soul."

The entire party of over two hundred people left St. Joseph, Missouri, on the fourteenth of May. Seven months and a half later Ezra Fisher reached Oregon. It was a journey filled with adventure, trials, and sorrows. These pioneers were wary of the roving bands of Indians. They felt the pinch of the cold and the gnawing of hunger. They saw some of their companions sicken and die. The trial that cut Fisher worst was to see the absolute disregard of the Sabbath.

When folks live together for several months as one family all the characteristics normally hidden come to the surface. The greedy, the selfish, and the carnal traits of men appear. There is no intimacy like that of the camp of the open road; and when that is continued for many weeks, manhood and womanhood are evident in all their integrity. Vices and virtues are both displayed, and woe to the man whose life is a falsehood. Ezra Fisher proved a power for good to many of these early settlers.

Beginnings in Oregon

When the party reached the Columbia they separated. The Johnsons went up the river to Oregon City; and the Fishers were piloted by Edward Lenox to the Tualitin Plains. Here they made their home in the cabin of David T. Lenox, " the captain of the first company to reach Oregon in 1843." They remained here all that winter as they sought to solve the intricate and immense questions of a pioneer missionary.

How could they live while they were waiting for help from New York? The Board had paid Fisher a year's salary ($300) in advance; but that was almost a year ago; and probably it would be another year before they received any mail. Where should he begin work? They were already in very straitened circumstances, and something had to be done at once. They were without flour, milk, butter, and eggs. They would have to pay "for flour," he wrote, "$8 per hundred, and $6 for beef. We are eating boiled wheat, occasionally served with molasses, potatoes, dried peas, and turnips."

Fisher began at once to visit different communities with a view to studying them and to determining the best place to locate. In his journeys he traveled up and down the river, finally locating as the pastor of the church of West Union, six miles out of the present community of Hillsboro. Feeling the importance of Astoria, however, he moved there in the fall of 1846.

> We are living in a rude log cabin without a single pane of glass [he wrote]. Our furniture consists of three chairs, three stools, a small pine table, two old trunks, a very few cooking-utensils, two tea-cups, and four saucers; more are not to be obtained at any price.

The question of Oregon Territory was one of the most mooted subjects of the day. The political campaign of 1844 was won by the party that had for their shibboleth, "Fifty-four forty or fight." The long arm of the Hudson Bay Company had reached out and established trading-posts along the Columbia River; and they fought most strenuously the annexing of the Territory by the United States. The long and famous ride of Dr. Marcus Whitman from the Territory to the city of Washington had

saved the day; and in 1846 the treaty between England and the United States was ratified.

The seeming difficulty was overcome. The rising menace of internal dissension was conquered. The war-cloud was driven away. The immense Oregon Territory became part of the United States through the intrepid faith of the immortal Whitman.

Fisher enjoyed the climate. He was in much better health in the Willamette Valley than he had been in the Territory of Iowa. While some days were hot and sultry the breezes would come over the hills from the ocean making the nights delightful for sleeping. He found that he could work harder and accomplish more; and with all of the tirelessness of his nature he gave himself to his task.

To meet the demands of his family he taught school. Things grew worse and worse. He had moved to Astoria in the fall of 1846, believing that it was going to be one of Oregon's great cities. He wrote, " The actual expenses of living in Oregon, with half the comforts of life, is twice as great as it is in the Eastern States." He lost all but two head of cattle that winter. His clothes became very worn. Food was very scarce, and most of the settlers felt the privations of pioneer life.

Not only did he have to overcome the forces of nature, but he was called on to struggle against ecclesiastical powers. The Roman priests were very active in their propaganda and they were building big churches. Fisher believed that one of the best ways to overcome the work of the priests was to circulate among the parishioners religious tracts that exposed the errors of Romanism. He had no such tracts or periodicals, and he kept writing for them.

It was with great delight that he received the first letters from the East on June 20, 1847. He had been away for over two years. He knew that the shipments would come by the sea, and that it was at least twenty thousand miles to New York. Things could be bought so much cheaper in New York than Oregon, that he had the Board buy what he desired and subtract the amount from his salary. With these purchased articles there would also come to him boxes of donations from the Eastern churches. These were always very acceptable to this man of God.

He moved in May, 1847, to what is now Gearhart on Clatsop Plains, and he gave as his reason, " in view of the small number of inhabitants at Astoria and the difficulty of sustaining my family." Here he found life somewhat easier, and he attacked his task with zeal, for now he felt that the line of communication was open.

Near him were the Clatsop Indians. He sought to help them, though he believed that his task was to seek to evangelize the settlers who were now coming to Oregon in ever-increasing numbers. They needed the gospel. He wanted to reach them for his Lord before they felt the blight of the Jesuit priests. In every way he tried to keep alive the work in the Willamette Valley wherever it had been started. He also organized new churches and he was ever looking for new openings for the gospel.

On March 18, 1848, he organized the Clatsop Plains Baptist Church. When the little building that was to serve as a church and a schoolhouse was completed, he wrote, " May God be graciously pleased to make it a nursery of science, a fountain of morals, a birthplace of souls, and a spiritual lighthouse to guide the pilgrims to the haven of rest." It was only 18 by 24; but there were

some who, under the preaching of Fisher, were brought to Christ.

In June of that year he organized the Willamette Association consisting of five churches. He was preaching regularly at Astoria and Clatsop Plains. Fisher was also aiding other fields, and with an ever-widening settled territory he was increasing the sphere of his activity. He was determined that so far as lay in his power every one should hear the gospel.

In the Gold Rush of '49

The gold rush toward California was on. Everybody that could was hurrying to that State expecting to become rich over night. San Francisco, which had only about four hundred people in 1848, grew to many thousands in a few weeks. Eighty thousand men invaded California in 1849, seeking gold. They came from all lands, from all walks of life, from all conditions of society.

The fever permeated Oregon. It had begun to take effect by the fall of 1848. Fisher said: "I never saw so excited a community. The rage of the gold mania is diminishing public sympathy for the general diffusion of knowledge." The men were leaving to get gold, and the churches were becoming destitute of men. The gold fever seemed to have no cure.

California had been a field to which Fisher had called the attention of the Board. He felt that it was time for the Baptists to begin work. He told them that he believed that the first missionary ought to be located on the Bay. Rev. O. C. Wheeler was appointed in 1848 by the Home Mission Society for this region; and he immediately began his ministry in response to Fisher's urgent plea.

The day came when Fisher himself went to the gold fields in California. On February 3, 1849, he wrote:

> In view of the extraordinary evolution of things in Oregon, and the vast influx of population in California, and the fact that a large portion of our Baptist brethren in Oregon will be at the mines throughout most of the summer; and in view of the strong solicitude of our members in Clatsop about to move to California that I should visit that territory, at least next summer, and the advice of all the members of the church; and in view of the loss of goods shipped on board the bark Undine the 21st of June, 1848, I have thought it might be my duty to visit the mines the coming spring and dig long enough to raise means to pay my passage and meet the present pressing wants of my family.

He took a boat to San Francisco and preached there before entering the mines. He worked for eight weeks, and came out with about one thousand dollars. In July, 1849, while he was mining he wrote to his wife: "I am heartily tired of the mines. I sometimes think that they may be truly called the gambler's and drunkard's heaven and the Christian's banishment." It was a difficult place for a preacher of God. Yet, in his own dire need, not knowing where to turn, he had gone to California, and God had rewarded his efforts.

Oregon City College

Fisher was away from Oregon for five months. Upon his return he encountered another problem. There had been long and earnest discussion regarding the need of a Baptist college. A meeting was called at the Yamhill Church to determine on a proper location. It was agreed to purchase a claim on the east side of the Willamette River. When it was discovered that the acreage desired could not be obtained, Fisher secured several acres of land

a half mile outside Oregon City. This was the Ezra Fisher Donation Claim, toward which he gave $1,250.

In order to secure title from the Government Fisher moved on the claim on November 30, 1850, and stayed for five years, on the completion of which he made final proof for patent. His fellow laborer had put in $1,250, and they had raised the additional $2,000 needed to pay the expenses. While Fisher was completing his task Rev. Richmond Cheadle was to labor for two months in attempting to secure $2,000 to be used in buildings and other expenses.

Money was plentiful because of the influx of gold from California. Fisher, however, had given his all to the college, and because of the high prices of commodities he had to work with his hands to meet the needs. " Potatoes were $5 a bushel, flour $25 to $30 a barrel, and lumber from $100 to $150 for a thousand feet."

These matters were all presented to the Board. They had named the school " The Oregon City College." They were asking that a teacher be sent out as they had almost seventy pupils. Johnson and he could do some teaching, but they must not neglect their church work, and they needed some one to serve as teacher. They were able to pay $800. Before the close of 1850 he used his oldest daughter as a teacher. This college was his special care. Often impoverishing himself and going without everything but life's bare necessities, he gave his all to the college. When the buildings and property were sold and the money given to the McMinnville College, now Linfield College, he rejoiced in assurance of the continuance of the school work.

Meanwhile the settlers were coming by the thousands.

The gold rush had started the hundreds West, and they were now coming by great companies. Ezra Fisher had been appointed "exploring agent for Oregon," by the Home Mission Society in November of 1851. This made him more than ever determined to cover the entire field.

He wanted to present to all these Western pilgrims the claims of the Christian religion and of the Baptist faith. The country was filled with Jesuit priests who were working very hard to establish great churches and Catholic schools in all of the prospective cities.

Despite the continued periods of sickness with which he was afflicted Fisher held on. Not only did he cover four appointments—Oregon City, Linn City, Milwaukee, and Portland—he was also projecting a new and farther journey to the south. "Gold on the Umpaqua and Rogue Rivers," he wrote in 1850, "has been discovered, though it is not sufficiently plentiful to justify digging while the mines are more rich elsewhere." However, as the months wore on, very alluring and fabulous reports began to be spread, especially of the Klamath mines. "Two-thirds of the men in the territory will go for gold in the spring," wrote Fisher, "if we receive no contrary reports."

With his usual zeal he wanted to claim this new territory for Christ. On July 3, 1852, Fisher started on a three-hundred-and-fifty-mile trip through southern Oregon. Everywhere he went in that virgin country he discovered that there was religious destitution. Mr. Jesse Applegate, who had brought out a company of immigrants in 1843, promised him "a 40-acre tract of land and $1,000" in the Umpaqua Valley, and his brother pledged another $1,000, both on condition that Fisher would locate a school there and raise it to an academic grade as soon as possible. It

was too good an offer to refuse; so, after writing the Board, Rev. Mr. Read was sent into this territory in the fall, and he immediately started a church in Winchester.

The settling of pastors in those days was most difficult. The uncertainty of the people as to their permanent location, the driving necessity to possess the very necessities of life, the constant pressure of the forces with which the settlers were surrounded, the wild animals, and the large number of soldiers of fortune among the immigrants —all this made the work of the pioneer missionaries very arduous. Hardest of all to combat was the mania for gold. In speaking of the years from 1849 to 1853 Fisher said:

> The darkness that has hung over our feeble churches has been alarming. The four years may be properly denominated the years of the reign of gold. Worldly-mindedness seemed to hold imperious claim upon the throne of the affections. But early last spring our brethren in the minstry began to manifest something like a fresh anointing from the horn of salvation.

The country to the north was also causing Fisher much anxiety. As he knew of the developments around Puget Sound he felt that the Board should send a missionary among the settlers. It was a great joy to him in 1854 when he again received his appointment as exploring agent, that he was also given permission to go into Washington Territory. When his quarterly record of his activities for the last three months of 1854 reached the Home Board it told of his visit to the cascades in Washington. It was in this letter that he said, " The Dalles is a rising town of considerable importance."

The immense territory of the whole Pacific Slope was dear to his heart. Wherever man went, there he believed

should go the minister of God. In whatever settlement there were enough children there a Sunday school should be established. A Baptist church should be organized in every possible community. All should be loyal to the Baptist school. This was his special care. Time after time when adjustments were needed as to curriculum or as to faculty, he advised. At other times when it seemed as if the school would fail for lack of means, he would take up the burden, and go forth to raise money.

During all these days of sunshine and shadow his wife had been a devoted companion. Though left alone much of the time, she had been a true helpmeet, and had in every way sought to further her husband's life mission, and to raise their five children as Christians. She was suddenly smitten in her forty-eighth year, and died on January 20, 1854.

Mrs. Fisher's death had a tremendous influence over the whole community at Oregon City. A revival broke out, and over twenty-five people were converted. Three of them were the Fisher children. Into the midst of his sorrow over the loss of his wife came the greatest of all joys to a father, that of his children's conversion.

When the time came that his five years' residence at Oregon City were finished, and it was possible to secure complete title to his land, Fisher accepted a call to the pastorate of the Santiam Church. He moved from Oregon City to his new home in December of 1855. Shortly before this change he married Mrs. Amelia Mallard.

She was a woman of Christian character [wrote one of his children], whose coming into his home was a blessing to her husband, and to his children. By her kindness and tactful counsel she won the hearts of her husband's children and grandchildren.

Two problems were agitating the churches. One was temperance, and the other was slavery. Everywhere that Fisher went he sought to secure signers to the temperance pledge. In his quarterly reports to the Board there was always a record of the number of signers obtained. Slavery was a much more divisive issue. Church-members were either anti-slavery men, or for slavery. In some churches this led to an open rupture. Fisher was an enthusiast against slavery. In public discourse and in conversation he would denounce slavery. Some of the members of the Santiam Church did not entirely agree with his views, so in 1858 all those who opposed slavery withdrew. They organized another church near Washington Butte with Fisher as their pastor. In the constitution of the new church they adopted one article of non-fellowship with those who in any way countenanced slavery.

During all these years Fisher carried the whole of the Oregon country on his heart. He kept writing to the Board to place missionaries in the new communities where he had started a mission. He was very much concerned over Portland. In the fall of 1854 he wrote:

> Portland is the principal port of Oregon at present, numbering probably about 2,000 souls. It is the most important place in the territory to be occupied by Baptists, after Oregon City. The pastor at Portland will have to have $800 to start on, and the Home Mission Society will have to pay $600 the first year. My soul is pained when I think of the delays of the Home Mission Society to occupy the town. I might say the city.

It was a delight to him to help organize the First Baptist Church of Portland in May, 1855, with Rev. Mr. Boyakin as pastor.

The time had come for Fisher to seek a more quiet life.

He had never been rugged, and his constant pioneering had broken down his small resistance to physical diseases. On August 2, 1855, he wrote:

> I am strongly inclined to the opinion that I shall settle as near the center of middle Oregon as circumstances will justify, perhaps on the waters of Walla Walla, at the close of this year, as a self-supporting missionary, to finish my days where I can be with my family and a little more exempt from responsibilities than in my present agency. I need a more limited field. I want a field all within one day's ride.

"God's ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts." Fisher stayed in the Willamette Valley until 1861. He had a good home and twenty-five acres of land. This proved to be an aid to his resources, especially during the panic year of 1857. When it came time to move Fisher sold his farm, and put his money in live stock.

Work Begun at The Dalles

The record of his first year on his place four miles out of The Dalles is one of intense suffering. With his wife, and thirteen-year-old boy, they spent the winter of 1861-62 in the log cabin. "With plenty of wood it was all they could do to keep from freezing," is the record. "Some of their stock was frozen, and they were obliged to receive help from his daughter to buy supplies." Nothing daunted, they began in the spring to fix up their home, and to plant little fruit trees, berry bushes, flowers, and vegetables. It was not easy to start anew again, to go through more months of suffering and hardship, to feel the urge of hunger, and the lack of the very necessities of life! This he did, however, and by the tenacity of his purpose he soon was able to make a comfortable living.

There was no Baptist church in The Dalles when he moved near, so he preached for the other denominations. When some Baptist families moved into the neighborhood he held regular Sunday services for them at the courthouse. A few months later a Baptist church of sixteen members was organized with Fisher as the pastor. He was very busy on his little farm all the time, and he had not time for pastoral calling. Due to that fact he refused to accept any salary for his pastoral work.

Fisher's Last Years

In 1872 he resigned from his pastorate and went to San Diego, California. He had labored on an average sixteen hours a day on his farm. He had spared neither time nor effort on his place. He was among the first who proved the superiority of the cherries of The Dalles.

The time had come for him to retire. At the insistence of his wife he sold his farm and left Oregon. It seemed good for a while to rest in the even climate of San Diego, to be able to relax, and not to feel the burden of farm or church on his shoulders. But Fisher had been too active a man to sit idly by waiting for the end. He loved his children too well to be separated from them by over a thousand miles. When, a year later, the Baptist Church at The Dalles sent him a unanimous and urgent call to become their pastor once more, he gladly accepted.

Back at his former charge he began his work with much vigor. The church had twenty-three members. They owned two lots, and were already thinking and planning for a building. In this renewed union of pastor and people the church was graciously blessed. A revival meeting was held during the winter of 1873, and sixteen of the

young people of the village were added to the church Among this group were his son, Francis Fisher, and C. M. Hill, now president of the Berkeley Seminary.

To augment his income he accepted the position of county school superintendent. In this way he was able to carry on a larger work for the Lord. The rest in California seemed to have renewed his vitality, for he threw himself with enthusiasm into all his tasks.

In the spring of 1874 he had a double joy. He returned to the Willamette Valley to attend the meetings of the Baptist State Convention. Here he renewed old friendships, and was gladdened by the progress of many churches that he had helped to start. Most of all did he rejoice in seeing all his children, and some of his grandchildren. While at the Convention he invited them to meet at The Dalles the following year, hoping by that time that the church building would be finished.

The new church was to cost $3,000. On September 9, 1874, he had charge of the exercises in the laying of the corner-stone of the First Baptist Church at The Dalles. The Rev. D. J. Pierce of Portland delivered the main address. Fisher, who had watched the growth of this church from its birth, found his soul buoyant as he listened and worshiped.

It was not his privilege to see the completed structure. Before the building was very far along Fisher was called to a higher service. He was summoned to the better country. He heard the voice of Him who said, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

On October 18, 1874, he preached his last sermon. Then he went out visiting the schools, thus fulfilling his

duty as county school superintendent. He contracted a cold which developed into penumonia. It was too much for his tired body. They brought him to The Dalles, hoping that he might rally. He died on November 1, 1874.

He had always followed the gleam. Fighting constantly against poor health, he had pressed on where many of more robust constitution would have failed. He was always in the forefront, occupying everywhere the front-line trench. Whether in Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, or Oregon he was where the enemy was strong; and it was with his faith in Jesus that he challenged them the right of domain. He wanted to be first in the conquest for God; and not for any honor to himself, but for the glory of God.

Organizer of the First Baptist Church West of the Rockies

It was his privilege to organize the first Baptist church west of the Rockies. In the log cabin of David T. Lenox, May 25, 1844, this church was started. It was in the midst of the Tualitin Plain that this group of Baptists were duly organized and the Baptist witness was begun.

Who follows Fisher? He must be one willing to endure. One who will seek the hard places, and fill them without complaining; one who asks for the lonely fields, who volunteers for the unsought tasks, and who gladly carries on; one who will face ever forward, be loyal to Jesus, the commander-in-chief of the career of Ezra Fisher.

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